SPHERE

# THE COON SHOW SCRIPTS

## SPIKE MILLICAN

*The Goon Show* was the great anarchical BBC radio show which dominated the humour of the 1950s. It was born on May 28, 1951, under the title *Crazy People*, and its stars were Michael Bentine, Spike Milligan, Harry Secombe and Peter Sellers. In June 1952 it was re-named *The Goon Show*, Bentine left the following November and the final programme 'The Last Smoking Seagoon' went on the air in January 1960.

These Milligan-selected episodes, broadcast between 1954 and 1956, reveal the brilliant creativeness of Milligan's scripts. He produced such wonderful characters as the redoubtable Eccles, the cardboard Bluebottle, the invincible Neddie Seagoon, the horrific Grytpype-Thynne, and the indescribable Henry Crun and Minnie Bannister. Harry Secombe was the hero Neddie Seagoon and Peter Sellers took on the lion's share of the funny voices.

And half an hour's madness would descend on the sleeping inhabitants of the British Isles.

# PUBLISHER'S NOTE

The scripts which Spike Milligan has chosen for this volume—the first in a planned series which will undoubtedly supplant *Hansard*—were all broadcast between October 1954 and January 1956. Future volumes will continue to chart the glorious years when the Goons ruled England. At 9.00 p.m. on the 30th April of this year, the Goons were summoned to Camden Town to record a special 'Royal' Goon Show (the first for twelve years) for the BBC's 50th Anniversary. In a programme note for that broadcast, Con Mahoney, Head of Light Entertainment, Radio, wrote:

> Historians of the future will find it difficult to lay the responsibility for the Goons at any one doorstep. A Westminster hostelry, the Grafton Arms, could well at some time in the future carry a blue plaque to the effect that 'Goonery Was Brewed Here'.
>
> Spike Milligan was the presiding scriptural genius—although during the long life of the Goons both Eric Sykes and Larry Stephens wrote a number of episodes. And Spike, with fellow Thespians Peter Sellers, Harry Secombe and in the very early shows Michael Bentine, breezed life into the fantasies of Goonery.

We see no reason to disagree.

Readers who never heard the melodramatic, breathlessly urgent voice of Dick Barton Special Agent, or the seductively suede tones of the late George Sanders, may be puzzled by such 'voice' instructions as (*Barton*), and (*Sanders*), just as we were by (*Izzy*), (*Bogg*), (*Flowerdew*), etc. Others may be baffled by the synopses, which often bear little or no relation to the scripts that follow.

The scripts have been reproduced faithfully, complete with instructions for the sound effects (F.X.) and tapes (GRAMS.), which were always a highlight. Where a performer's name is indicated (Peter, Spike, etc.) rather than a character's, the performer was using his own voice.

We are grateful to the Goons for generously allowing us to use the doodles and drawings they did on the back of scripts, envelopes, etc., during rehearsals over the years and to Norma Farnes for her patient help.

GOONOLOGY

| | |
|---|---|
| 28 May, 1951 | First series Crazy People with Michael Bentine |
| 22 June, 1952 | Re-titled The Goon Show |
| 11 Nov., 1952 | Michael Bentine leaves |
| 28 Jan., 1960 | Final programme . . . The Last Smoking Seagoon |

# THE GOON SHOW Scripts

*Written and Selected by*

**SPIKE MILLIGAN**

*With drawings by*

*Peter Sellers*

*Harry Secombe*

*Spike Milligan*

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The drawings on pages 104, 108, 123 are by the late Larry Stephens.

TRADE
MARK

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# CONTENTS


*Foreword* *Peter Sellers*

*Introduction* *Spike Milligan*

*The Goons Then*

*The Goons Now*

*The Cast*

*The Main Characters* *Spike Milligan*

*The Scripts:*

*The Dreaded Batter Pudding Hurler*

*The Phantom Head-Shaver*

*The Affair of the Lone Banana*

*The Canal*

*Napoleon's Piano*

*Foiled by President Fred*

*The Mighty Wurlitzer*

*The Hastings Flyer*

*The House of Teeth*

*Backword* *Harry Secombe*

# FOREWORD
## PETER SELLERS

# Denis Bloodnok & Partner (Deceased)

**Solicitors**

COMMISSIONERS FOR MILITARY AND CIVIL OATHS.
THREATS ISSUED AND RECEIVED.
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*1, Crocks Building, Mayfair, Camden Town*

Dear Sir,

My client, Mr. Pewter Fentners, the well known actor and thing, has instructed me to issue writs of paper unless you are prepared to withdraw this publication which contains certain passages written to a Miss Minerva Bannister, and alludes to a salacious relationship between that good lady and a Mr. H. Crun. Any persons reading these passages (ahhn!) could be alarmed and woken up.

Unless something is done, either by sending certain monies to Mr. Pewter Fentners by way of compensation c/o my good self, or better still, direct to me, I shall be forced (ahhn!) to issue a military document of a disturbing nature.

Be warned sir, you are dealing with - um - er - anyway my brother is a wrestler and my aunt is a policeman.

Cordially, (ahhn!)

Yours,

Denis Bloodnok (Major)

MAJOR DENIS BLOODNOK
SFI and BAR

# INTRODUCTION

## SPIKE MILLIGAN

It seems a bit daft to ask me to write an introduction to this book, because basically it needs no introduction. So, let us go on to something else. It's a nice day today except that I hit my knee against the corner of a flower pot, which caused slight abrasion to the skin, about, I would say, a quarter of an inch from the Patella.

The Patella is the part of the knee which, in turn, is that join between the top half of the leg and the bottom half. I think it helps when bending down, to have the leg bend in the middle, because you can get to the ground much quicker that way.

Of course, dwarfs don't really need knees to bend their legs, because from where they are they are already kneeling down, standing up, if you understand what I mean, which goes to show how much there is behind a slight abrasion $1\frac{1}{2}$" below the knee, which is just above the Patella.

My mother bakes very good cakes, and sometimes lets us eat them; of course, if we don't eat them they get very stale, and we break them up and use them as humus to put in flower pots, on the edge of which I hit my leg this morning, so there. Please be more careful in future.

THE GOONS NOW

DAILY EXPRESS

MONDAY MAY 1 1972

# The Goonpowder Plot

## AS THE ROYALS MEET THE FAMOUS ECCLES AND Co.

Express Staff Reporter

JILL KING

Major Bloodnock, that supreme military idiot, lights the touchpaper and . . . BOOM! The Goons are back on the air.

*Neddy Seagoon, Bluebottle, The Famous Eccles, Min and the villainous Moriarty....*

Twelve years after all the old nonsense vanished, the three original Goons – Spike Milligan, Harry Secombe and Peter Sellers – got together again yesterday to record a new version.

An occasion not to be missed by Goon fans. And among the 500 who crowded into the little recording studio at the Camden Theatre, London, were Prince Philip, Princess Anne, Princess Margaret and Lord Snowdon.

*Which was too good a chance for the Goons to miss....*

"In the absence of Her Majesty", booms Secombe, "I'll be Queen."

Collapse of Princess Margaret in a fit of laughter.

Then a recording of Princess Anne's voice, with the sound of a galloping horse....

It was a night which the greatest royal Goon fan, Prince Charles, had to miss with the greatest regret.

He is on duty with his ship, Norfolk, in the Mediterranean. And he sent a telegram which said:—

"Last night my hair fell out and my knees dropped off with envy when I thought of my father and sister attending the show."

When the Goon Show ended, and Bluebottle and Co. vanished for the last time, the royal party went back stage to meet the stars.

What about more Goon shows? Said Milligan: "No, I think it was a once only night. I'm ready for a wheelchair now...."

The programme was recorded to be broadcast on Radio Four in October as part of the BBC's 50th anniversary celebrations.

So wait for it, kids. If you were too young to know the Beatles, at least you'll be able to stop asking Daddy: "Who WAS the Famous Eccles?"

MONDAY MAY 1 1972

Daily Mail

# The Goons come back by Royal Appointment

**VINCENT MULCHRONE at the Camden Theatre, London, last night. Prince Philip, Princess Anne and the Snowdons played themselves. The Queen was played by Harry Secombe.**

ONLY the Goons could get away with it and, for the first time in 12 years, for one hilarious half-hour, the Goons were back together.

They passed through the time-slip with fantastic ease.

The genius behind the show, Spike Milligan, is now 53, Harry Secombe, 51, Peter Sellers, 47. Yet their humour was today's. Milligan was still writing it up till a few hours before the opening music.

The show opened with a telegram from a sailor who said that when he heard his father and sister were at the show "my hair turned green with envy and my knees fell off. I hope that one day you can give a show to a shipful of sea goons."

It was signed, simply, Charles.

Prince Charles, a Goon fan, is at present serving in HMS Norfolk, a guided missile destroyer in the Mediterranean.

Said the announcer: "As everybody who read the Isle of Arran Shoemakers' Monthly knows, Her Majesty the Queen was to have opened the Goon Show, but owing to a nasty rumour called Grocer Heath she has declined.

"However, at short notice, and wearing a floral cretonne frock, Mr Secombe has agreed to stand in for his Sovereign."

Secombe, all 16½st. of him, came in like a boxing MC. "Ladeez'n Gennlemen, my first impression as Queen will be a hedgehog doing an acupuncture on Yul Brynner's nut. . ."

The announcer broke in. "The coconuts were played at short notice by a young lady from Buckingham Palace."

(*True. Princess Anne clomped the coconuts in the recording studio before the show. It was her father's idea.*)

But, apart from tilts at the royal box, which was tilting with laughter itself, it was the old Goon Show, the purest form of surrealist humour on radio – or "talking-type wireless" as the Goons still prefer to call it.

They were all there, unchanged, instant immortals – the whingeing Bluebottle ("You filthy rotten swine, you") along with public school conman Hercules Grytpype-Thynne, Major Bloodnok and quavery Henry Crun – all played by Sellers.

Secombe was back to Neddie Seagoon and Milligan was the key figure, Eccles, the dimwit with the voice akin to Disney's Goofy. . .

The miracle was that in just eight hours of rehearsal yesterday they became the Goons again, sparkling and crackling, ad libbing to try to "throw" each other, changing lines in a flash, giving the old appearance of enjoying themselves even more than the audience. . . .

The Goons used to be a show which, like *ITMA* before it – and Hancock and the satire boys afterwards – stopped the entire nation. It could do so again, even with jokes like:

How do you open a door?

*Turn the knob on your side.*

I haven't got a knob on my side.

*On the door.*

You have to hear it, as they say. Like Milligan singing, to the tune of *San Francisco* – "I left my teeth on Table Mountain, high on a hill, they smile at me . . ."

It stirred many memories in me. I remember still the hunt for the Wild Christmas Pudding, found cowering in an African jungle, lashing its holly at anyone who approached.

Last night there was Westminster city council's plan for a rubbish dump skilfully situated in the middle of Hyde Park . . . .

Nothing, it seemed, had changed.

Ray Ellington was there, playing the gravel-voiced batman to Major Bloodnok, and Max Geldray with his harmonica.

By midnight, after a bit of a nosh with Royalty in the foyer of the old theatre where they recorded so many of their shows, the Goons were back on their separate paths.

Pity. With a bit of foresight, we could have imprisoned them in a luxurious studio for life so that their unique idiocy could sustain us in a world going crazy in quite a different way.

• • • •

# THE TIMES

MONDAY MAY 1 1972

## Goons let loose on air again

By Peter Waymark

The scene was the stage of the Camden Theatre in north London, where three of radio's greatest clowns had come together for the first time in 12 years to recreate that uniquely brilliant piece of nonsense, *The Goon Show*.

Reporter: I'm from *The Times*.

Spike Milligan: We can still be friends.

Another reporter: I'm from the *Today* programme.

Milligan: You are going to be late.

Question: What is it like doing *The Goon Show* again?

Harry Secombe (perspiring): Hysterical.

Question: What's the show about?

Secombe (thinks a moment): It's beyond description, really.

Question: What is the plot?

Secombe: We've never had a plot.

Milligan: I've got a plot, it's in Golders Green crematorium (blows raspberries, impersonates German officers, etc.).

The photographers gather round Peter Sellers, who stands on his head. "For the Australian papers", Milligan says. The Goons were back at the Camden, their old home, to record a special show for the BBC's fiftieth anniversary celebrations. It was a doubly nostalgic occasion, for the theatre is to be demolished soon.

Sellers (semi-seriously): "Coming back to it is like a strange dream, as though we had never parted. You know, our humour was really way ahead of its time. All those satire boys, *Beyond the Fringe*, *Private Eye*, they took on what we had started."

He said the new show would be as up to date as the audience would allow. "Naturally, they want to hear the old characters (does a bit of Bluebottle and a bit of Henry and Minnie), so it's a bit of the old and a bit of the new"

When the show was announced the BBC ticket unit was so flooded with applications that the 500-seat theatre could have been filled many times over. Tickets are said to have changed hands for £15. The lucky ones included the Duke of Edinburgh, Princess Anne, Princess Margaret and Lord Snowdon.

The script, written by Milligan and entitled, *The Goons' Benefit Night*, was in cracking form: "You can't tell the difference between a lump on the head and margarine? . . . the leadership of the Conservative Party is yours for the asking."

"There is a curse on the house of Moriarty? What is it? The Hampstead Building Society."

Other *Goon Show* veterans who assembled for the reunion included Ray Ellington, and Max Geldray, the harmonica player, flown in from the United States.

# THE GOONS THEN

*The Goons light up with leeks: St. David's Day broadcast, 1956. Left to right, Spike Milligan, Peter Sellers, Harry Secombe*

Radio Times October 31, 1958

# THE GOONS—as others see them

*GALE PEDRICK investigates the appeal of 'goonery' on the eve of the new series of shows starting this week*

**Home Service on Monday, with a repeat in the Light on Wednesday**

IF, as some say, the outrageous, surrealist, inverted, unpredictable cartoons-in-sound of the Goons are an acquired taste, then it has been acquired by Royalty, statesmen, explorers, sportsmen, dons, film stars, and listeners under eighteen and over eighty.

Take the politician first, for it was a remark by Michael Foot which prompted me to find out how far indeed the Goons have cast their net.

'Spike Milligan is my favourite anarchist,' he said to me, 'in the most respectable way, of course, and I mean it as the highest possible tribute to the man. Indeed, the fact that the Goons are so popular is one of my hopes for the British public!

'I was always a great fan of the Marx Brothers, and perhaps that has something to do with my admiration for the Goons. I'd like to think they'll last another hundred years!'

Royalty? Well, the Duke of Edinburgh heads the list. His choice of the Goons to act as his champions against the Cambridge University Tiddleywinks Club was a signal honour.

The Duchess of Kent and Princess Alexandra have more than once been to Goon recordings. Members of the recent Polar expedition laughed at the Goons amid the icy wastes of Antarctica and in their honour a special programme was written—showing how Seagoon set out to be the first man to play the bagpipes at the Pole.

Film stars? It seemed to me that Kenneth More might well be a Goon addict.

'You've come to the right man,' said Kenneth. 'I've been an honorary member of the Goon Club for nine years, and am terribly proud of it. It goes back to the time when I used to play Mr. Badger in *Toad of Toad Hall* and Harry Secombe was the Judge. Harry took me along to their favourite pub and the boys did their Goon act specially for me and my missus. I've adored their humour ever since.'

Bernard Miles told me he has offered the Goons his new Thames-side Mermaid Theatre for six weeks in which 'to do whatever they like.' 'The only precaution I shall take,' he said, 'is to put up iron railings at the river-end to protect the customers—and them.'

Why does Bernard like the Goons? 'Because their humour is so different from my own. Theirs is pure and inspired lunacy, but sometimes it takes a leap over the boundaries of lunacy and lands itself into staggering sense.'

To Bud Flanagan, leader of those Knights of Madness, The Crazy Gang, I said: 'You and your other clown princes started this sort of thing more than twenty years ago. What do you think?'

Bud was serious. 'I've followed the Goons ever since they started on the air—in fact I've watched their careers very carefully, and I'm one of their biggest champions. They're brilliant—especially Sellers. We're "crazy," but their humour is far more advanced than ours.'

The academic point of view? Alan Hale, president of the Students' Union, London School of Economics (Harry Secombe is a former vice-president), said: 'Apart from the subtle humour I find that students like the pace of these shows. It is so fast that you have to be pretty quick yourself to pick it up.'

It is so easy to say that Sellers, Secombe, and Milligan appeal to age and youth alike; but is it true? Here's my answer.

Ada Reeve, who by December will have been eighty years on the stage, told me: 'I'm pretty choosey, but you can quote me as saying that you can enjoy these young men at my age. Peter Sellers is a great artist, but I admire them all. They certainly make *me* laugh.'

Seventy-two years and five reigns younger is Master John Mitchell, 'Jennings' of the BBC's *Jennings at School*. He said: 'I think all schoolboys love the Goons because they're so funny. I know I always listen, and like all my friends I collect their records—and know all their famous sayings like "He's fallen in the water!"'

So, from schoolroom to Green Room, it will be 'welcome back!' to *The Goon Show* when it returns to the air on Monday.

THE SUNDAY TIMES
November 9, 1958

# Surrealists in Sound

## By SUSAN COOPER

IN a deserted London theatre on a grey Sunday afternoon the house-lights grow dim, and the built-out stage is festooned with microphone cables and wires looped from the roof. It is Goon time; they rehearse here at three.

Spike Milligan, Peter Sellers and Harry Secombe first gave humour another dimension six years ago, and the Goon Show now has a dedicated audience of over four million. They have just begun a new series of seventeen programmes, rumoured, as usual, to be the last; the Goons' relationship with the BBC is rather like a love affair, stormy with recurrent threats and frustrations but generally repaired in the end. For the Goon Show is the ultimate in pure radio.

Milligan, a loose-limbed Puck with a quicksilver smile and hair cut like a hearthrug, is the creator; five days a week he struggles to produce the script, and his partners do not properly become involved until five hours before the recording. Their own talents are channelled into films and the theatre, and they earn a great deal.

Before rehearsal Secombe announces diffidently that he has bought a Rolls-Royce. Sellers already has one, a gleaming brown giant parked outside the theatre. "That space behind it is for my Morris Minor," says Ray Ellington, the show's singer. "That little gap between the two," says Milligan, "is where I stand."

All Sunday afternoon they rehearse. Clowning, giggling, they work out the intricate sound-pattern, and Milligan, the perfectionist, constantly interrupts, gesticulating earnestly: "Jim, the atomic bomb's not loud enough. Louder, go on, till it gets to feedback point. . ."

Sellers, like a friendly businessman in his horn-rimmed glasses, sits drawing little Arabs on his script. "All the Goon characters are real, you know; William Mate, he's got a furniture shop near Spike's office . . . you go in and say: 'What sort of wood is this?' and he says: 'Solid wood, that is' . . . ."

AT thirty-three Sellers is the youngest Goon. Milligan is just forty: Secombe, ebullient and benign, is thirty-seven. Off stage, they are merely any group with a private joke, one of the secret vocabularies that children or lovers use. They call each other and everyone else "Jim", and Milligan adopts it as a label for himself in the script.

The lapses into Goon talk are those of the natural clown. Sellers turns his head to use a benzedrine inhaler and says politely: "Excuse me, will you. I've got the cringe." Secombe, asked after his health, says: "Absolutely first-class, my word yes," and goes off into the high-pitched cackle that is like a nervous tic.

After four hours the programme is ready; precision engineering in sound. The audience is let in, rustling with excitement; Milligan sits doodling at the piano, oblivious. Someone says: "He's winding down."

For fifteen minutes the Goons "warm up" the theatre; three astonishing young men whose talents brilliantly interact. Then the green light flashes over the clock, the announcer steps forward: "Recording in ten seconds from—now," and the Goon Show has begun.

Books and Art December 1957

# GOONLAND IN DANGER

**PHILIP OAKES** *explores a comedy cult which tries to prove that 'nothing could be as mad as what passes for ordinary living'.*

THE MEADOW might be several degrees east of Stonehenge. There is a stream, a sinister cairn of stones, and a small gale is blowing. Through the tall grass trots a file of figures, like Druids on safari

All of them wear long, shapeless nightgowns, and four of them are bent double under a grand piano. Behind them, the woods stand in deadly crescent

Over the hill lies the end of the world. But their course is certain. They know what they have to do. Goons must always advance

The Goon Show, boldly unveiled by the B.B.C. in 1952, and latterly translated into television, via 'The Idiot's Weekly' and 'A Show Called Fred', is more than a comedy cult. It is a state of mind, a commentary on the way we live, and a kind of genius.

Beamed on the personalities of its three stars—Peter Sellers, Harry Secombe and Spike Milligan; and the ingenuity of its two writers—Milligan again, and Larry Stephens—it has developed its own mythology, and created its own heroes, a suffering, surrealist band, gallant enough to turn Portland Place into a last barricade.

There is Major Dennis Bloodnok, an ex-Indian Army remittance man, seedy and impoverished beneath his solar topee; Neddie Seagoon, the ingenuous hero, with a maniacal laugh; Eccle, the teak-headed innocent; and Bluebottle, the minuscule plotter, dedicated to acts of unsuccessful sabotage.

The company also has its villains: Grytpype Thynne, the suede-voiced mastermind, and Count Jim Moriaty, a hatchet-

*Goons preparing to take the air reading upwards, Harry Secombe Peter Sellers, Spike Milligan*

man in an astrakhan collar. And on the lunar fringe of the Goon world flit satellites such as Abdul the dragoman, and Henry Crun, a frail Victorian mouse.

'Lunacy is our planet,' says Spike Milligan. But it is lunacy of a purging and purposeful kind, that both reveals and releases.

### Secure values

Chief begetter of the show, Milligan is an Irishman born of Indian Army parents. He looks back, not simply in anger, but with a pained regard that shreds the imperialist trappings of his childhood and seizes on the secure values of a not-so-distant past

He hates the shoddy, the mean and the spurious, and his compassion extends to people like Colonel Redfern, in John Osborne's *Look Back in Anger* 'a sturdy old plant left over from the Edwardian wilderness that can't understand why the sun isn't shining any more'.

But the compassion admits no sentimentality. 'My father believed in mowing down any black men who gave him trouble,' says Milligan. 'He was a good man. But he happens to have been criminally wrong'

For Milligan, the Goon Show is an extension of his private view, something to defend against the ravages of conventional comedy. He is proud of his reputation as an innovator.

The compliment he values more than most was that paid by Bernard Levin in the *Manchester Guardian*, who claimed rhapsodically that the Goons had done for television what Gluck had performed for opera 'That is,' he said, 'they have added a new dimension.'

After five years, Milligan still believes in the existence of other dimensions, but he seriously doubts whether he will be permitted to explore them. A brilliant, moody and difficult man, his relations with the B B C. have deteriorated into a smouldering truce

This is partly due to Milligan's love of experiment, and the B B C.'s inability (or unwillingness) to assist him

'Take the question of sound effects,' says Milligan. 'A lot of Goon comedy is pure sound—explosions, bullets whistling, feet clumping. You'd think the B B C. could cope with all that. They're supposed to have the greatest record library in the world

'But d'you know what happened the other day? I wanted the sound of wolves howling, and I was told that the B B C. couldn't help. We finished up by doing the howling ourselves.'

### Partners

As partners in an experimental comedy show, the Goons' solidarity has been threatened by their own success. After reaching stardom on the Goon Show, Harry Secombe was offered — and accepted — solo eminence on television. The career of Peter Sellers followed the same pattern, and he has just completed his first starring film part. Only Milligan has frightened off the big showmen

He has been asked to write material for other comedians—and has refused A well-known British film producer put forward the idea of a Goon film, and promised to arrange a lunch with Milligan within a few days to discuss the idea. Three months later, Milligan is still waiting

### Frustration

Blue-eyed, bearded and wearing the look of an Austrian Archduke expecting assassination, he ticks off his frustration as another man would count his assets. His spiritual home is a condemned garret

In fact, he lives in a large Edwardian house in Finchley, where, propped up in bed at 4 p.m., he talked eagerly to me of the chemistry of Goon humour

'Essentially,' says Milligan, 'it is critical comedy. It is against bureaucracy, and on the side of human beings. Its starting point is one man shouting gibberish in the face of authority, and proving by fabricated insanity that nothing could be as mad as what passes for ordinary living.'

### Inspiration

Critics have detected the influence of Lewis Carroll, Lear, Stephen Leacock and James Joyce in the Goon scripts. (A long-time ambition of Milligan's has been to do a radio version of Joyce's *Ulysses*.)

But much of the inspiration comes from everyday newspaper reports. Milligan keeps a file, swollen with examples of factual Goon-type humour.

For example. 'Because birds have taken the straw from the roof of their thatched cottage at Otham, Kent, the occupants have had their rates reduced'

### From life

And again: 'Seventy-five-year-old Sir Rupert Shoobridge, former president of the Tasmanian Legislative Council, visiting Britain had a letter from home to say that a rat has eaten three of his suits, his top hat, evening dress and morning suit Cancelling important farewell appointments, he rushed off to his Savile Row tailors to be fitted for replacements. "I would like to murder that rat," he muttered'

Either item could slip naturally into a Goon Show. And it is quite likely that they will

This year, Milligan continued with the Goon Show only at the insistence of the B B C. And next year may see its demise

'The point is,' says Milligan, 'that it must continue to be experimental. And the support for the kind of experiments that I want to make simply isn't there'

THE CAST

# SPIKE MILLIGAN

Born in 1918 in India, where his father was a soldier, Spike Milligan came to England in 1934. Early jobs ranged from factory hand to scrubber in a laundry; he was also a trumpet player in a band for a while, then a trumpet player not in a band. He met Harry Secombe in the army, teamed up for concerts, began to write, met Peter Sellers and so began *The Goon Show*. Winner of the Producers' and Directors' 'Writer of the Year' award on several occasions, he has appeared in many films and starred in successful West End plays (*The Bed Sitting-Room*, *Oblomov*). His writings include the novel *Puckoon*, various books of children's and comic verse, and the best-selling *Adolf Hitler – My Part in His Downfall* (soon to be filmed by MGM).

Secombe, Milligan, Sellers

# HARRY SECOMBE

As a schoolboy in his native Wales, Harry Secombe was a popular 'turn' at church socials with his impersonations. After working as a pay clerk and completing war service, he took a job at the Windmill Theatre. It was there that he started to sing, and that the Sellers/Milligan/Bentine/Secombe association began. Since then he has achieved fame as a comedian and singer on both sides of the Atlantic. Star of many popular stage and screen musicals (including *Pickwick* and *Oliver!*), he last year celebrated 25 versatile years in show business.

# PETER SELLERS

With both parents and eight uncles in show business, Peter Sellers's career was a foregone conclusion. After service in the RAF, he joined Ralph Reader's *Gang Show*, then got a job at the Windmill Theatre before being recruited by the BBC – who quickly recognized his extraordinary talents as a man of many voices. His film career, which has been as brilliant as it has been varied, began in 1954. Since his first key role (in *The Ladykillers*), many internationally famous films have followed, including *I'm All Right Jack*, *Dr. Strangelove*, *The Millionairess* and *There's a Girl in My Soup*. He has just finished filming *Alice in Wonderland*.

# RAY ELLINGTON

An ex-RAF P.T. instructor, Ray Ellington formed his original Ray Ellington Quartet in 1950. He was known to millions through the radio programme *Mr. Ros and Mr. Ray* (in which he starred with Edmundo Ros), as well as through the Goon Shows. In 1970 he established the popular Ray Ellington Big Band and Singers.

# WALLACE GREENSLADE

Wallace Greenslade ('Bill') joined the staff of the BBC in 1945 as a general announcer. In addition to his stoic appearances with the Goons, he worked on a wide variety of programmes until his death in 1961.

# MAX GELDRAY

Jazz harmonica player Max Geldray was born in 1935 in Holland, where he began his career. After doing many broadcasts and playing in nightclubs all over Europe, he joined the Ray Ventura Band in France. In Paris he played with such jazz 'greats' as Django Reinhardt, who became a good friend. He settled in England after the war where he grew popular through his radio, TV and live performances, and such records as *Goon With The Wind*(!). He emigrated to America in 1962, and now works for the Christian Science Movement in California.

# THE MAIN CHARACTERS

As a result of our demands for biographical data (and much original research) the following reactions were received and information obtained:

**ECCLES**
*(The Original Goon)*
Born 1863. Only child of Ethel Cox. Virgin birth. Educated at Convent till age 7 – end of education. Has had 18 312 interviews for jobs Has never been employed. Spends his days walking around saying "Hello dere" to anyone who will listen. Wears a 33-year-old Burton suit. Is occasionally used by the Metropolitan Police for target practice. Was once painted by Augustus John from head to foot with whitewash. Likes children. Children like him. His economy drives consist of wearing only one sock. Was the personal friend of a brewer's dray. Was Home Secretary for 3 days – until the printing error was discovered. Lives near 29 Scrot Lane, Balham. Clubs: none. Recreations: walking around saying 'Hello dere" to anyone who will listen.

**BLUEBOTTLE**
*(A cardboard cut-out liquorice and string hero)*
'Ye he he! Heuheuheuheuheu he!
A proffered bag of dolly mixtures plus a free subscription to *Wonder Mag* persuaded the ragged Boy Scout with a penchant for Sabrina and an eye for the birds to append this, his signature, to the aforegoing:

**NEDDIE SEAGOON**
*(True blue British idiot and hero always)*
'What what what what what? Can't stop now – must dash to the last page.'
(A flash through this book revealed that Mr Seagoon had indeed dashed the last page.)

**MR HENRY CRUN**
*(A thin ancient and inventor)*
Mnk – grnk – mnk – mnk – grmp.'
(Persistent questioning failed to refresh Mr. Crun's memory as to the identity of Mr Henry Crun, beyond the remark, 'Henry Crun? Mnk – isn't that the name of – mnk – Henry Crun?')

**MISS MINNIE BANNISTER**
*(Spinster of the Parish)*
Although she refused to be quoted directly, some Sanders-style flattery induced Miss Bannister to reveal that she had once danced the Can-Can at the Windmill Theatre, and that in the naughty nineties she had been 'the darling of Roper's Light Horse'. She also hinted at a former passionate involvement with a bounder named Bloodnok. When pressed, however, she screamed and referred all further questions to her spokesman and companion of honour, Mr Henry Crun.

**COMTE TOULOUSE-MORIARTY OF THE HOUSE OF ROLAND**
*(French scrag and lackey to Grytpype-Thynne)*
Born 1920 Paris. Educated – Sorbonne and St Cyr Military Academy. Captained French Moron Racing Car Team at Brooklands 1927 – became the Latin darling of the Motoring Set, licensed by London, seen at all smart places – The Cafe Royal – the Ritz – danced the Tango all night long with Lady Astor. Operation for piles. Wall Street crash – family fortune decimated. Started work as a gigolo at New Cron Palais de Danse, was befriended by Hercules Grytpype-Thynne, who offered to 'manage' his career. Under Grytpype's careful 'management' he is now bald, daft, deaf, and worthless. Currently working under licence as a trainee corpse in Leith Crematorium and hoping to play the lead in *Jesus Christ Superstar*. Clubs: Chateau Neuf. Recreation: trying to escape.

**HERCULES GRYTPYPE-THYNNE, THE HON.**
*(A plausible public school villain and cad)*
Son of Lord "Sticky" Thynne and Miss Vera Colin, a waitress at Paddington Station. Educated at Eton Mixed Grammar School, Penge; was manager for the rugby team, 15th man at cricket, subject of a police investigation on school homosexuality. Eventually left school at 20 – did 2 years at Oxford, subject of a police investigation on homosexuality. Joined Household Cavalry; served throughout the war at Knightsbridge barracks. Subject of a military police investigation on homosexuality. Implicated in sale of Regimental Silver Plate – 3 years at the Scrubbs. Was subject of a prisoners' investigation on homosexuality. On release became a life member of Harrow Labour Exchange. Joined the Foreign Office – implicated in homosexuality with Masai goat herd. Roving Ambassador to the Outer Hebrides. Awarded OBE in Birthday Honours. Currently Private Secretary to a British Lord. Club: Junior Carlton. Recreations: Homosexuality.

**MAJOR DENIS BLOODNOK, IND. ARM. RTD.**
*(Military idiot, coward and bar)*
Born 1867 and 1880, Sandhurst NAAFI. Served in S. African war – taken prisoner on first day under strange circumstances. Released by Boers after 3 days as being "unreliable". Spent the rest of the war in the Pay Corps. Large sums of money were in his keeping. They were never traced. Transferred to Aldershot Southern Command as Quartermaster General – was responsible for 30,000 rupees,worth of stores. They were never traced. Military Police traced *him* to Rangoon, where he was found wearing false testicles in a Freak Show. Cashiered. Married the Hon. Mrs. Scrack-Thing. Divorced. Rejoined Army under an assumed height as Florence Bloodnok; served 1 year in ATS. His disguise became known when he reported a sailor for molesting him in an air-raid shelter. Using his position as a mason, he re-joined the Army as a Major ; he saw action and suffered wounds in the bedroom of Mrs. Madge Feel. World War II – he was found hiding in a hut near Quetta, where he swore a solemn oath that he was an eccentric Hindu fakir who had gone white with fear. Cashiered for the 7th time – a world military record. Wearing a stocking mask, he rejoined the British Army as a Chinaman. Using masonic connections he became a Major again. Clubs: Anyone. Recreations: Piccadilly Circus. Hobbies . The Indian Army· Agent: Miss M. Bannister.

**WILLIUM 'MATE' COBBLERS**
*(Drains cleared while you wait)*
Born Shoreditch 1900, son of Fred "Chopper" Cobblers, OBE, road sweeper, and Vera Colin. Left school at 14. Joined Thomas Crapper & Son as tea boy. Joined Chislehurst Laundry as tea boy. Joined Woolwich Arsenal as tea boy. Conscripted for World War I as Private in Sappers and Miners as tea boy. Rose to rank of acting unpaid Lance Corporal – injured in action by tea urn falling on head. Mentioned in dispatches as "always moaning". Discharged in 1918, since when he has wandered the streets of London telling motorists, with no authority whatsoever, "You can't park there" or "Put that cigarette out" or "I don't know, I'm a stranger round here" or "Why don't you get yer 'air cut?" or "Two years in the army would do 'em good" or "Bloody foreigners" or "I spent 4 years fighting for this country." Now uniformed doorman at BBC Aeolian Hall, wears full war medals at all times, and King's badge for the disabled. Informs all visitors to the BBC, 'It's nothing to do with me mate." Clubs: Bristol Legion. Recreations: saying "You can't park there", etc.

# THE SCRIPTS

# THE DREADED BATTER PUDDING HURLER

## (OF BEXHILL-ON-SEA)

*The Goon Show: No. 102 (5th Series, No. 3)*

*Transmission: Tuesday, 12th October 1954:*

*8.30—9.00 p.m. Home Service*

*Studio: Paris Cinema, London*

## The main characters

| | |
|---|---|
| Mr Henry Crun | Peter Sellers |
| Miss Minnie Bannister | Spike Milligan |
| Ned Seagoon | Harry Secombe |
| Lance Brigadier Grytpype-Thynne | Peter Sellers |
| Sergeant Throat | Spike Milligan |
| Major Denis Bloodnok | Peter Sellers |
| Eccles | Spike Milligan |
| Odium | Spike Milligan |
| Moriarty | Spike Milligan |
| Willium | Peter Sellers |
| Bluebottle | Peter Sellers |

*The Ray Ellington Quartet*
*Max Geldray*
*Orchestra Conducted by Wally Stott*
*Announcer: Wallace Greenslade*
*Script by Spike Milligan*
*Production by Peter Eton*

How young Ned Seagoon was called in by the terrorised gentlefolk of Bexhill to help track down the dreaded Batter Pudding Hurler. Striking when least expected, the 'Hurler' caused such havoc during the blackout of 1941 that troops, massed against the German invasion, were ordered to join the hunt. A trail of cold Batter Puddings eventually led Ned Seagoon to North Africa where, with the aid of Major Bloodnok, he finally cornered the traitor...

BILL This is the BBC Home Service.

F.X. PENNY IN MUG.

BILL Thank you. We now come to the radio show entirely dedicated to the downfall of John Snagge.

HARRY He refers, of course, to the highly esteemed Goon Show.

GRAMS SORROWFUL MARCH WITH WAILS.

HARRY Stop! Time for laughs later — but now to business. Mr. Greenslade? Come over here.

F.X. CHAINS.

BILL Yes, Master?

HARRY Tell the waiting world what we have for them.

BILL My lords, ladies and other National Assistance holders — tonight the League of Burmese Trombonists presents a best-seller play entitled:

ORCHESTRA TYMPANY ROLL. HELD UNDER:—

PETER The Terror of Bexhill-on-Sea or . . .

ORCHESTRA THREE DRAMATIC CHORDS.

HARRY The Dreaded Batter Pudding Hurler.

ORCHESTRA CLIMAX. THEN DOWN NOW BEHIND:—

BILL The English Channel 1941. Across the silent strip of green-grey water — in England - coastal towns were deserted, except for people. Despite the threat of invasion and the stringent blackout rules, elderly gentlefolk of Bexhill-on-Sea still took their evening constitutions.

F.X. EBB TIDE ON A GRAVEL BEACH.

CRUN Ohhh — it's quite windy on these cliffs.

MINNIE What a nice summer evening — typical English.

CRUN Mnk yes the rain's lovely and warm — I think I'll take one of my sou' westers off — here, hold my elephant gun.

MINNIE I don't know what you brought it for — you can't shoot elephants in England.

CRUN Mnk? Why not?

MINNIE They're out of season.

CRUN Does this mean we'll have to have pelican for dinner again?

MINNIE Yes, I'm afraid so.

CRUN Then I'll risk it, I'll shoot an elephant out of season.

BOTH *(Go off mumbling in distance)*

BILL Listeners who are listening will, of course, realise that Minnie and Henry are talking rubbish — as erudite people will realise, there are no elephants in Sussex. They are only found in Kent North on a straight line drawn between two points thus making it the shortest distance.

F.X. **PENNY IN MUG.**

BILL Thank you.

CRUN ....well, if that's how it is I can't shoot any.

MINNIE Come Henry, we'd better be getting home — I don't want to be caught on the beaches if there's an invasion.

CRUN Neither do I — I'm wearing a dirty shirt and I — mnk — don't —

F.X. **CLANK OF IRON OVEN DOOR.**

CRUN ... Minnie?

MINNIE What what?

CRUN Did you hear a gas oven door slam just then?

MINNIE Don't be silly, Henry — who'd be walking around these cliffs with a gas oven?

CRUN Lady Docker.

MINNIE Yes, but apart from the obvious ones — who'd want to ...

F.X. **WHOOSH — SPLOSH — BATTER PUDDING HITTING MINNIE**

MINNIE Oooooooooooooohohohohohohohohohohohohohohohohohoho ...

CRUN No, I've never heard of him.

MINNIE Help, Henery I've been struck down from behind. Helpp.

CRUN Mnk — oh dear dear. *(Calls)* Police — English Police — Law Guardians???

MINNIE Not too loud, Henry, they'll hear you.

F.X. **POLICE WHISTLE.**

SEAGOON (*approaching*) Can I help you, sir?

CRUN Are you a policeman?

SEAGOON No, I'm a constable.

CRUN What's the difference?

SEAGOON They're spelt differently.

MINNIE Ohhhhhhhh.

SEAGOON Oh! What's happened to this dear old silver-bearded lady?

CRUN She was struck down from behind.

SEAGOON And not a moment too soon — congratulations, sir.

CRUN I didn't do it.

SEAGOON Coward — hand back your OBE. Now tell me who did this felonous deed. What's happened to her?

CRUN It's too dark to see — strike a light.

SEAGOON Not allowed in blackout.

MINNIE Strike a dark light.

SEAGOON No madam, we daren't — why, only twenty-eight miles across the Channel the Germans are watching this coast.

CRUN Don't be a silly-pilly policeman they can't see a little match being struck.

SEAGOON Oh, alright.

F.X. MATCH STRIKING — QUICK WHOOSH OF SHELL — SHELL EXPLODES.

SEAGOON Any questions?

CRUN Yes — where are my legs?

SEAGOON Are you now aware of the danger from German long range guns?

CRUN Mnk ahh! I've got it — I have the answer — just by chance I happen to have on me a box of German matches.

SEAGOON Wonderful — strike one — they won't fire at their own matches.

CRUN Of course not — now . . .

F.X. MATCH STRIKING AND FLARING — WHOOSH OF SHELL — SHELL BURST.

CRUN . . . Curse . . . the British!!!

SEAGOON We tried using a candle, but it wasn't very bright and we daren't light it — so we waited for dawn — and there, in the light of the morning sun, we saw what had struck Miss Bannister. It was — a Batter Pudding.

ORCHESTRA DRAMATIC CHORD.

CRUN It's still warm, Minnie.

MINNIE Thank Heaven — I hate cold Batter Pudding.

CRUN Come, Minnie, I'll take you home — give you a hot bath rub you down with the anti-vapour rub - put a plaster on your back give your feet a mustard bath, and then put you to bed.

SEAGOON Do you know this woman?

CRUN Devilish man — of course I do this is Minnie Bannister, the world-famous poker player — give her a good poker and she'll play any tune you like.

SEAGOON Well, get her off this cliff, it's dangerous. Meantime, I must report this to the Inspector. I'll call on you later — goodbye.

F.X. (PAUSE) DISTANT SPLASH.

SEAGOON As I swam ashore I dried myself to save time. That night I lay awake in my air-conditioned dustbin thinking — who on earth would want to strike another with a Batter Pudding? Obviously it wouldn't happen again, so I fell asleep. Nothing much happened that night except that I was struck with a Batter Pudding.

SPIKE Mmmmm — it's all rather confusing, really.

BILL In the months to come, thirty-eight Batter Puddings were hurled at Miss Bannister — a madman was at large — Scotland Yard were called in.

ORCHESTRA LINK.

GRYTPYPE-THYNNE *(Sanders throughout)* Inspector Seagoon — my name is Hercules Grytpype-Thynne, Special Investigation. This Batter Pudding Hurler —

SEAGOON Yes?

GRYTPYPE-THYNNE He's made a fool of the police.

SEAGOON I disagree — we were fools long before he came along.

GRYTPYPE-THYNNE You silly twisted boy. Nevertheless, he's got to be stopped — now, Seagoon —

SEAGOON Yes yes yes yes yes yes?

GRYTPYPE-THYNNE . . . Please don't do that. Now, these Batter Puddings — they were obviously thrown by hand.

SEAGOON Not necessarily — some people are pretty clever with their feet.

GRYTPYPE-THYNNE For instance?

SEAGOON Tom Cringingknutt.

GRYTPYPE-THYNNE Who's he?

SEAGOON He's a man who's pretty clever with his feet.

GRYTPYPE-THYNNE What's his name?

SEAGOON Jim Phlatcrok.

GRYTPYPE-THYNNE Sergeant Throat?

THROAT Sir?

GRYTPYPE-THYNNE Make a note of that.

THROAT Right. Anything else?

GRYTPYPE-THYNNE Yes.

THROAT Right.

GRYTPYPE THYNNE Good. Now Seagoon, these Batter Puddings — were they all iden' cal?

SEAGOON All except the last one. Inside it — we found this.

GRYTPYPE-THYNNE Oh! An Army Boot! So the Dreaded Hurler is a military man. Any troops in the town?

SEAGOON The fifty-sixth Heavy Underwater Artillery.

GRYTPYPE-THYNNE Get there at once — arrest the first soldier you see wearing one boot.

SEAGOON Ying tong iddle I po.

GRYTPYPE-THYNNE Right — off you go.

ORCHESTRA BLOODNOK SIGNATURE TUNE.

BLOODNOK Bleiough — aeioughhh —bleioughhhh — how dare you come here to my H.Q. with such an —

SEAGOON I tell you, Major Bloodnok, I must ask you to parade your men.

BLOODNOK Why?

SEAGOON I'm looking for a criminal.

BLOODNOK You find your own — it took me years to get this lot.

SEAGOON Ying tong iddle I po.

BLOODNOK Very well then — Bugler Max Geldray? Sound fall in - the hard way.

MAX & ORCHESTRA — **THEY WERE DOING THE MAMBO**

*(Applause)*

ORCHESTRA & CAST — *(Murmurs of distrust)*

BLOODNOK — Silence, lads! I'm sorry I had to get you out of bed in the middle of the day — but I'll see you get extra pay for this.

ORCHESTRA & CAST — You flat 'eaded kipper — Gawn, drop dead — I'll claht yer flippin' head — Gorn, shimmer orf.

BLOODNOK — Ahhhhhhh, that's what I like — spirit. Now, Seagoon which is the man?

SEAGOON — I walked among the ranks looking for the soldier with one boot but my luck was out: the entire regiment were barefooted — all save the officers, who wore reinforced concrete socks.

BLOODNOK — Look Seagoon, it's getting dark. You can't see in this light.

SEAGOON — I'll strike a match.

F.X. — **MATCH . . . WHOOSH OF SHELL EXPLOSION.**

SEAGOON — Curse, I forgot about the Germans.

ECCLES — We want our beddy byes.

SEAGOON — Who are you?

ECCLES — Lance Private Eccles, but most people call me by my nick-name.

SEAGOON — What's that?

ECCLES — Hahum. Nick.

SEAGOON — I inspected the man closely — he was the nearest thing I'd seen to a human being, without actually being one.

BLOODNOK — Surely you don't suspect this man why, we were together in the same company during that terrible disaster.

SEAGOON — What company was that?

BLOODNOK — Desert Song 1933.

SEAGOON — Were you both in the D'Oyly Carte?

BLOODNOK — Right in the D'Oyly Carte.

SEAGOON — I don't wish to know that, but wait!! At last — by the light of a passing glue factory I saw that Eccles was only wearing — one boot!

ECCLES — Well, I only got one boot.

SEAGOON — I know — but why are you wearing it on your head?

ECCLES — Why? It fits, dat's why what a silly question — why — why —

SEAGOON — Let me see that boot. *(Sotto)* Mmmm, size nineteen . . . *(Aloud)* What size head have you got?

ECCLES — Size nineteen.

SEAGOON Curse — the man's defence was perfect — Major Bloodnok?

BLOODNOK How dare you call me Major Bloodnok.

SEAGOON That's your name.

BLOODNOK In that case — I forgive you.

SEAGOON Where's this man's other boot?

BLOODNOK Stolen.

SEAGOON Who by?

BLOODNOK A thief.

SEAGOON You sure it wasn't a pickpocket?

BLOODNOK Positive — Eccles never keeps his boots in his pocket.

SEAGOON Damn. They all had a watertight alibi — but just to make sure I left it in a fish tank overnight. Next morning my breast pocket 'phone rang.

F.X. RING.

SEAGOON Hello?

CRUN Mr. Seagoon — Minnie's been hit with another Batter Pudding.

SEAGOON Well, that's nothing new.

CRUN It was — this one was stone cold.

SEAGOON Cold???

CRUN Yes — he must be losing interest in her.

SEAGOON It proves also that the phantom Batter Pudding Hurler has had his gas-pipe cut off! Taxi!

F.X. BAGPIPES. RUNNING DOWN.

SPIKE Yes?

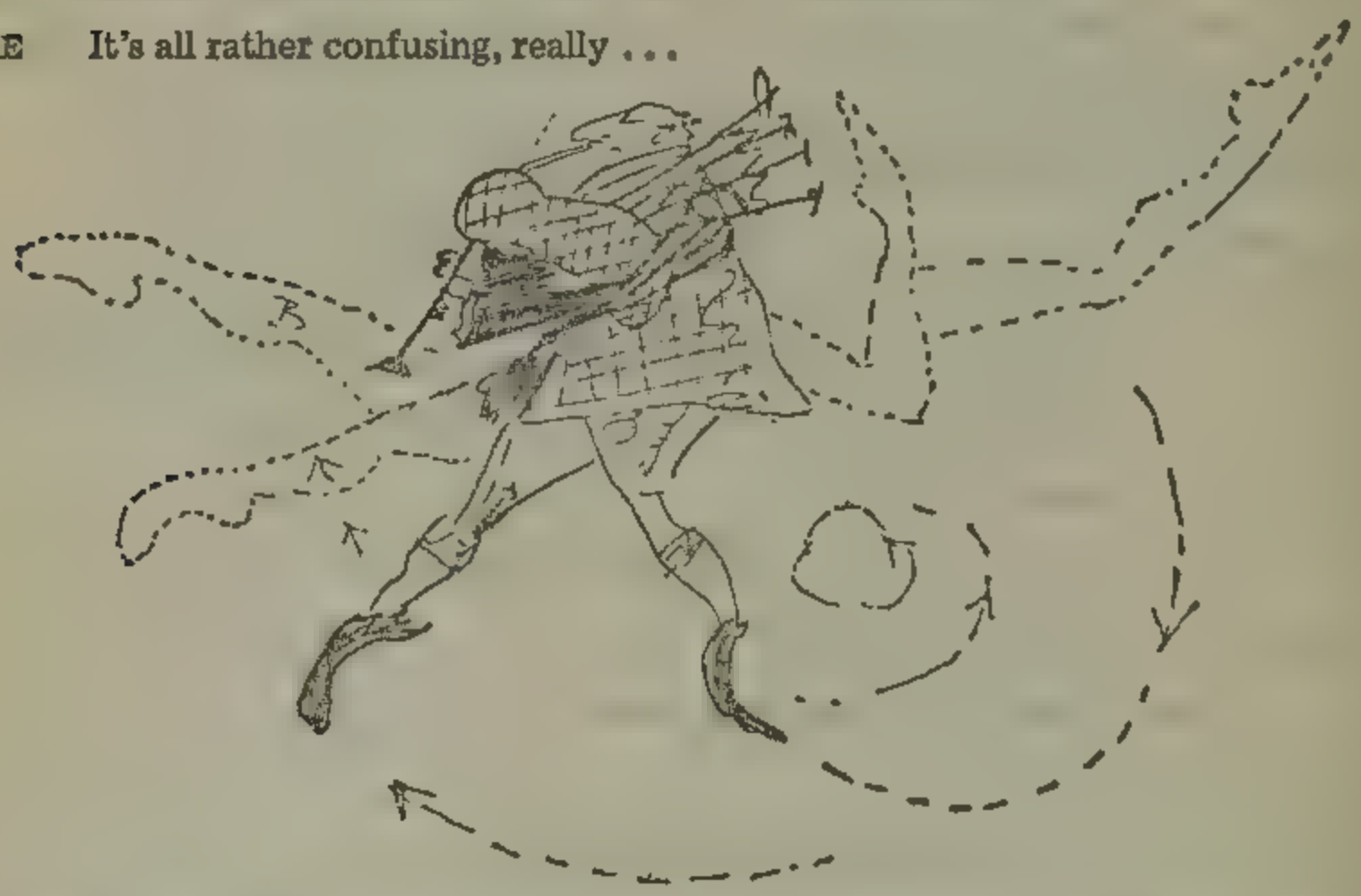
SEAGOON The Bexhill Gas Works, and step on it.

SPIKE Yes.

F.X. BAGPIPES. FADE OFF.

BILL Listeners may be puzzled by a taxi sounding like bagpipes. The truth is — it is all part of the BBC new economy campaign. They have discovered that it is cheaper to travel by bagpipes — not only are they more musical, but they come in a wide variety of colours. See your local Bagpipe Offices and ask for particulars — you won't be disappointed.

SPIKE It's all rather confusing, really . . .



PETER Meantime, Neddie Seagoon had arrived at the Bexhill Gas and Coke Works.

SEAGOON Phewwwwwww blimeyyyyy — anyone about?

ODIUM Yererererererere.

SEAGOON Good.

ODIUM Yerrer.

SEAGOON I'd like a list of people who haven't paid their gas bills.

ODIUM Yererererere —

SEAGOON Oh, thank you. Now here's a good list — I'll try this number.

F.X. DIALLING.

SEAGOON Think we've got him this time — hello?

PETER *(Winston Churchill — distort)* Ten Downing Street here.

SEAGOON *(gulp)* I'm sorry.

F.X. CLICK.

SEAGOON No, it *couldn't* be him — who would *he* want to throw a Batter Pudding at?

F.X. QUICK 'PHONE RING.

SEAGOON Hello? Police here.

SPIKE This is Mr Attlee — someone's just thrown a Batter Pudding at me.

ORCHESTRA TYMPANY ROLL HELD UNDER NEXT SPEECH:—

SEAGOON Months went by — still no sign of the Dreaded Hurler. Finally I walked the streets of Bexhill at night disguised as a human man — then suddenly!!

ORCHESTRA FLARING CHORD.

SEAGOON Nothing happened. But it happened suddenly. Disappointed, I lit my pipe.

F.X. MATCH. WHOOSH OF SHELL. EXPLOSION OF SHELL.

SEAGOON Curse those Germans.

MORIARTY Pardon me, my friend.

SEAGOON I turned to see the speaker — he was a tall man wearing sensible feet and a head to match. He was dressed in the full white outfit of a Savoy chef — around his waist were tied several thousand cooking instruments — behind him he pulled a portable gas stove from which issued forth the smell of Batter Pudding..

MORIARTY Could I borrow a match? You see, my gas has gone out and my Batter Pudding was just browning.

SEAGOON Certainly. Here — no — keep the whole box — I have another match at home.

MORIARTY So rich. Well, thank you, m'sieu — you have saved my Batter Pudding from getting cold. There's nothing worse than being struck down with a cold Batter Pudding.

SEAGOON Oh yes.

MORIARTY Good night.

SEAGOON I watched the strange man as he pulled his gas stove away into the darkness. But I couldn't waste time watching him — my job was to find the Dreaded Batter Pudding Hurler.

BILL Those listeners who think that Seagoon is not cut out to be a detective — please write to him care of Rowton House.

SEAGOON On December 25th the Hurler changed his tactics — that day Miss Bannister was struck with a Christmas Pudding. Naturally, I searched the workhouse.

WILLIUM No sir — we ain't had no Christmas puddin' here, have we mate?

SPIKE No.

WILLIUM We ain't had none for three years, have we mate?

SPIKE No — it's all rather annoying, really.

CRUN *(approaching)* Ahh Mr Sniklecrum . . .

MINNIE Ahhhhhh.

SEAGOON Mr Crun, Miss Bannister, what are you doing here?

CRUN Mnk, Minnie had a letter this morning.

MINNIE I had a letter.

CRUN Mn gnup . . . I'll tell him, Minnie.

MINNIE Thank you, Henry.

CRUN Mnk — yes, she had a —

MINNIE Yess, you tell him.

CRUN Alright, I'll tell . . .

MINNIE . . . Yes . . .

CRUN She had a lett . . .

SEAGOON Yes, I know she had a letter — what about it?

CRUN It proves that the Batter Pudding Hurler is abroad.

SEAGOON What? Why? How?

CRUN It was post-marked Africa — and inside was a portion of Batter Puddin'.

MINNIE Yes — he hasn't forgotten me.

SEAGOON So he's in Africa — now we've got him cornered. I must leave at once. Bluebottle!

BLUEBOTTLE I heard you call, my Capatain — I heard my Captain call — waits for audience applause — not a sausage — puts on I don't care expression as done by Aneurin Bevan at Blackpool Conservative Rally.

SEAGOON Bluebottle — you and I are going to Africa.

BLUEBOTTLE Good — can we take sandwiches?

SEAGOON Only for food — any questions?

BLUEBOTTLE No.

SEAGOON I can't answer that — can you?

BLUEBOTTLE No.

SEAGOON Ignorant swine. Got that down, Sergeant Throat?

THROAT Yes.

SEAGOON Good.

THROAT Yes.

SEAGOON Right, we catch the very next troop convoy to Algiers. And who better to drive us out of the country than Ray Ellington and his Quartet?

QUARTET 'OL' MAN RIVER'.

*(Applause)*

ORCHESTRA 'VICTORY AT SEA' THEME.

PETER And now . . .

F.X. WASH OF WAVES ON SHIP'S PROW.

BILL Seagoon and Bluebottle travelled by sea. To avoid detection by enemy U-boats they spoke German throughout the voyage, heavily disguised as Spaniards.

PETER As an added precaution they travelled on separate decks and wore separate shoes on different occasions.

SEAGOON The ship was disguised as a train — to make the train sea-worthy it was done up to look like a boat and painted to appear like a tram.

[redacted] . . . All rather confusing, really.

SEAGOON Also on board were Major Bloodnok and his regiment. When we were ten miles from Algiers we heard a dreaded cry.

ECCLES *(off)* Mine ahead — dreadful sea-mine ahead.

BLOODNOK *(approach)* What's happening here — why are all these men cowering down on deck, the cowards?

SEAGOON There's a mine ahead.

BLOODNOK Mi —

F.X. HURRIED FOOTSTEPS AWAY AND THEN SPLASH.

SEAGOON Funny — he wasn't dressed for swimming.

ECCLES Hey, dere's no need to worry about the mine.

BLUEBOTTLE Yes, I must worry — I don't want to be deaded — I'm wearing my best sports shirt. (Hurriedly puts on cardboard tin hat.)

ECCLES Don't worry — dat mine, it can't hurt us — it's one of ours.

F.X. EXPLOSION.

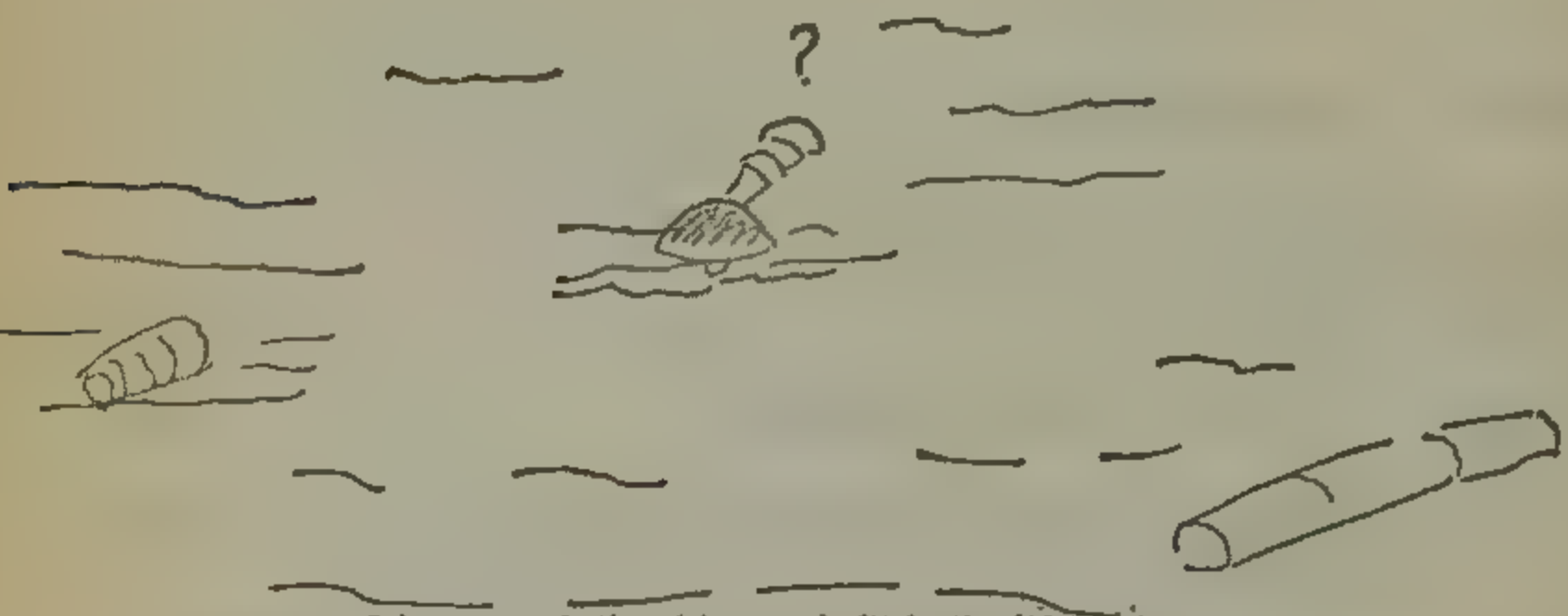
SEAGOON Eccles, is the ship sinking?

ECCLES Only below the sea.

SEAGOON We must try and save the ship — help me get it into the lifeboat.

ECCLES O.K. . . . Upppppppppp.

BOTH *(Grunts and groans)*




ECCLES It's no good, the ship won't fit in the lifeboat.

SEAGOON What a ghastly oversight by the designer. Never mind, it leaves room for one more in the boat.

BLOODNOK I'm willing to fill that vacancy.

SEAGOON How did you get back on board?

BLOODNOK I was molested by a lobster with a disgusting mind.

SEAGOON Right, Bloodnok, do your duty.

BLOODNOK *(calls)* Women and children first.

SEAGOON Bloodnok, take that dummy out of your mouth.

ECCLES Hey, don't leave me behind.

BLOODNOK And why not?

ECCLES . . . Give me time and I'll think of a reason.

BLOODNOK Right, wait here until Apple Blossom Time — meantime, Seagoon, lower away.

F.X. WINCHES GOING.

ECCLES Hey — if you make room for me, I'll pay ten pounds.

F.X. SPLASH.

SEAGOON *(off)* You swine Bloodnok —

BLOODNOK Business is business — get in, Eccles

ECCLES Ta.

SEAGOON *(off)* Look, I'll pay *twenty* pounds for a place in the boat.

F.X. SPLASH.

BLOODNOK *(off)* Aeiough, you double-crosser, Eccles.

ECCLES Get in, Captain Seagoon.

HARRY Ahhh, thank you Eccles — myyy friend.

BLOODNOK *(off)* Thirty pounds for a place.

F.X. SPLASH.

ECCLES *(off) You ain't* my friend.

BLOODNOK Ahhhh, good old Seagoon, you've saved me.

SEAGOON My pal.

ECCLES *(off)* Fifty pounds for a place in the boat.

F.X. TWO DISTANT SPLASHES.

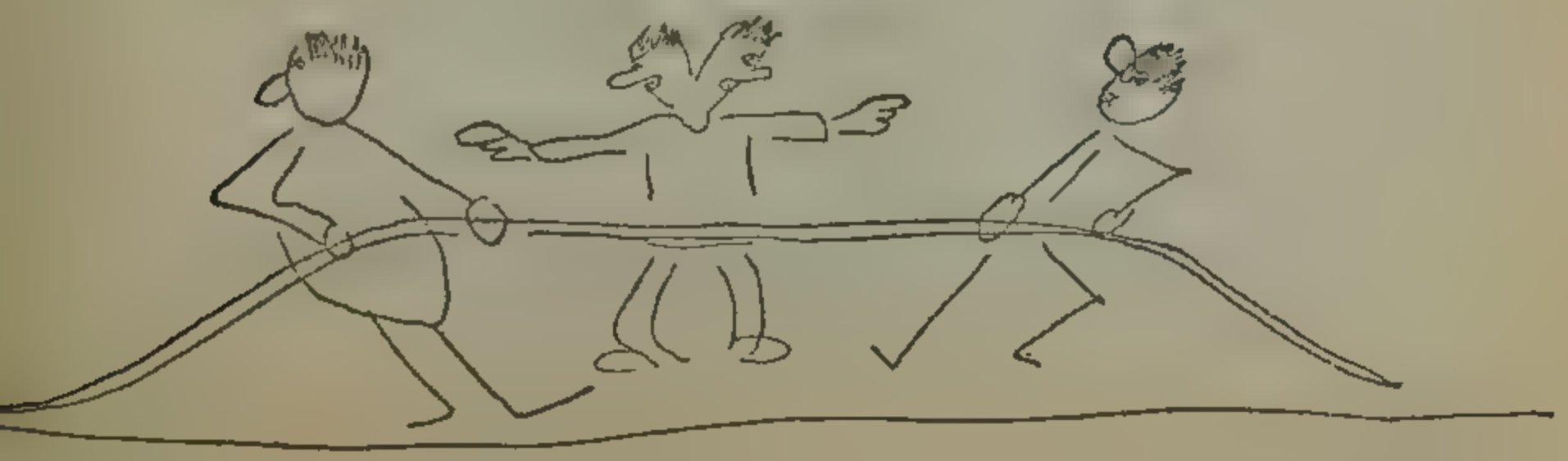
SPIKE Alert listeners will have heard two splashes — this means that both Bloodnok *and* Seagoon have been hurled in the water — *who* could have done this?

BLUEBOTTLE Ha heuheuheuheuheuhuh — I dood it I doo — I hid behind a tin of dry biscuits and then I grabbed their tootsies and upppp into the water — ha heheu huehhhhh —

ECCLES Bluebottle, you saved my life.

BLUEBOTTLE O ha well, we all make mistakes! I like this game — what school do you go to?

ECCLES Reform. *(Both fading off)*



SEAGOON Tricked by the brilliant planning of Bluebottle and Eccles, Bloodnok and I floundered in the cruel sea.

F.X. SEA.

BLOODNOK Fortunately we found a passing lifeboat and dragged ourselves aboard.

SEAGOON We had no oars but luckily we found two outboard motors and we rowed with them.

BLOODNOK Brilliant.

SEAGOON For thirty days we drifted to and fro — then hunger came upon us.

BLOODNOK Aeioughhhhhhhh — if I don't eat soon I'll die and if I die I won't eat soon. Wait — *(snifffffff)* can I smell cooking or do my ears deceive me?

SEAGOON He was right — he has smelly ears — something was cooking — there in the other end of the lifeboat was — a gas stove! Could this be the end of our search?

BLOODNOK I'll knock on the oven door.

F.X. KNOCKING ON OVEN DOOR.

MORIARTY *(off)* Just a minute, I'm in the bath . . . *(Pause)*

F.X. COMING DOWN IRON STAIRS. MORIARTY SINGING. OVEN DOOR OPENS.

MORIARTY Good morning — I'm sorry — *you*!!!

SEAGOON Yes — remember Bexhill — I lent you the matches.

MORIARTY You don't want them back?

SEAGOON Don't move — I arrest you as the Dreaded Batter Pudding Hurler. Hands up, you devil — don't move — this finger is loaded.

MORIARTY If you kill me I promise you'll never take me alive.

BLOODNOK Wait — how can we prove it?

SEAGOON That Batter Pudding in the corner of the stove is all the evidence we need. We've got him.

ORCHESTRA CRASHING TRIUMPHANT THEME.

F.X. QUIET SEA. LAPPING OF WAVES.

BILL But it wasn't easy — forty days they drifted in an open boat.

FIDDLE 'HEARTS AND FLOWERS'.

BLOODNOK Oooaeioughhh, I tell you Seagoon — let's eat the Batter Pudding or we'll starve!!

SEAGOON No, d'yer hear me — no! That's the only evidence we've got — though I must admit this hunger does give one an appetite.

BLOODNOK We must eat it or die.

SEAGOON Never!!!

BLOODNOK — We must.

BOTH — *(Fade off)*

BILL — And that, we fear, is the end of our story except, of course, for the end — we invite listeners to submit what they think should be the classic ending. Should Seagoon eat the Batter Pudding and live or leave it and in the cause of justice — die? Meantime, for those of you cretins who would like a happy ending — here it is.

GRAMS — SWEET BACKGROUND MUSIC, VERY, VERY SOFT.

HARRY — Darling — darling, will you marry me?

BLOODNOK — Of course I will — darling.

BILL — Thank you — good night.

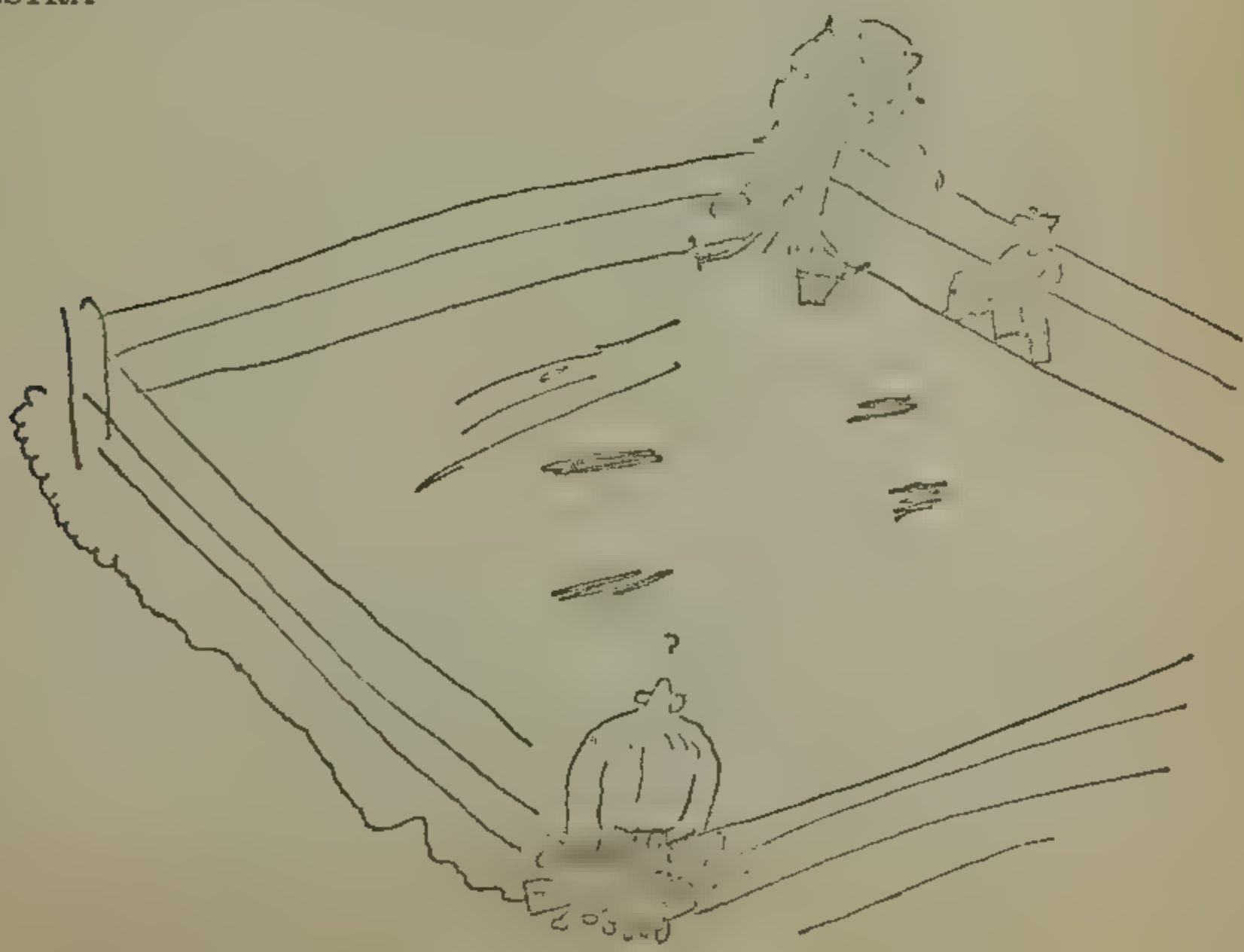
ORCHESTRA — SIGNATURE TUNE: UP AND DOWN FOR:—

BILL — That was The Goon Show — a recorded programme featuring Peter Sellers, Harry Secombe and Spike Milligan with the Ray Ellington Quartet and Max Geldray. The Orchestra was conducted by Wally Stott. Script by Spike Milligan. Announcer: Wallace Greenslade. The programme produced by Peter Eton.

ORCHESTRA — SIGNATURE TUNE UP TO END.

*(Applause)*

MAX & ORCHESTRA — 'CRAZY RHYTHM' PLAYOUT.



# THE PHANTOM HEAD-SHAVER

## (OF BRIGHTON)

*The Goon Show: No. 103 (5th Series, No. 4)*

*Transmission: Tuesday, 15th October 1954:*

*8.30—9.00 p.m. Home Service*

*Studio: Paris Cinema, London*

## The main characters

| | |
|---|---|
| Mrs Prunella Dirt | Peter Sellers |
| Mr Nugent Dirt | Harry Secombe |
| Moriarty | Spike Milligan |
| Usher | Ray Ellington |
| Judge Schnorrer | Peter Sellers |
| Windermere Ropesock, Q.C. | Spike Milligan |
| Willium (the window cleaner) | Peter Sellers |
| Hairy Seagoon, Q.C. | Harry Secombe |
| Throat | Spike Milligan |
| Mr Henry Crun | Peter Sellers |
| Miss Minnie Bannister | Spike Milligan |
| Bluebottle | Peter Sellers |
| Eccles | Spike Milligan |
| Major Denis Bloodnok | Peter Sellers |

*The Ray Ellington Quartet*
*Max Geldray*
*Orchestra Conducted by Wally Stott*
*Announcer: Wallace Greenslade*
*Script by Spike Milligan*
*Production by Peter Eton*

During the hot summer of 1898 Mr and Mrs Nugent Dirt were just one of many honeymoon couples enjoying the bracing air of Brighton. Then, one torrid night, like a bolt from the blue the Phantom Head Shaver struck, and Mr Dirt woke up – bald! Prunella, his wife, summoned him for concealing his baldness during courtship, and the great Q.C., Hairy Seagoon, was briefed for the defence. No sooner had he arrived on the scene than the dreaded Phantom struck again! This time the victim was Mr Seagoon. As the court case dragged on, the Head Shaver struck again and again – fifty times – until Brighton became a city of terror. The Military flung a cordon round the district, leaving only one exit at Haywards Heath, and it was there, in a lonely railwayman's hut, that the fearless Hairy Seagoon finally came to grips with the dreaded 'Shaver' ...

BILL — This is the BBC Home Service.

F.X. — PENNY IN MUG.

BILL — Thank you. Tonight's broadcast comes to you from an Arab Stench-Recuperating Centre in Stoke Poges. The play is considered unsuitable for people.

HARRY — Mr. Greenslade refers, of course, to the highly esteemed Goon Show.

ORCHESTRA — 'WHO WERE YOU WITH LAST NIGHT' VERY FAST. RAZZ MA TAZZ.

HARRY — Ah, what a composer that Fred Wagner was. Now, tonight, the Goons — with the aid of a calibrated Turkish boot lathe and a portable volcano net — will re-enact a drama of crime. Mr. Greenslade?

BILL — Yes, sir?

HARRY — Tell the eager masses what we have in store for them.

BILL — Rubbish.

HARRY — Thank you. Yes, it's rubbish — but to make it more interesting we call it —

F.X. — RAZOR STROPPING (VALET AUTO STROP).

PETER — 'The Phantom Head Shaver of Brighton'.

ORCHESTRA — DRAMATIC THEME

SPIKE — *(vicar)* It started in Brighton — 1893 — the year of the great Edison Bell.

HARRY — Yes — I often heard it ringing in the night.

F.X. — BIG BEN PLAYED VERY FAST MIXED WITH ANY ODD SOUNDS THAT GO WITH IT.

HARRY — Midnight o'clock and a half quarter — six and seven-eighths or thereabouts! Sleeping peacefully in the Hotel Fred are the delightful young newlyweds Nugent and Mrs. Dirt.

SPIKE — (*vicar*) Suddenly! In their room —

MRS DIRT — (*old gal*) OoooooOO! HelPPPPPPPPPP! HELPPPPPPPPP! Oh! Look at his bonce! Ohhh!

NUGENT DIRT — *(Bogg)* Prunella, are you awake, dearest heart?

MRS DIRT — Get away from me with that dirty big bald head.

NUGENT DIRT — Bald head?

BOTH — (*Panic*)

F.X. — DOOR BURSTS OPEN.

MORIARTY — (*approach*) Please, please, Madame, M'sieu — all this noise — you are waking up all the other honeymoon couples — now what is the trouble?

MRS DIRT — It's 'im — my husband — look at him.

MORIARTY — He appears to be a perfectly normal freak.

NUGENT DIRT If I get off this billiard table I'll strike you down —

MRS DIRT You shut up — baldy.

NUGENT DIRT What's all this baldy stuff — I'm not bald.

MORIARTY The madame is right — you are — bald!

ORCHESTRA CRASHING THEME.

BILL Poor Nugent Dirt — indeed he was hairless. The Phantom Head Shaver had struck. The day after, I, Wallace Greenslade, opened a little tobacco kiosk. It was that week that Nugent Dirt was taken to court by his wife.

OMNES *(Courtroom murmurs)*

F.X. THREE LOUD GAVEL BANGS.

USHER Silence in court — silence! The court will now stand for Judge Schnorrer — and if you'll stand for him you'll stand for anything.

JUDGE SCHNORRER (*schmoolick*) Rite — get seated, let the mularky start.

USHER M'lud — first case — Mrs. Dirt versus Mr. Dirt. Mrs. Prunella Dirt?

MRS DIRT Yes, mate?

USHER Raise yer right hand and yer left leg. Now, do you swear to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth?

MRS DIRT I do.

USHER (*sotto*) Well, *you* ain't gonna get far. M'lud — the witness for the persecution is ready.

JUDGE SCHNORRER Rite — let the prosecuting council start his spiel.

ROPESOCK M'lud — my client, Mrs. Prunella Dirt, claims that her husband, Nugent Dirt, did deceive her in that during their courting days, right up to their marriage night, he did in fact conceal his baldness from her without her knowledge. She discovered this sad state when, at one o'clock in the morning of the honeymoon night, she —

JUDGE SCHNORRER (*drooling*) Go on — go on — go on —

ROPESOCK M'lud, please — at one o'clock in the morning, Madame Dirt arose to clean the windows.

WILLIUM I object.

ROPESOCK Who are you?

WILLIUM I'm the window cleaner.

ROPESOCK I don't wish to know that. The fact that she was cleaning the windows is unimportant.

WILLIUM My bread and butter.

ROPESOCK What about your bread and butter?

WILLIUM I clean the windows with it.

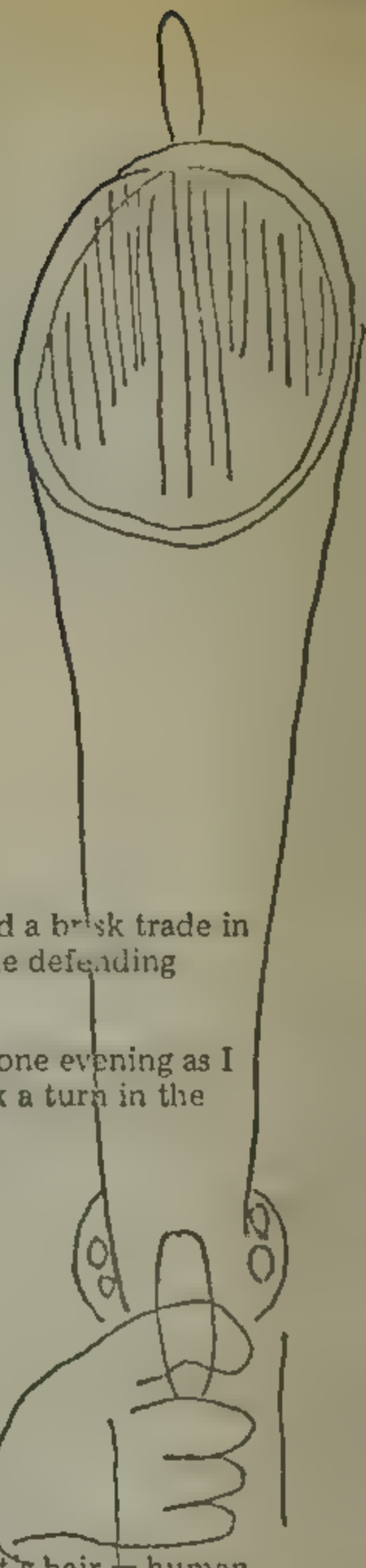
USHER Silence in court!

SEAGOON M'lud, as council for the defence, I think we are straying from the facts. My client is accused of hiding a bald head. He denies this emphatically. He claims he was shaved in the night with a razor — by person or persons unknown.

OMNES *(Buzz of excitement . . . gets out of hand)*

JUDGE SCHNORRER Silence in court!

SEAGOON Silence in court!



**JUDGE SCHNORRER** Silence!

**SEAGOON** Silence!

**JUDGE SCHNORRER** Silence!

**SEAGOON** Yes, silence!

**JUDGE SCHNORRER** Thank you. Now, I want to —

**USHER** Silence in court!

**JUDGE SCHNORRER** Silence!

**SEAGOON** Silenceee!

**JUDGE SCHNORRER** Silenceee there!

**USHER** Silence in court!

**F.X.** GAVEL BANGING STARTS AND CONTINUES:—

**JUDGE SCHNORRER** Silenceeeeeeeee!

**USHER** Silenceeeeeee!

**OMNES & ORCHESTRA** (*Uproar*)

**GRAMS** MIX IN BATTLE SCENE.

**BILL** Yes, I remember the case because during the recess I did a brisk trade in my little tobacco kiosk — one of my *best* clients was the defending council, Q.C. Hairy Seagoon.

**SEAGOON** (*coughs*) Yes, I smoked heavily during the trial. It was one evening as I puffed on my alabaster meersham pipe that events took a turn in the favour of Nugent Dirt.

**F.X.** KNOCK ON DOOR. DOOR OPENS.

**SEAGOON** Oh, a parcel!

**THROAT** Yes.

**SEAGOON** For me?

**THROAT** Yes.

**F.X.** PAPER PARCEL BEING OPENED.

**SEAGOON** I wonder what it can be? Good heavens — is it? Yes — it's hair — human hair — and a note — 'Nugent Dirt is innocent — this hair is his — it was I who balded him while he slept — Signed — *The Phantom Head Shaver*'!

**ORCHESTRA** THREE MORE CONCLUSIVE CHORDS.

**USHER** The case of Dirt versus Dirt — third week.

**JUDGE SCHNORRER** Now, then, Nugent Dirt — the jury of three just men and twenty-nine criminals finds you guilty of hiding your bald nut from your wife until after you had married her.

**NUGENT DIRT** (*Bogg*) It's a lie.

JUDGE SCHNORRER — Silence!

NUGENT DIRT — (*Bogg*) Silence!

JUDGE SCHNORRER — Thank you. Therefore — I sentence you to pay a fine of three shillings or do sixty years in the nick.

NUGENT DIRT — I'll do the sixty years — I'm not throwing three bob down the drain.

JUDGE SCHNORRER — Dirt — for refusing to throw three bob down the drain I sentence you to sixty years in the nick. Any last request?

NUGENT DIRT — Yes — I want to hear 'I can't believe that you're in love with me'. Thank you.

JUDGE SCHNORRER — Call Max Geldray.

MAX & ORCHESTRA — MUSIC.

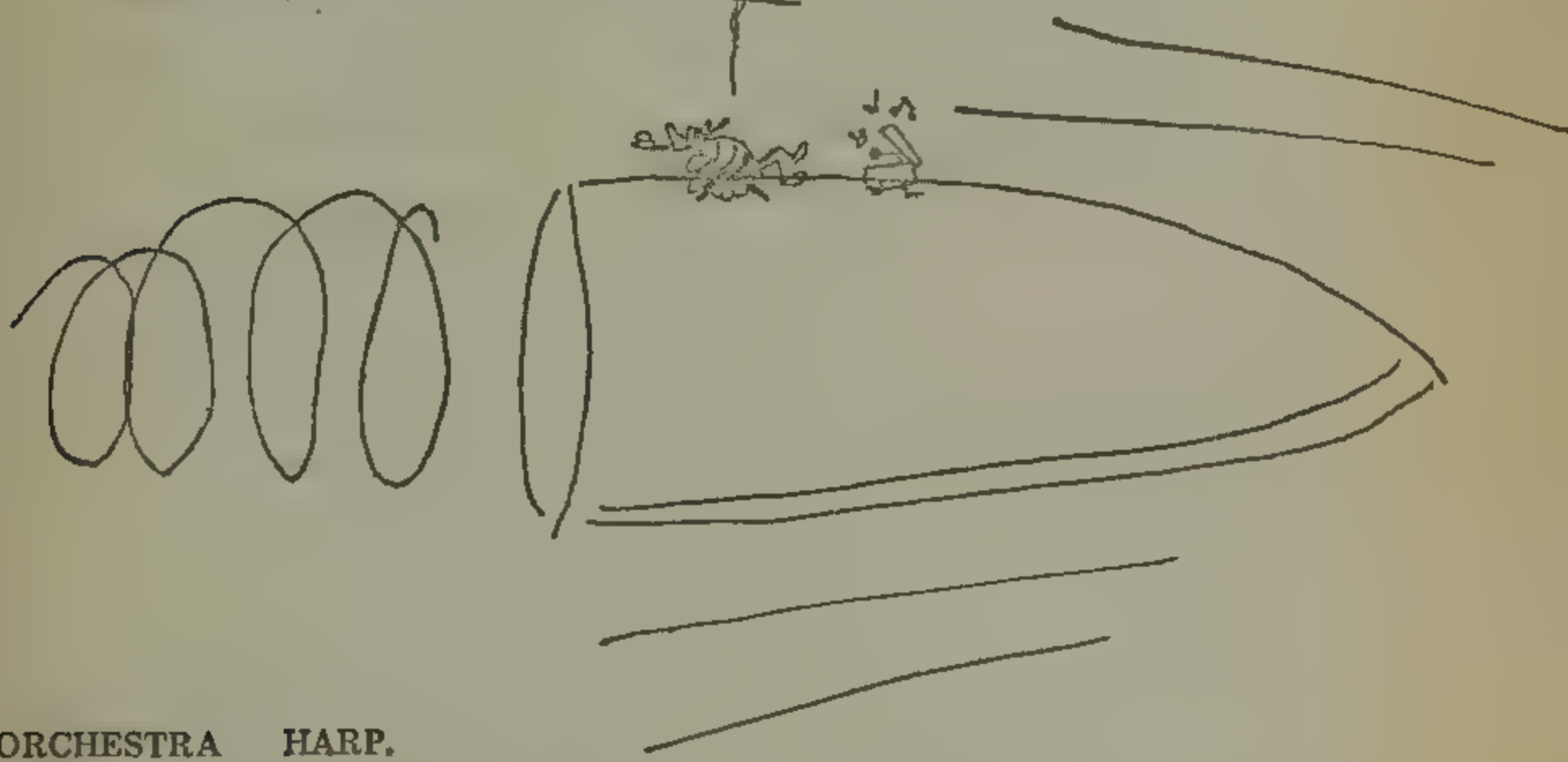
(*Applause*)

JUDGE SCHNORRER — Silence, silence in court! What a load of rough we get here . . .

SEAGOON — (*triumphant*) M'lud — stop the case! Stop the case! I have here evidence that will *prove* my client Nugent Dirt innocent! See — this hair is his — I submit it for analysis.

JUDGE SCHNORRER — Ohh, my life! Have we got to go through all this again? Orl rite — case suspended until the hair is analysed, and proved to be or not to be Nugent Dirt's.

OMNES — (*Murmurs*)



ORCHESTRA — HARP.

BILL — The days of waiting for the analysis of the hair were agony for Hairy Seagoon — he smoked pipe after pipe of one of my special tobaccos.

SEAGOON — (*coughing*) Gad, this tobacco! (*Cough*) I *must* tell Mr. Greenslade not to make it so strong.

F.X. — KNOCK ON DOOR. DOOR OPENS.

SEAGOON Oh — another parcel?

THROAT Yes.

SEAGOON Any message?

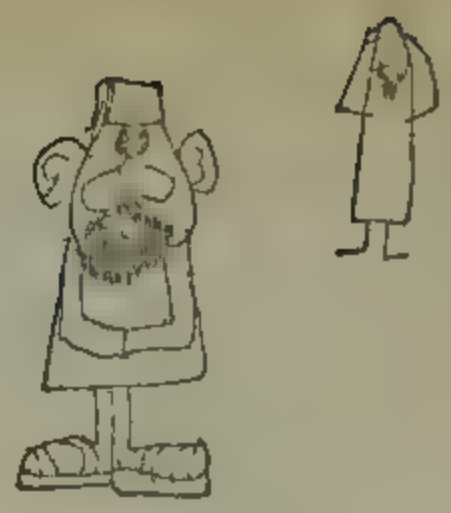
THROAT No.

SEAGOON Good night.

THROAT Good night.

F.X. DOOR CLOSES.

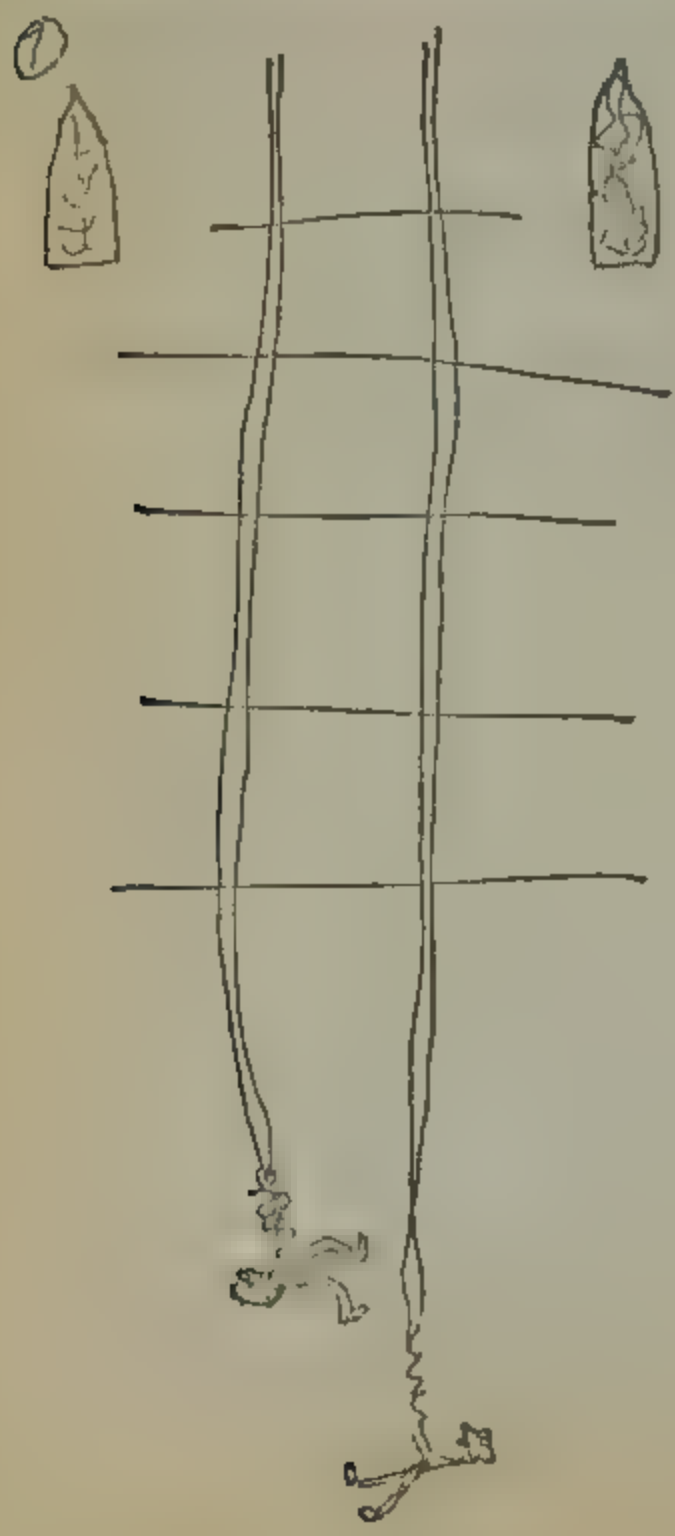
SEAGOON See what's in this one . . .

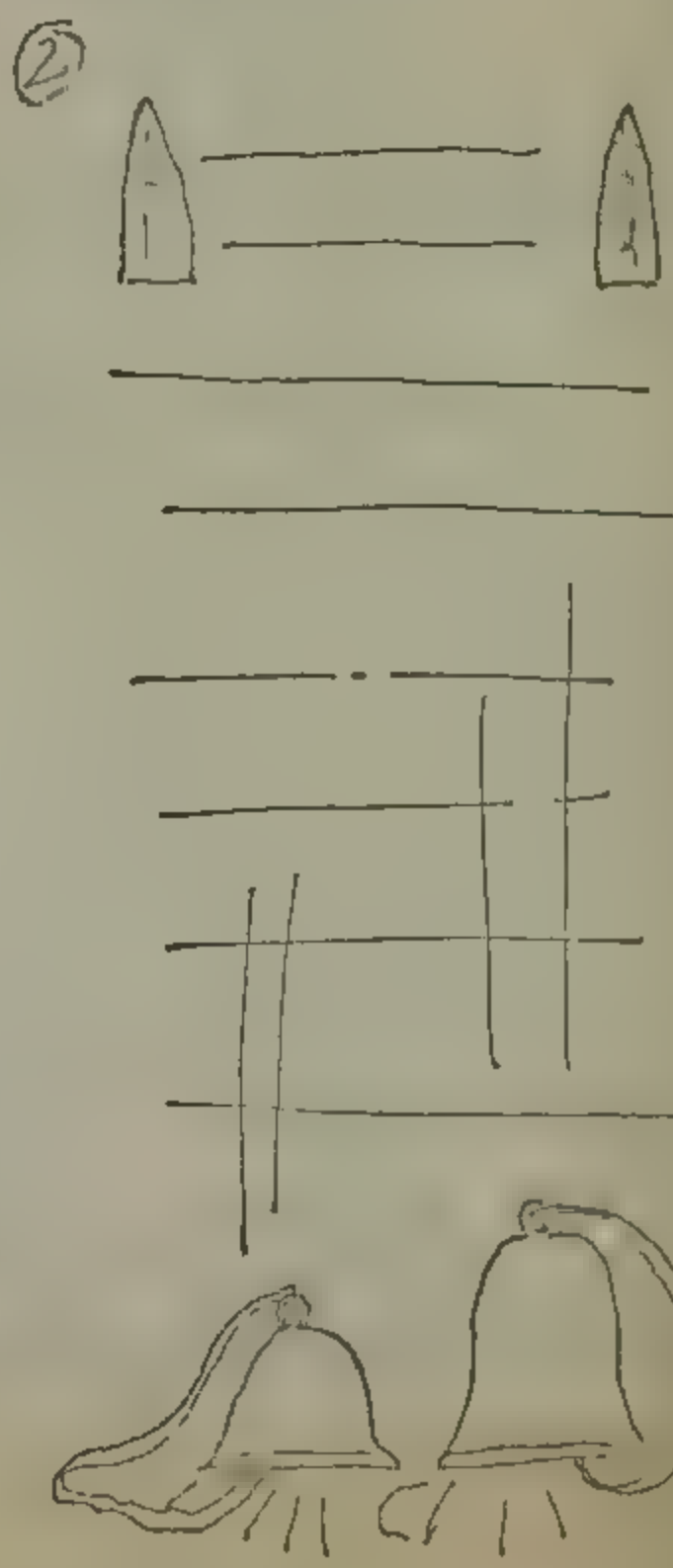


F.X. PAPER OPENING.

SEAGOON Empty! Wait, here's a note. 'Dear Seagoon — I struck again last night — this time I have not sent you the victim's hair — Signed — *The Phantom Head Shaver.*' Mmm 'P.S. If you want to know who the victim is — look in the mirror.' *(Pause)* Ahhhhhhhhh — I've been balded — he's balded me — ohhhhhhhhh!

ORCHESTRA THREE SINISTER CHORDS. SOFT AND LOW.



BILL — Poor Seagoon — all his lovely hair gone. The following day I opened up a *larger* shop as my supplies of pipe tobacco were growing.

PETER — In the months that followed — the Phantom struck again and again! Fifty men were balded while they slept.

SPIKE — Brighton became a city of terror — the holiday trade was threatened — that year only two men came to Brighton — a hurried meeting was called.

OMNES — (*Fast murmurs*)

HARRY — (*old man*) Gentlemen — people aren't coming to Brighton — they're frightened. I ask you to think of an idea that will revive the holiday trade — and defeat the Phantom Head Shaver!

CRUN — Mnk — I suggest that every one entering Brighton be handed a bald wig and that he should sleep in that self-same wig.

MINNIE — Rubbish — if all the men wear bald wigs, the Phantom will attack the women.

CRUN — Mnk — I fear that the ladies, too, will have to wear bald wigs.

MINNIE — Rubbish — why should I wear a bald wig — I'm already bald.

CRUN — Well, wear a bald wig — mnk — with hair on.

MINNIE — Rubbish — you can't have a bald wig with hair on.

CRUN — Gnk — mnk. Why not — eh — why not?

MINNIE — Well, if a bald wig had hair on — it wouldn't be bald.

CRUN — What? What?

MINNIE — Who ever heard of a bald-headed man with hair on, eh?

CRUN — Well, I have —

MINNIE — Who? Eh? Go on, tell me, who?

CRUN — Mnk . . . no — I'm not going to tell you.

MINNIE — That's because you don't know anybody with a hairy bald head.

CRUN — Yes I do, Minnie.

MINNIE — No you don't.

CRUN — . . . yes I do.

MINNIE — Who, who? Go on, tell me who?

CRUN — I don't see why I should.

CRUN & MINNIE — (*Argue*)

(*Pause*)

(*Argue — drivel out*)

MINNIE — . . . because you don't know an — you don't know any one with a hairy bald head.

CRUN (*mumbles grudgingly*) Mnk . . . I do . . . I do know somebody with a hairy bald head.

MINNIE . . . you don't.

CRUN Mnk — grnp — knp . . . I do.

MINNIE Don't.

CRUN . . . . . mnk do.

MINNIE . . . . . y'don't.

CRUN ( *heart attack*) Mnk Grmp Nuk Knup . . . I . . . Mnk. I doooooooooo.

MINNIE You donttttttttttt.

F.X. CLASH OF SABRES TO MIX WITH ARGUMENT.

CRUN & MINNIE *(Continue normal voiced argument throughout)*

F.X. TWO PISTOL SHOTS — SABRES CONTINUE — ONE PISTOL SHOT.

(*Silence*)

CRUN . . . . . Mnk, I do.

MINNIE . . . . . don't. Anyhow I'm going home — and I say you don't know a bald man with hair on his head, so there.

F.X. DOOR SLAMS.

CRUN Pah . . . . I do. I —

F.X. PHONE RINGS. RECEIVER.

MINNIE (*distort*) You don't.

CRUN I do.

F.X. RECEIVER SLAMMED DOWN.

CRUN I do.

F.X. DOOR OPENS.

MINNIE You don't.

F.X. DOOR SLAMS.

CRUN I do, I —

F.X. PHONE RINGS — RECEIVER GRABBED OFF HOOK.

CRUN I do I do I do I do I do I do I do I do I do know a man with a hairy bald head — I do I do I do I do I do — I do, so there — I do. I do I do I do know a man with a hairy bald head . . . so there . . . I do . . .

SPIKE Thank you. Now, could I speak to Mr. Seagoon? Hurray!

CRUN Oh — I thought you were somebody else.

SPIKE I am.

CRUN For you.

SEAGOON Hello, Seagoon here.

F.X. PENNY IN MUG.

SEAGOON Thank you.

SPIKE Just a moment — you're through.

PETER (*Sanders*) Hello, Seagoon?

SEAGOON Yes.

PETER Forensic Laboratory here.

SEAGOON Oh, I'm pleased to meet you — you must excuse my appearance.

PETER That hair we analysed —

SEAGOON Yes yes yes yes yes yes yes yes yes?

PETER .... please don't do that.

SEAGOON The hair, what about the hair?

PETER It wasn't hair — it was tobacco.

SEAGOON What? In that case — Ellington, play while I mediatate. Exit left, smoking.

QUARTET MUSIC.

(*Applause*)

PETER The Phantom Head Shaver of Brighton, Part Three.

SEAGOON By now the position was serious. All told, three hundred men had been balded by the Phantom.

BILL My tobacco stocks were now quite high.

SPIKE The Military authorities had ringed the town with troops.

PETER The only exit — Haywards Heath —

SEAGOON (*coughs*) I'll go and seek this Phantom myself — Bluebottle?

BLUEBOTTLE I heard you call, my Capatain — I heard my little ragged capatain call — enter Bluebottle — pauses for audience applause — not a sausage — strikes defiant Alan Ladd pose but trousers fall down and ruin effect.

SEAGOON — Little brave lad — tonight we ride to Haywards Heath to track down the Phantom Head Shaver. Are you ready?

BLUEBOTTLE — I am ready, my Capatain — let justice be doned. He will fall under the wrath of my *Boys' Wonder* mag cardboard sword. (Pulls up trousers — tucks in shirt.) Hehuehuehueu — my hands are cold.

SEAGOON — The Shaver's a dangerous man — he might kill.

BLUEBOTTLE — (*gulp*) . . . . he he he he he he — I just remembered — it's my turn to clean out the rabbit hutch.

SEAGOON — Come here, Bluebottle — don't tell me you're a coward?

BLUEBOTTLE — All right, I won't. But you're bound to hear about it sometime.

SEAGOON — Come, little spotted dick — to Haywards Heath!

BLUEBOTTLE — Ride, vaquero, ride. Olé!!

ORCHESTRA — DICK BARTON GALLOP. WITH:—

F.X. — HORSES' HOOVES.

BILL — To Haywards Heath they rode — to the exit that was guarded by the best of British troops.

ECCLES — Hi dump eper dump yump dump er — ohhhhhh — I hup etc. etc. Halt, who goes dere? Anybody dere? Halt or I fire — fire or I halt — halt — anybody out dere in the dark, anybody? If dere's anybody dere, speak up — if there nobody — keep quiet. Halt, anybody dere, I can see you — ohhh de di dum deeee di dummm. Halt, who goes dere —?

BLOODNOK — Eccles? Will you get out of that bed and get outside on guard — aeiough . . . Get out or I'll tell about the Naffi funds.

ECCLES — O.K. I'm . . .

F.X. — DOOR SLAMS.

ECCLES — Oooooooo — it's dark out here — but I'm not afraid.

SEAGOON — I say —

F.X. — DOOR OPENS AND SHUTS.

ECCLES — Who's dat? Halt, who goes — dere?

BLOODNOK — I warn you, sir — come one step nearer and we'll scream.

SEAGOON — Have no fear, I'm Q.C. Hairy Seagoon — defending council in the Nugent Dirt case. I have on me several documents of identification — including a letter of personal trust from the Commander of the British Army; a memo of recommendation from Mr. Anthony Eden, the Foreign Secretary; a special pass signed by Mr. Clement Atlee, Leader of the Opposition; and last but not least, a permit to go where I please, signed by the Prime Minister the Right Honourable Sir Winston Spencer Churchill.

ECCLES — Friend or foe?

SEAGOON — Open the door!

F.X. — DOOR OPENS.

BLOODNOK I surrender — Pax — I'm unarmed — you wouldn't hit a nursing mother.

SEAGOON Major Bloodnok — take off that Anna Neagle disguise. My ADC Bluebottle and I have followed a trail of hair to this post — we believe the Phantom Head Shaver is in the vicinity.

ECCLES Well, wait till he comes out!

BLOODNOK I tell you, sir, the Phantom wouldn't *dare* come near here — not with old Bloodnok on duty. Why, I haven't slept for *three* nights — I've just sat here waiting fer him — oh, old Bloodnok needs a smart man to outwit him. If the Phantom Head Shaver were to — what are you staring at?

SEAGOON Do you usually have half your head shaved?

BLOODNOK What? Ohh, tunnedd, aeioughhhh — bleiough! Aeioughhhh bleioughh ohhhhhh, tunned me gronkers with a gritclub — Ohhh ohhh ooohhh ohhhh ohhh ohhh ohhhhhhh.

SEAGOON Something in his voice told me he knew what had happened.

BLOODNOK Ohh — look at me nut — half balded, ohhhh!

SEAGOON There, there, Major — this is really a blessing in disguise. You see, I must have interrupted him in his work — and we all know that a criminal always returns to the scene of the crime.

BLOODNOK What — yer mean you want me to wait here for him to come back and shave the other half?

SEAGOON It's your duty.

BLOODNOK I refuse.

SEAGOON Then, under Chinese law, I subpoena you.

BLOODNOK You filthy swine — ohh! Very well, I'll do it. Just hand me that book about the Scottish Regiments.

NIGHT RIDE

SEAGOON — But it's called The Decameron.

BLOODNOK — Of course — it's all about Decameron Highlanders — aeiough.

SEAGOON — Right, we'll leave you and . . .

F.X. — DOOR BURSTS OPEN.

BLUEBOTTLE — Captain, Capatain — I can hear someone in the ammunition hut — it sounds like a man sharpening a dirty big razor.

SEAGOON — Quick — follow me.

F.X. — WHOOSH.

SEAGOON — (*out of breath*) Listen —

F.X. — RAZOR BEING STROPPED.

SEAGOON — (*whisper*) He's in this hut with a naked razor! Eccles, surround him!

ECCLES — Ooooooooo.

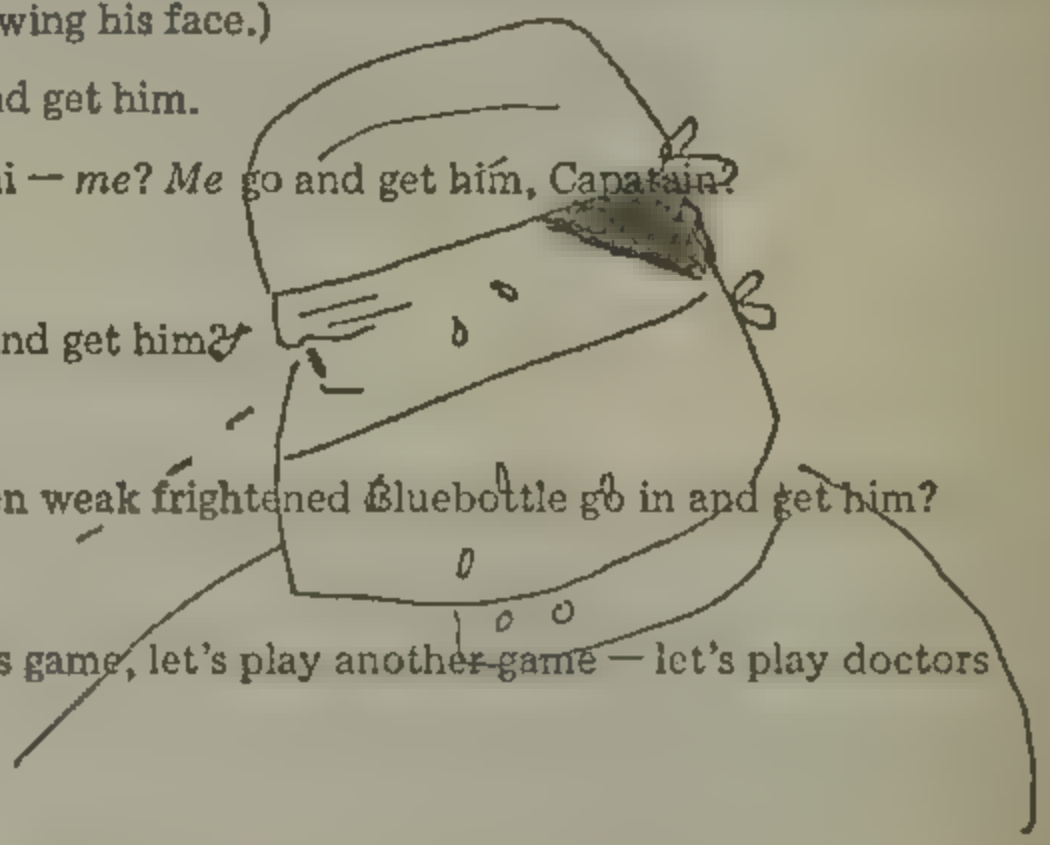
SEAGOON — (*aloud*) Come out, Phantom Head Shaver — you're surrounded, d'yer hear? We're all heavily armed — if you don't come out we'll come to that door — and so help me — we'll knock!

ECCLES — Yer — yer — if you don't come out we'll knock — ha —

SEAGOON — Shut up.

ECCLES — Shut up.

BLUEBOTTLE — We're not afraid of you, Phantom Nut Shaver — we have no fear. Come out and face me — come on and show your face. (Looks out from behind tree to see if he's showing his face.)



SEAGOON — Bluebottle — go in and get him.

BLUEBOTTLE — Yes — go in and get hi — *me*? *Me* go and get him, Capatain?

SEAGOON — Yes.

BLUEBOTTLE — What, little *me*? Go and get him?

SEAGOON — Yes.

BLUEBOTTLE — What, little tiny rotten weak frightened Bluebottle go in and get him?

SEAGOON — Yes.

BLUEBOTTLE — . . . . . I don't like this game, let's play another game — let's play doctors and nurses.

F.X. — WHOOSH.

SEAGOON — Come down from that tree.

BLUEBOTTLE — I'll be the nurse — Florence Nightingoon, the Lady with the Lump.

F.X. — WHOOSH.

SEAGOON — Come out of that dustbin.

BLUEBOTTLE You be the doctor.

F.X. WHOOSH.

SEAGOON Come out from behind that rock — the Phantom won't harm you — not when he sees that you're armed with a Jet Morgan carboard cutout space catapult.

BLUEBOTTLE Alright, Capatain, I will go in — I trust you — I shall conquer him in mortal combat. (Quickly makes out last will and testament on back of fag packet.) In I go — farewell! I go in for England.

ORCHESTRA FANFARE OF TRUMPETS.

BLUEBOTTLE . . . . . let's play doctors and nurses.

ECCLES He's frightened — why don't you send somebody else?

SEAGOON You then.

ECCLES Try again.

SEAGOON Bluebottle, get in that hut and search it from end to end.

BLUEBOTTLE O.K.

F.X. DOOR OPENS AND SLAMS.

(*Pause*)

F.X. DOOR OPENS.

BLUEBOTTLE Not a soul was in dere — we must have been hearing things — ha ha heuh, what a relief . . . ha heuheuheuheu. What are you starin' at me for?

SEAGOON Look in this mirror.

BLUEBOTTLE Ooooooooo, you rotten swine — I've been balded — you've ruined my Tony Curtis haircut. Ohhh, you rotten I told you I didn't like this game.

SEAGOON Sh! He's still in there. I'll fix him — throw this stick of dynamite in through the door.

ECCLES O.K.

(*Pause*)

F.X. FUSE BURNING. STOPS WITH SPLUTTER.

SEAGOON Curse, it was a dud. Let's go in — come on, keep me covered with your finger —

F.X. DOOR OPENS — MAMMOTH EXPLOSION — SPLINTERING GLASS — BITS OF NUTS & BOLTS FALLING — FORKS, SPOONS, ETC.

BLOODNOK (*approaching*) What's going on here? What's going on? I — *good heavens!*

BILL The — er — hut blew up.

BLOODNOK Oh, poor fellows! They were looking for the Head Shaver, yer know.

BILL *Yes* — I know . . .

BLOODNOK I suppose he was blown up as well?

BILL (*pause*) Care for a pipe of tobacco?

BLOODNOK What? Oh! Thank you!

BILL Good night.

BLOODNOK Goodnight — charming fellow. Tobacco, eh? Gad, its the same colour as my hair — yes — it *is* the same col — Stop! That man — stop!

ORCHESTRA SIGNATURE TUNE: UP AND DOWN FOR:—

BILL That was The Goon Show — a recorded programme featuring Peter Sellers, Harry Secombe and Spike Milligan with the Ray Ellington Quartet and Max Geldray. The Orchestra was conducted by Wally Stott. Script by Spike Milligan. Announcer: Wallace Greenslade. The programme produced by Peter Eton.

ORCHESTRA SIGNATURE TUNE UP TO END.

(*Applause*)

MAX & ORCHESTRA 'CRAZY RHYTHM' PLAYOUT.

# THE AFFAIR OF THE LONE BANANA

*The Goon Show: No. 104 (5th Series, No. 5)*
*Transmission: Tuesday, 26th October 1954:*
*8.30—9.00 p.m. Home Service*
*Studio: Paris Cinema, London*

## The main characters

| | |
|---|---|
| Eccles | Spike Milligan |
| Inspector Neddie Seagoon | Harry Secombe |
| Gravely Headstone | Peter Sellers |
| Lady Marks | Peter Sellers |
| Mr Henry Crun | Peter Sellers |
| Miss Minnie Bannister | Spike Milligan |
| Señor Gonzales Mess, né Moriarty | Spike Milligan |
| Major Denis Bloodnok | Peter Sellers |
| Bluebottle | Peter Sellers |
| Cyril Cringinknutt | Peter Sellers |
| Fred Nurke | Peter Sellers |

*The Ray Ellington Quartet*
*Max Geldray*
*Orchestra Conducted by Wally Stott*
*Announcer: Wallace Greenslade*
*Script by Spike Milligan*
*Production by Peter Eton*

Fred Nurke is missing! An over-ripe banana in a deserted Cannon Street shipping office is the only clue to his whereabouts. Inspector Ned Seagoon follows the trail to a British Embassy in South America, where he is just in time to help the Embassy staff in a brush with the rebels. Why are Señor Gonzales Mess and his gang trying to cut down the only banana tree in the Embassy gardens? And what is the connection between Fred Nurke and the over-ripe banana in Cannon Street? We shall see...

BILL This is the BBC Home Service.

GRAMS WAILING.

HARRY Yes indeed — to the gay music of Britain's taxpayers, we present the Grune Show.

ORCHESTRA VERY LONG VIGOROUS SYMPHONIC FINISH A LA 'WILLIAM TELL'.

F.X. EXPLOSION — FALLING GLASS, BITS & PIECES.

SPIKE And why not?

HARRY Yes, why not? Mr. Greenslade!

BILL Yes, Master?

HARRY Tell the masses what's the play.

BILL Ladies and gentlemen . . .

HARRY Thank you. Yes, it's ladies and gentlemen in . . . 'The Affair of the Lone Banana'!

ORCHESTRA DEEP SINISTER CHORDS HELD UNDER:—

PETER The Affair of the Lone Banana — not a pretty story, I fear; still, the BBC *will* buy this cheap trash. However . . . the central character in this story is young Fred Nurke. His father, Lord Marks, made a fortune from the great Marks Laundry business . . . but then you've all heard of Laundry Marks . . . ha ha ha. But let's start the story from the beginning.

ORCHESTRA 'GREENSLEEVES'-TYPE MUSIC . . . FLUTE, HARP TO BACKGROUND FOR:—

BILL The scene is the country home of the Marks, Matzos Lodge. A mystery has been committed: young Fred Nurke has vanished. Interrogating the residents is a man, tall, dark, handsome, swashbuckling, handsome, intelligent . . .

ECCLES This ain't me, folks — I come in later.

BILL No — it's Inspector Neddie Seagoon, late of the eighteenth century and part inventor of the steam-driven explodable hairless toupée.

SEAGOON . . . Now then my man, your name is — er?

HEADSTONE Headstone, Gravely Headstone. My maiden name, you understand.

SEAGOON I understand. *(Aside)* Don't put that down, Sergeant.

THROAT Right, sir.

SEAGOON Headstone, you are a footman.

HEADSTONE Two foot six to be exact.

SEAGOON How lovely to be tall. Headstone, you say Fred Nurke disappeared whilst having a bottle of tea with his mother, Lady Marks.

HEADSTONE True — you might say he disappeared from under her very nose.

SEAGOON What was he doing there?

HEADSTONE It was raining, I believe.

SEAGOON *(self)* Mmm, Lady Marks. *(Normal)* Where is her ladyship at the moment?

HEADSTONE Me lady hasn't got a ship at the moment.

SEAGOON I don't wish to know that. Greenslade? Send in Lady Marks or that idiot gardener — he might know something.

BILL Right sir. *(Calls)* Right, this way you!

F.X. GREAT HEAVY APPROACHING FOOTSTEPS.

SEAGOON Ah, Lady Marks, sit down.

LADY MARKS Thank you.

ECCLES I bet you all thought it was going to be me. Ha hum.

SEAGOON Lady Marks — your late husband owned a banana plantation, yes?

LADY MARKS In South America.

SEAGOON That's abroad, isn't it?

LADY MARKS It all depends on where you're standing.

SEAGOON Let's put it this way. Is it on the tube?

LADY MARKS Silly, silly boy.

SEAGOON Please, madam, don't be so evasive. If South America is on the tube — we have ways and means of finding out.

LADY MARKS Dear midget, of course it's not on the tube.

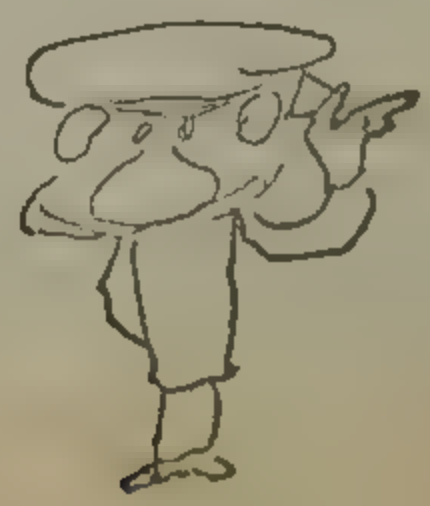
SEAGOON Now you're talking.

LADY MARKS So are you, isn't it fun?

SEAGOON Lady Marks — this is a tricky case — I don't think I can —

LADY MARKS *(plead)* Inspector, you must find my son — you must — I don't care how much money you spend — in fact, I'll chip in a few bob myself.

SEAGOON The offer is tempting. Very well, I accept. Just leave everything to me — your purse, jewels, cheque book *(fading)* war bonds, trombone . . .



GRAMS — 'HARRY LIME THEME'.

PETER — *(Barton)* At the British Passport office in Whitechapel, Seagoon discovered that Fred Nurke had left for Guatemala on a banana boat — disguised as a banana.

SEAGOON — That's true — I waited for the ship to return but he wasn't on board — he must have got off — at the other side.

ORCHESTRA & OMNES — *(Loud applause . . . cries of 'Bravo' etc . . .)*

SEAGOON — Thank you, thank you — no, don't make it sound rehearsed. My next task was to book a ticket to South America. This I did at a shipping office in Leadenhall Street.

F.X. — SHOP BELL.

CRUN — Mnk — mnk grnk. Who is it? Eh eh? Who is it?

SEAGOON — Good morning.

CRUN — Thank you.

SEAGOON — I want to book to South America.

CRUN — That's abroad, sir, isn't it?

SEAGOON — Yes. *(Cocky)* It isn't on the tube you know.

CRUN — Isn't that wonderful — what will they think of next. Ohhh, do sit down, sir.

SEAGOON — Err — there aren't any chairs.

CRUN — You can stand up if you wish.

SEAGOON — Thank you.

CRUN — No extra charge. Now, let's get some details and documents — we must have documents, you know. I'll just take a few particulars. Now, let's get the details and the documents — we must have documents, you know.

SEAGOON — Of course.

CRUN — . . . must have documents. Ymnbnkhmn, now, what's all this about? Let me — oh yes. Now, name?

SEAGOON — Neddie Pugh Seagoon.

CRUN — *(writing)* N E D D I E . . . Neddie — what was next?

SEAGOON — Neddie *Pugh* Seagoon.

CRUN — *Pugh*, P H E W.

SEAGOON — No, it's pronounced Phew but it's spelt P U G H.

CRUN — Oh, ynmnk, P U G H — there — Neddie Pugh, Seagoon wasn't it?

SEAGOON — Yes . . . S E A G O O N.

CRUN — Could you spell it?

SEAGOON Certainly — S E A G O O N.

CRUN Seagoon . . . S E A G er — mnkk — mnkk. *(Goes to sleep)*

SEAGOON G O O N — Seagoon.

CRUN O O N — ahhh good, good, good — there, the full name. Now then — address?

SEAGOON No fixed abode.

CRUN N O . . . F I X E D . . . A B . . . A B —

SEAGOON A B O D E.

CRUN O D E . . . there — no fixed abode — what number?

SEAGOON 29A.

CRUN Twenty nine . . . a . . . district?

SEAGOON London, S.W.2.

CRUN L O N D O N — S O U T H W E S T . . . *Two*, wasn't it?

SEAGOON Yes, two.

CRUN TW . . . It's no good, I'd better get a pencil and paper and write all this down. Minnie . . . . *Minnie*?? Min, Min, Min, Min, Min, *Minieeeeee!*

MINNIE What is it, Henry?

CRUN A pencil, please.

MINNIE O.K. buddy.

CRUN Minnie, this gentleman is going to South America.

MINNIE Ohh — goodbye.

CRUN That's where young Fred Nurke went to . . .

SEAGOON Fred Nurke? That's Fred Nurke's name!

CRUN Yes, he went in such a rush he left this behind.

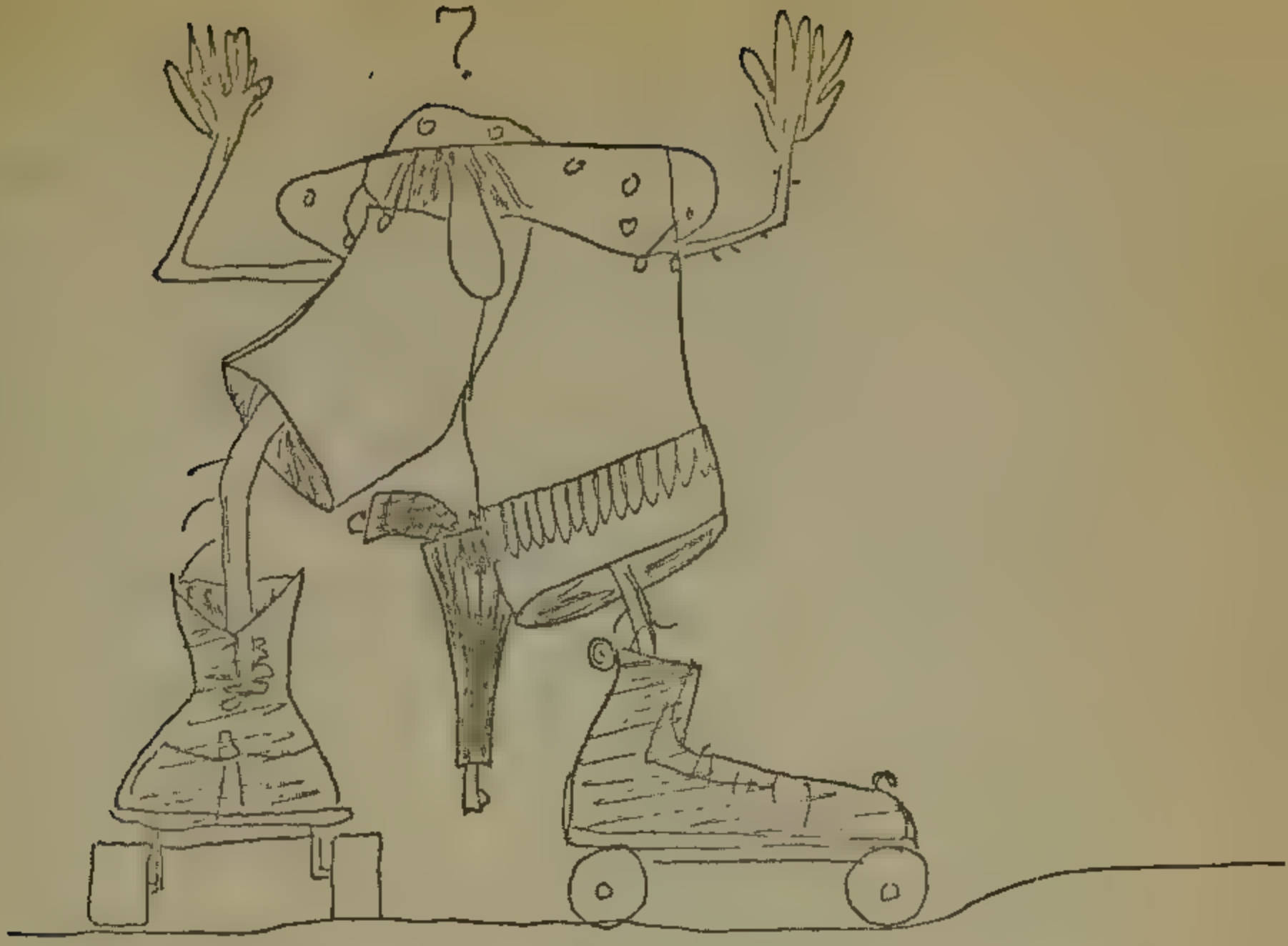
SEAGOON Let me see — a banana — a lone banana! So, now my task was easier — I knew that the man I was looking for was one banana short!

ORCHESTRA *(Loud applause . . . shouts of 'Bravo' etc . . .)*

BILL As a tribute to Seagoon's brilliant deductive powers, Max Geldray will now play a loaded sackbut from the kneeling position.

MAX & ORCHESTRA MUSIC.

*(Applause)*



BILL The Affair of the Lone Banana, Chapter Two. With the banana secreted on his person, Neddie Seagoon arrived at the Port of Guatemala where he was accorded the typical Latin welcome to an Englishman.

MORIARTY Hands up, you pig swine.

SEAGOON Have a care, Latin devil — I am an Englishman. Remember, this rolled umbrella has more uses than one.

MORIARTY Oooo!

SEAGOON Sorry. Now, what's all this about?

MORIARTY It is the revolution — everywhere there is an armed rising.

SEAGOON Are you all in it?

MORIARTY Right in it — you see, the united anti-socialist neo-democratic pro-fascist communist party are fighting to overthrow the unilateral democratic united partisan bellicose pacifist cobelligerant tory labour liberal party

SEAGOON Whose side are you on?

MORIARTY There are no sides — we are all in this together. Now, if you don't mind — we must search you.

SEAGOON What for?

MORIARTY Bananas. You see, we Guatemalians are trying to overthrow the foreign-dominated banana plantations in this country. Any foreigner found with a banana on him will be shot by a firing squad and asked to leave the country.

SEAGOON *(aside)* Curses — I must think quick. Little does he know I suspect him of foul play.

MORIARTY Little does he know I've never played with a fowl in my life.

SEAGOON Little does he know that he has misconstrued the meaning of the word foul. The word foul in my sentence was spelt F O U L not F O W L as he thought I had spelt it.

MORIARTY Little does he know that I overheard his correction of my grammatical error and I am now about to rectify it — aloud. *(Ahem)* So, you suspect me of foul play spelt F O U L and not F O W L.

SEAGOON Yes — and you might as well know I'm here to find young Fred Nurke.

MORIARTY *That* capitalistic pig! Why, I'll —

SEAGOON Don't move, Signor Gonzales Mess, né Moriarty — hands up.

MORIARTY Seagoon, put that banana down!

SEAGOON And leave myself defenceless?

MORIARTY Sapristi Bompet!

SEAGOON One step nearer and I fire.

MORIARTY Fool — you can't shoot a banana! It's —

F.X. TWO PISTOL SHOTS.

MORIARTY Swine — it was *loaded*!

SEAGOON Of course — you don't think I'd threaten you with an unloaded banana? Now come on, tell me — where is Fred Nurke?

MORIARTY I will never tell — go on, torture me — smash my skull in — break my bones — put lighted matches in my fingers — tear the flesh from my body, slice lumps off my . . .

F.X. THUD OF BODY FALLING ON GROUND.

MORIARTY Pancho?

PETER Signor?

MORIARTY The smelling salts — he's fainted.

ORCHESTRA THEME SPANISH. LIKE DEATH THEME FROM 'CARMEN'. SOFTLY ON TROMBONES WITH TYMPS.

[redacted] When the Englishman awoke he found himself in a tall dark room with sideboards — it was a prison cell.

SEAGOON True, true. The only other occupant was another occupant — apart from that, he was the *only* other occupant. He was chained to the wall by a chain which was attached to the wall — he *appeared* to be a man of breeding and intellect.

ECCLES Hello dere.

SEAGOON I was wrong. (But wait — could he be Fred Nurke?)

ECCLES How's yer old dad, eh?

SEAGOON Do you recognise this banana?

ECCLES Nope — I don't think I've ever met him before.

SEAGOON Then — then are you one banana short?

ECCLES Umm, nope — nope, I ain't one short.

SEAGOON Curse — then you're *not* Fred Nurke.

ECCLES Ohh, ain't I?

SEAGOON No.

ECCLES Yer mean I'm somebody else?

SEAGOON Yes.

ECCLES Ooo — who am I?

SEAGOON What's your name?

ECCLES Eccles.

SEAGOON *That's* who you are!

ECCLES Oooooooo.

SEAGOON There, there, don't take it so hard. Now then, how can I get out of this place?

ECCLES Well, there's dat door dere.

SEAGOON Right, I'm away! By dawn I'll be safe! Now's the time for *action!* Nothing will stop me now — Farewellllllll!

F.X. DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES. TERRIFIC FUSILLADE OF SHOTS, BOMBS, ETC. DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES.

SEAGOON It's raining! Is there any other way out of here?

ECCLES Would you care to share my supper?

SEAGOON Ahh, how about that window up there!

ECCLES Oh, you can't eat that.

SEAGOON If we could get up to that window.

ECCLES Well, get dis iron chain off my neck and I'll help.

SEAGOON Right — just put your neck on this block — I'll soon have it off.

F.X. IRON HAMMER ON ANVIL. THREE HEFTY WHACKS. CHAINS FALL TO FLOOR.

SEAGOON There — that's broken it — you're free! How do you feel?

ECCLES Don't know — ain't ever had a broken neck before.

SEAGOON Come, let's to the task!

ECCLES O.K.

F.X. CHAIRS BEING STACKED ONE ON TOP OF THE OTHER. THIS NOISE KEPT GOING IN BACKGROUND.

BILL Ladies and gentlemen, the sound you are hearing is that of Seagoon and Eccles balancing chairs one atop the other. This operation might last some time as they will need to stack at least fifty to a hundred chairs if they are to reach up to the high window. No doubt, after about five minutes, this sound will become very boring — BBC policy therefore decrees that in the interim we entertain you with songs from that well known tenor and market gardener — Mr. Cyril Cringinknutt.

CRINGINKNUTT *(Izzy)* Thankin' yew — Rinky Fulton. My first number tonight I will sing for money — that lovely Yock melody from my latest record which I have just recorded. It's called 'Three Goons in a Fountain' — my melody please, Fred —

PIANO ARPEGGIO.

CRINGINKNUTT *(croon)* Three Goons in a fountain — which one will the fountain drown — I got a shop full of Schmutters — I got —

BILL Thank you. Ladies and gentlemen — Seagoon and Eccles have reached the high window so we won't need Cyril Cringinknutt any more, so we'll say—

F.X. ALL THE CHAIRS COLLAPSE — TERRIFIC CRASH. START STACKING THEM UP AGAIN.

CRINGINKNUTT Three Goons in a fountain, which one will the foun —

F.X. DOOR BURSTS OPEN.

SPIKE Eyes front — everyone back to their own beds. There is an English gentleman to see you.

ORCHESTRA BLOODNOK MARCH.

BLOODNOK Aeiough. Bleiough. Arangahahhh. Kitna Budgy Hai. Aeiough and other naughty noises. Now — which one of you two is Eccles and Seagoon?

SEAGOON I'm Seagoon except for Eccles.

ECCLES I'm Eccles except for Seagoon.

BLOODNOK So, you're both Eccles and Seagoon except for each other!

SEAGOON Yes.

BLOODNOK I knew I'd get it out of you. I'm the British Chargé d'Affaires — Major Bloodnok, late of Zsa Zsa Gabor's Third Regular Husbands. I've managed to secure your release. I completely overcame the prison guards.

SEAGOON What with?

BLOODNOK Money — aeiough — now, everybody onto this ten-seater horse. Nowwww, gid up there.

F.X. GALLOPING HOOVES START AND STOP AT ONCE.

BLOODNOK Woah. Here we are. The Embassy.

F.X. KNOCK ON DOOR. DOOR OPENS.

RAY Oh, it's you, sir - am I glad you came back. The rebels have been trying to chop down the banana tree in the garden.

BLOODNOK Dogs! Stand back. *(Shouts)* You Latin devils — begone, or by the great artificial paste earrings of Lady Barnett I'll come out there and cut you down — now get out, you Latin devils!

RAY They all went about three hours ago.

BLOODNOK Never mind. That didn't stop me.

SEAGOON Gad, Bloodnok, I admire your guts.

BLOODNOK Why, are they showing?

SEAGOON Bloodnok, I seek Fred Nurke.

BLOODNOK He's here to save the British banana industry. In fact, he went out alone, by himself, to dynamite the rebel H.Q.

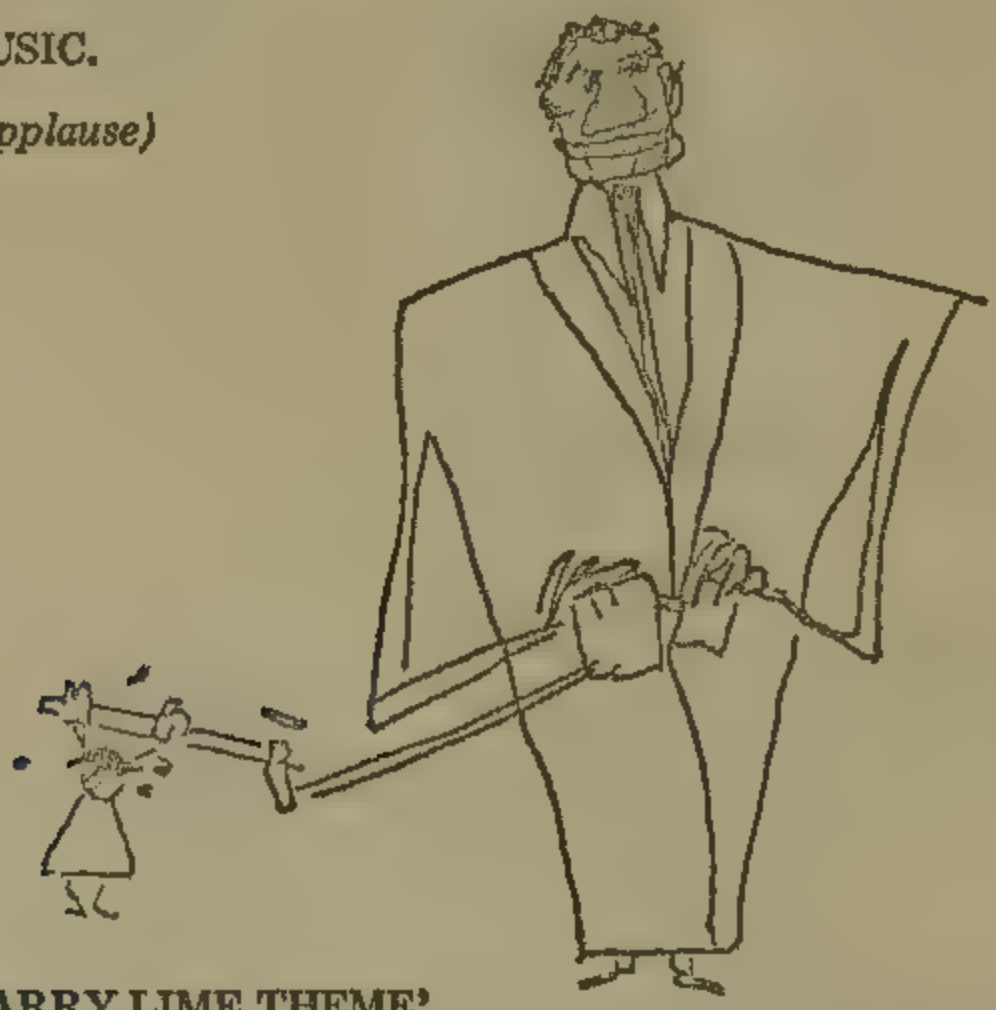
SEAGOON Then all we can do is wait.

BLOODNOK Yes — Ellington? Play that mad banjo, man.

RAY Here goes then —

QUARTET MUSIC.

*(Applause)*



GRAMS 'HARRY LIME THEME'.

PETER *(Barton)* The Affair of the Lone Banana, Chapter Three. In the grounds of the British Embassy our heroes are dug in around the lone banana tree — the last symbol of waning British prestige in South America. They all anxiously await the return of Fred Nurke. Around them, the jungle night is alive with revels — and nocturnal sounds — rain in places, fog patches on the coast. Arsenal 2 — Chinese Wanderers 600.

F.X. BRAZILIAN JUNGLE AT NIGHT — CRICKETS — AMAZON OWLS — CHIKIKIS AND OTHER NIGHT ANIMALS.

ELLINGTON Gad, Bloodnok — this waiting is killing me.

BLOODNOK Shhhhh — not so loud, you fool — remember, even people have ears.

SEAGOON Sorry, Major, but my nerves are strung up to breaking point.

F.X. ONE STRING FIDDLE. DOINGGGGG. SNAP. (QUICK)

SEAGOON There goes one now. It's this darkness! You can't see a *thing!*

BLOODNOK I know — for three hours now I've been straining my eyes and I've only managed *one* page of the *Awful Disclosures of Maurice Monk.* Four rupees, in a plain wrapper.

F.X. LONE CRICKET CHIRPING.

BLOODNOK Listen — what's making that noise?

SEAGOON Cricket.

BLOODNOK How can they see to bat in *this* light?

ECCLES Major, a man's just climbed over the garden wall.

BLOODNOK A boundary! *(Aloud)* Well played, sir!

SEAGOON Shh, Bloodnok, you fool — that's no cricketer — he's possibly a rebel assassin.

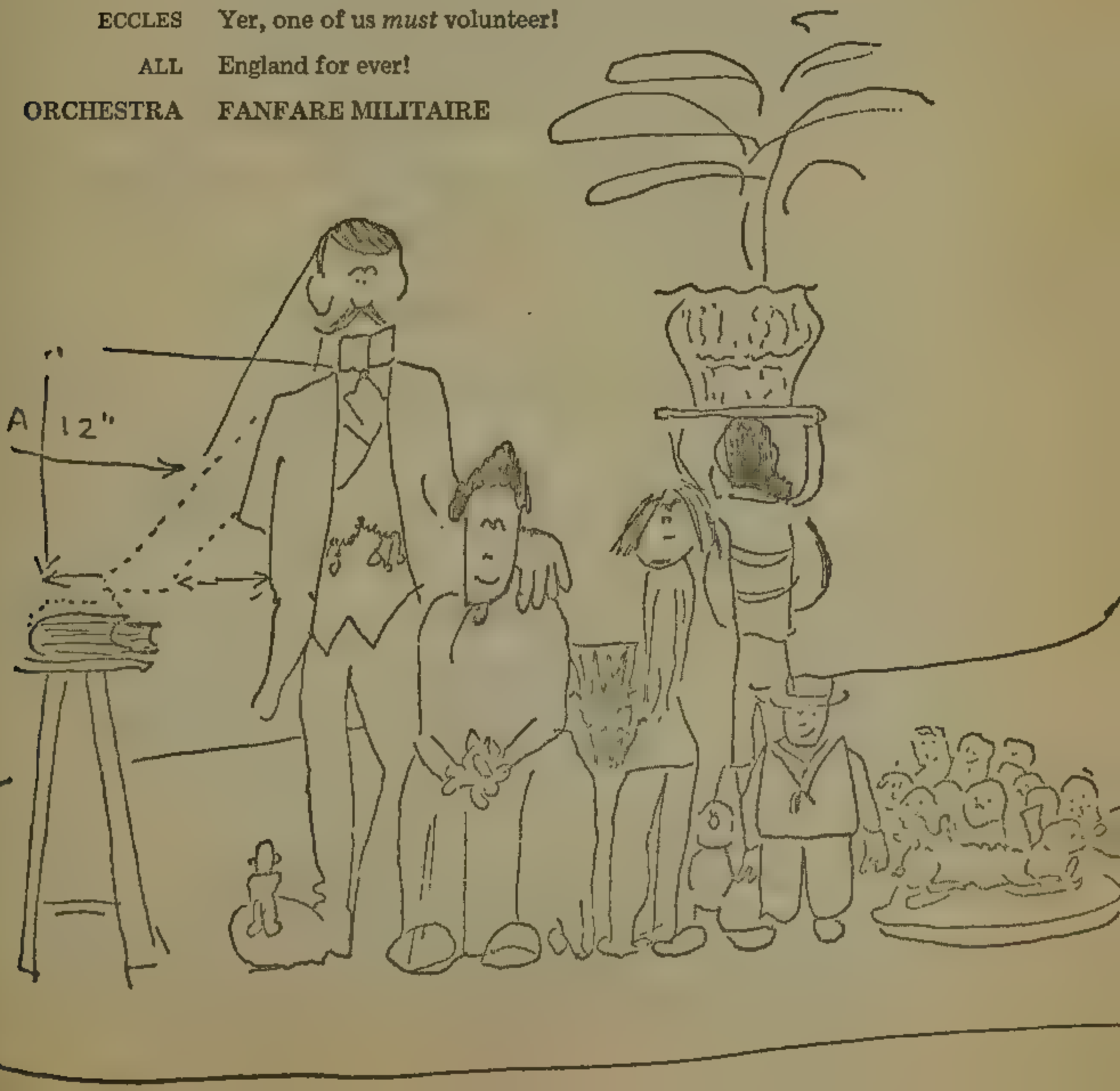
BLOODNOK Then one of us must volunteer to go out and get him.

SEAGOON Yes — one of us must volunteer.

ECCLES Yer, one of us *must* volunteer!

ALL England for ever!

ORCHESTRA FANFARE MILITAIRE



BILL — The Affair of the Lone Banana, Chapter Four.

BLOODNOK — One of us *must* volunteer.

SEAGOON — Yes, one of us must.

ECCLES — Yup, one of us must.

BLOODNOK — Well, who's it going to be? Seagoon?

SEAGOON — I'm sorry — but I have a wife and sixty-three children.

BLOODNOK — I too have a wife and children. That only leaves dear old —

F.X. — PANICKY RATTLING OF TELEPHONE.

ECCLES — Hello, hello, operator? Get me the marriage bureau.

BLOODNOK — Eccles, you coward. Seagoon? You're youngest, you go.

SEAGOON — Me? You wouldn't send an old man out there?

BLOODNOK — You're not an old man.

SEAGOON — Give me five minutes to make up and you'll never know the difference.

BLOODNOK — Flatten me Cronkler with Spinachmallets. So, *both* of you have turned cowards. That only leaves *me*. Two cowards, and *me*. You know what this means?

SEAGOON — *Three* cowards.

BLOODNOK — . . . in a fountain . . . Let's face it — we've all *turned yellow*.

RAY — You speak for yourselves.

BLOODNOK — *(apologetic)* Ohh, I'm sorry, Ellington, no offence. I know you Irishmen are very brave.

F.X. — PHONE RINGS.

BLOODNOK — Aeiough. Don't answer that phone unless it's for me.

SEAGOON — Right. Are you ringing for Major Bloodnok?

MORIARTY — *(distort)* Yes.

SEAGOON — It's for you.

BLOODNOK — Ohhh.

F.X. — RECEIVER OFF HOOK.

BLOODNOK — Hello? What??? Never — never, d'yer hear me? Never.

F.X. — RECEIVER SLAMMED DOWN.

BLOODNOK — It was the rebel leader — Gonzales Mess, né Moriarty, he says unless we chop down our banana tree and hand it over to them — we'll die tonight.

ECCLES — Tonight? Why, that's tonight.

BLOODNOK — So it is. Fancy him thinking *I'd* chop down the banana to save my lousy skin — ha! ha!

F.X. HURRIED CHOPPING DOWN OF TREE.

SEAGOON Bloodnok! Put down that forty-ton chopper!

BLOODNOK I'm sorry, I picked it up in a moment of weakness.

SEAGOON Disgraceful! Chopping down the British banana tree!

ECCLES Yer, disgraceful.

F.X. HURRIED SAWING OF TREE.

SEAGOON Eccles! Stop that! Where did you get that saw?

ECCLES *(big joke)* From the sea — it's a sea-saw. Ha ha.

SEAGOON Silence! We've got to pull ourselves together — this banana tree is the *last one* in South America under British control!

BLOODNOK Yes, you're right! We must defend it, with your lives.

SEAGOON Remember, lads — somewhere out there, Fred Nurke is working to destroy the rebel H.Q. — now, throw that chopper and saw over the wall.

BOTH O.K. *(Grunt)*

SEAGOON Good — now I'm —

F.X. CLANG AND THUD AS CHOPPER CLOUTS MAN ON NUT.

BLUEBOTTLE *(off)* Ohhhhh — my nut — ohh — I have been hitted on my bonce — oh, I have been nutted — I was kipping on the grass and suddenly — *thud!* Oooooh! Clutches lump on crust.

SEAGOON Come out from behind that wall or I'll throw this at you.

ECCLES Put me down!

BLUEBOTTLE *(sad)* Enter Bluebottle wearing crash helmet — pauses for audience applause — not a sausage! (Thinks of rude sailor word.)

SEAGOON Who is this gallant little knight with unlaced LCC plimsolls?

BLUEBOTTLE Who am *I*? I'm the one wot copped that dirty big saw on the nut. (Points to lump area.)

SEAGOON Tell me, little jam-stained hero; do you know this jungle well?

BLUEBOTTLE Yes — I know the jungule — Tarzan Bluebottle, they call me. (Lifts up sports shirt, shows well developed ribs and bones. Fills chest with air *(breathe)* — feels giddy so puts on cardboard loin cloth for support.)

SEAGOON Could you lead me to the rebel H.Q.?

BLUEBOTTLE *(intimate)* I can show you the very spot.

SEAGOON *(intimate)* Where?

BLUEBOTTLE *(declaim)* Where that dirty big saw hitted my nut! You rotten nut-hitting swine you! (Does body racked with sobs pose — as done by Robert Newton after seeing income tax returns.)

SEAGOON Right. Eccles, you come with us. Bloodnok — you stay here. Bluebottle — lead on!

BLUEBOTTLE Forward! Pulls hat well down over eyes (but pulls it up as cannot see where I'm going). Come, follow me — I —

F.X. TERRIFYING ROAR OF SAVAGE LION.

BLUEBOTTLE Heu heu hu — what was that, my capatain?

SEAGOON A man-eating tiger.

BLUEBOTTLE Tiger?

SEAGOON Yes.

F.X. WHOOSH.

BLUEBOTTLE *(right off)* I do not like this game — I'm going home — I just remembered it's my turn in the barrel — exits left to East Finchley on Council dust cart.

SEAGOON Very well, I'll go ahead myself — first I'll disguise myself as a Mexican peon — they'll never recognise me!

BILL The Affair of the Lone Banana, Chapter Five.

MORIARTY Signor Grytpype-Thynne — we found this idiot hiding in a dustbin disguised as a Mexican peon.

GRYTPYPE-THYNNE Ahhhh — a midget, eh?

SEAGOON Have a care.

GRYTPYPE-THYNNE No thanks, I don't smoke — sit on a chair.

SEAGOON I'll stand.

GRYTPYPE-THYNNE Very well, stand on a chair then.

SEAGOON So — you're the leader of the rebels?

GRYTPYPE-THYNNE Yes, now — *who are you?*

SEAGOON — *I won't talk!* Never!

GRYTPYPE-THYNNE — *(calls off)* The branding irons!

SEAGOON — I'm Neddie Seagoon.

GRYTPYPE-THYNNE — Oh? Where's Fred Nurke?

SEAGOON — I don't know.

GRYTPYPE-THYNNE — So *that's* where he is. Right, Moriarty? We'll go at once to the Embassy — and bring back their banana tree.

SEAGOON — You won't succeed — it's guarded by Major Dennis Bloodnok.

GRYTPYPE-THYNNE — Bloodnok? Moriarty — bring money. Seagoon, we'll lock you in here — goodbye.

F.X. — DOOR LOCKS — KEY.

SEAGOON — Poor fools — the moment they step out — Fred Nurke will get them — they go to their doom!

F.X. — PHONE RINGS — RECEIVER OFF HOOK.

SEAGOON — Hello?

FRED NURKE — *(distort)* Is that the rebel H.Q.?

SEAGOON — Yes, but I'm —

FRED NURKE — Right, you swines — this is Fred Nurke, and this is my bonanza night — in three seconds a time-bomb explodes in your room, ha ha!

F.X. — CLICK.

SEAGOON — Three seconds — I've got to get . . .

F.X. — FOOTSTEPS RUNNING FOR DOOR.

BILL — Will Seagoon get out in time?

F.X. — EXPLOSION.

BILL Oh, hard luck — still, he tried. Was his sacrifice worthwhile — did Bloodnok save the banana tree?

F.X. **TREE CRACKING.**

BLOODNOK Timber!!!

F.X. **TREE CRASHING.**

ORCHESTRA **SIGNATURE TUNE: UP AND DOWN FOR:—**

BILL That was The Goon Show — a recorded programme featuring Peter Sellers, Harry Secombe and Spike Milligan with the Ray Ellington Quartet and Max Geldray. The Orchestra was conducted by Wally Stott. Script by Spike Milligan. Announcer: Wallace Greenslade. The programme produced by Peter Eton.

ORCHESTRA **SIGNATURE TUNE UP TO END.**

*(Applause)*

MAX & ORCHESTRA **'CRAZY RHYTHM' PLAYOUT.**

# THE CANAL

*The Goon Show: No. 105 (5th Series, No. 6)*
*Transmission: Tuesday, 2nd November 1954:*
*8.30—9.00 p.m. Home Service*
*Studio: Paris Cinema, London*

## The main characters

| | |
|---|---|
| Ned Seagoon | Harry Secombe |
| Lord Valentine Seagoon | Valentine Dyall |
| Eccles | Spike Milligan |
| Flowerdew | Peter Sellers |
| Reuben Croucher | Peter Sellers |
| Major Denis Bloodnok | Peter Sellers |
| Gravely Headstone | Ray Ellington |
| Dr Justin Eidelburger | Peter Sellers |
| Dr Yakamoto | Spike Milligan |
| Mr Henry Crun | Peter Sellers |
| Miss Minnie Bannister | Spike Milligan |
| Bluebottle | Peter Sellers |
| Miss Throat | Spike Milligan |

*Special Guest: Valentine Dyall ('The Man in Black')*
*The Ray Ellington Quartet*
*Max Geldray*
*Orchestra Conducted by Wally Stott*
*Announcer: Wallace Greenslade*
*Script by Spike Milligan*
*Production by Peter Eton*

After forty-three years at school, young Ned Seagoon returns to Seagoon's Folly, the ancestral home, to find it empty save for a sinister oriental valet, a refugee heroin importer and Gravely Headstone, the butler. Where is Seagoon's father, his four mothers, the first cook, the underfootman and the overfootman? All Ned's queries are met with silence. Then, one night, three mysterious strangers are seen digging a grave nearly fifty feet long in the rose-garden. Hollow knockings and weird moans are heard in the buttery and Strangler Aagonschmidt, a notorious schizophrenic, is discovered in the act of setting fire to the library. Why is there a secret passage from the grave to Seagoon's bedroom? What is the secret of 'The Canal'?

Most of the action takes place in a walled-up tomb in the crypt of Seagoon's Folly. Mysterious knockings recorded by permission of the Poltergeist Society of Lower Regent Street...

How yer old dad!
"Eccles"

BILL This is the BBC Home Service.

PETER *(Flowerdew)* This is madness, d'you hear me? Madness!

HARRY The man is, of course, referring to the highly esteemed Goon Show.

GRAMS 1922 JACK PAYNE RECORD OF ONE-STEP.

HARRY Stop. Thank you, Geraldo. Mr. Greenslade, tell the eager multitudes of the goodies we have in store for them.

BILL Ladies and Gintlepong. In keeping with the policy of our more 'popular' Sunday newspapers, we give you now a nice soggy mess of vice, drunkeness and worst of all — the shame of our cities!

PETER *(Winston Churchill)* Mixed fretwork classes.

HARRY Thank you, Geraldo. To commence this night of debauchery, we present the world's mixed bathing champion of 1931 — the man in black — Mr. Valentine Dyall.

F.X. VIBRANT GIANT GONG.

VAL Allow me to correct you, little pigmy man. I am no longer the man in black; I am now the man in grey!

HARRY What brought about this change?

VAL A very cheap dry cleaners.

HARRY Very well. Mr. Dyall, the floor is yours but remember, the roof, is *ours*.

VAL Thank you, Barbara Kelly. Ladies and Gintlepong, this *is* the man in black speaking. A funny thing happened to me on my way to the theatre tonight — a steam roller ran over my head. So much for humour — and now pray allow me to tell the story of —

SPIKE *(Scream)*

F.X. DEEP RESONANT SPLASH.

VAL 'The Canal', ha ha ha *(goes off laughing into echo)*

ORCHESTRA QUIET, SINISTER HORROR THEME.

SEAGOON My name is Neddie Seagoon. I come from mixed parentage — one male, one female, and that's how it should be. My father was the famous amateur brain surgeon, Lord Valentine Seagoon.

LORD VALENTINE Neddie was one of my adopted sons by one of my adopted wives. In 1899 I built for my family a huge mansion.

ECCLES It was only a luxury manor — but it was home to me.

FLOWERDEW *(nutty)* There's a cow on the roof and I am a daisy — I must be very careful of that cow . . .

LORD VALENTINE Ha ha. My—er—children. The manor was a grim, black, foreboding place. Hanging in the eaves were myriads of red-mouthed bats that nightly danced in the dank air that arose from the oily waters of — the canal. *(Mad laughter as before)*

ECCLES Dat's my daddie who said dat.

ORCHESTRA CHANGE OF SCENE CHORD.

F.X. HORSE-DRAWN HACKNEY WALKING SLOWLY. (SOUND DEADENED BY THICK FOG).

BILL The Canal, Chapter One. Ned Seagoon returns from college.

F.X. HORSE-DRAWN HACKNEY UP AND UNDER:—

REUBEN Oo ooo ooo, my life, it isn't 'arf parky up on this drivin' seat — I should never have come out naked.

SEAGOON I say, driver — have I far to go now?

REUBEN Let's have a look — mm noo, I shouldn't think you got far to go.

F.X. HACKNEY STOPS.

SEAGOON Why have we stopped?

REUBEN It's no good, mister — I can't see a thing in this fog.

SEAGOON Never mind, I'll make it on foot — I brought one with me. Now, what's the fare?

REUBEN See — it's Friday today, in'it?

SEAGOON 'Tis so.

REUBEN *(to self)* See, there's the rent — school fees — instalment on the bread knife — yers, that'll be thirty-two pounds ten, mister.

SEAGOON Villain of villains! The meter only says five shillings.

REUBEN That meter ain't got a wife and ten kids ter keep.

SEAGOON There, five shillings, no more. On second thoughts, here's a penny tip. The spirit of charity is not dead.

REUBEN No, but it in't 'arf sick, mister.

SEAGOON You jester. Farewell. Now, see — ahh yes, this is the way *(going off)* past the old blasted oak and —

F.X. RESONANT SPLASH OF STILL DEEP WATERS.

SEAGOON *(off)* Help!

REUBEN Where are you, mister?

SEAGOON *(off)* In the canal.

REUBEN Here, catch.

F.X. SPLASH.

REUBEN You forgot yer bag, ha ha ha —

ORCHESTRA MOCKING THEME. FADE INTO:—

F.X. THREE KNOCKS ON HEAVY WOODEN DOOR.

BLOODNOCK Coming — coming . . .

F.X. DOOR OPENS.

BLOODNOK Oh Neddie, it's you — in quick, before the Arabs open fire. Aeiough.

F.X. DOOR SLAMS.

SEAGOON Uncle Bloodnok? I thought you were in the desert.

BLOODNOK I am.

SEAGOON I'm sorry I'm in such a mess — I fell in the canal and I'm covered in muck, mud, grease, rubbish, tar, oil and sludge.

BLOODNOK You know, it suits you. But how did you get past those turbanned devils of brown, the Arabs?

SEAGOON Arabs? What are Arabs doing in Lancashire?

BLOODNOK I can only put it down to the fog. If only Lord Kitchener would bring reinforcements. Aeiough . . .

SEAGOON *(aside)* Mmm. Uncle Bloodnok seems to have changed.

BLOODNOK Didn't you see them hiding behind the sand dunes?

SEAGOON Sand dunes? Where?

BLOODNOK Outside — I never allow them in the house. Now I must report to H.Q. Goodbye. Charge!

F.X. HORSE GALLOPS AWAY. COCONUT SHELLS.

SEAGOON Oh. What's happened here since I've been away at college? Anybody about? *(Calls)* Mother? Mother? Mother, I'm home.

F.X. DOOR OPENS.

SEAGOON Oh, mother, I'm so glad to see you. *(Big kiss)*

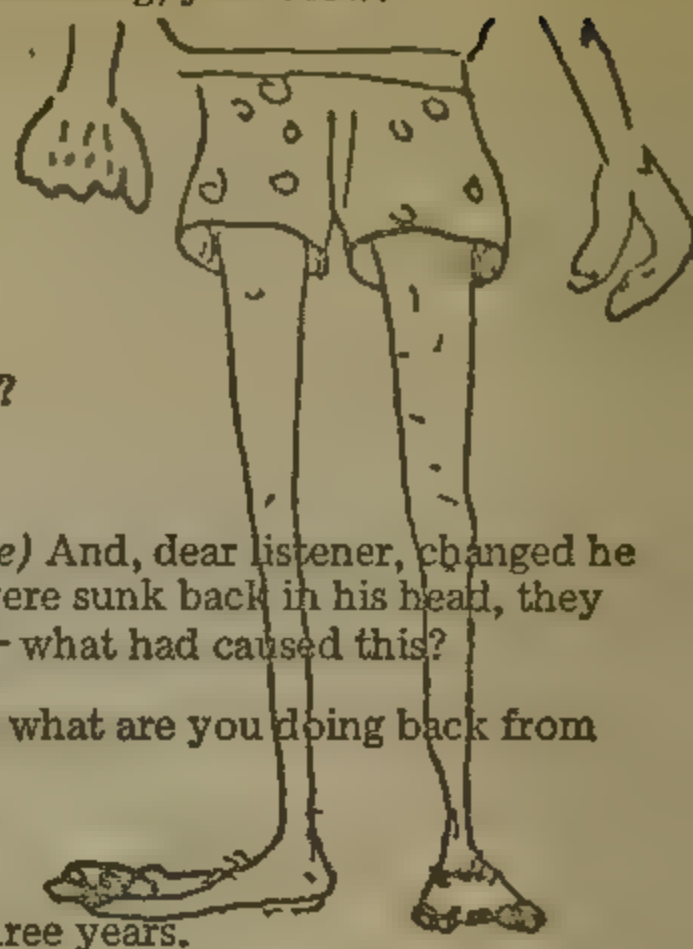
GRAVELY HEADSTONE Pardon me, sir, but I'm the butler.

SEAGOON Oh, I'm sorry. You shouldn't wear a kilt that long, you know.

GRAVELY HEADSTONE I have reasons for dat.

SEAGOON I too have knobbly knees.

F.X. DOOR OPENS. GONG.



LORD VALENTINE Neddie!

SEAGOON Father! You — you *are* Father, aren't you?

LORD VALENTINE Do I have to undress?

SEAGOON No, it's just that you've *changed* so. *(Aside)* And, dear listener, changed he had — he looked tired, weary — his eyes were sunk back in his head, they were bloodshot, watery and red-rimmed — what had caused this?

LORD VALENTINE Neddie, we've bought a television set. But what are you doing back from school?

SEAGOON My schooling is completed.

LORD VALENTINE Nonsense, you've only been there forty-three years.

SEAGOON Nevertheless, I came out top boy in the *entire* kindergarten.

LORD VALENTINE Really? Then it's the diplomatic service for you.

FLOWERDEW *(approach)* I'm a daisy — a beautiful daisy — please, brown cow, do not eat me — nor my friend the pansy — where are you, Ivor?

SEAGOON Good heavens — wasn't that Uncle Rupert?

LORD VALENTINE Yes. He's better now. Neddie, now that you're home, promise me one thing.

SEAGOON Very well, Father, I promise!

LORD VALENTINE Thank you. See that you keep it.

SEAGOON Ying tong iddle I po.

LORD VALENTINE Good. Promise me one more thing. Never — never — go near — the canal.

SEAGOON Why not?

LORD VALENTINE *(flaming)* Just never go near the canal, that's all. Now — you must be tired — you need rest. Eccles?

F.X. DOOR OPENS.

ECCLES Yer — did my daddie call me?

LORD VALENTINE Eccles, get your things out of Neddie's room.

ECCLES O.K.

F.X. DOOR OPENS.

ECCLES Come on, shoo, shoo.

F.X. GOATS BLEATING IN A HERD — CHICKENS — COWS — DUCKS — HORSES GALLOPING OUT — CATS.

ECCLES All out. Goodnight, Neddie — sleep well. Mind how you tread!

F.X. DOOR SHUTS.

SEAGOON That night I lay in bed with a clothes peg on my nose. What had happened to everybody? 'Don' go near the canal', he had said *(yawns. Goes off to sleep talking)* . . . zzzz.

F.X. DOOR OPENS.

LORD VALENTINE Right — he's asleep, ha ha ha. Hand me the mallet, Doctor.

EIDELBURGER Here.

LORD VALENTINE Right — huhhh.

F.X. WALLOP ON BONCE.

SEAGOON Zzzz — ooo.

BILL *(in quick)* The Canal, Chapter Two.

LORD VALENTINE Together — one two threeeee —

F.X. SPLASH — BUBBLES OF BODY SINKING.

BILL *(in quick)* The Canal, Chapter Three.

LORD VALENTINE Hello? Lloyds? About that life insurance against drowning — yes — on my son Neddie — well — it appears to have matured — you'll bring the money round? Right. Thank you.

F.X. RECEIVER DOWN.

LORD VALENTINE Ha ha ha —

SPIKE *(Off) (Long agonised scream)*

LORD VALENTINE *(calls)* No — not tonight, dear! Forty thousand pounds, just for throwing little Neddie in the canal, ha ha —

F.X. DOOR OPENS.

SEAGOON *(gasping)* Father, I —

LORD VALENTINE Neddie — you've been playing in the canal. I told you to stay away! Eccles?

ECCLES *(off)* Yes, Daddie?

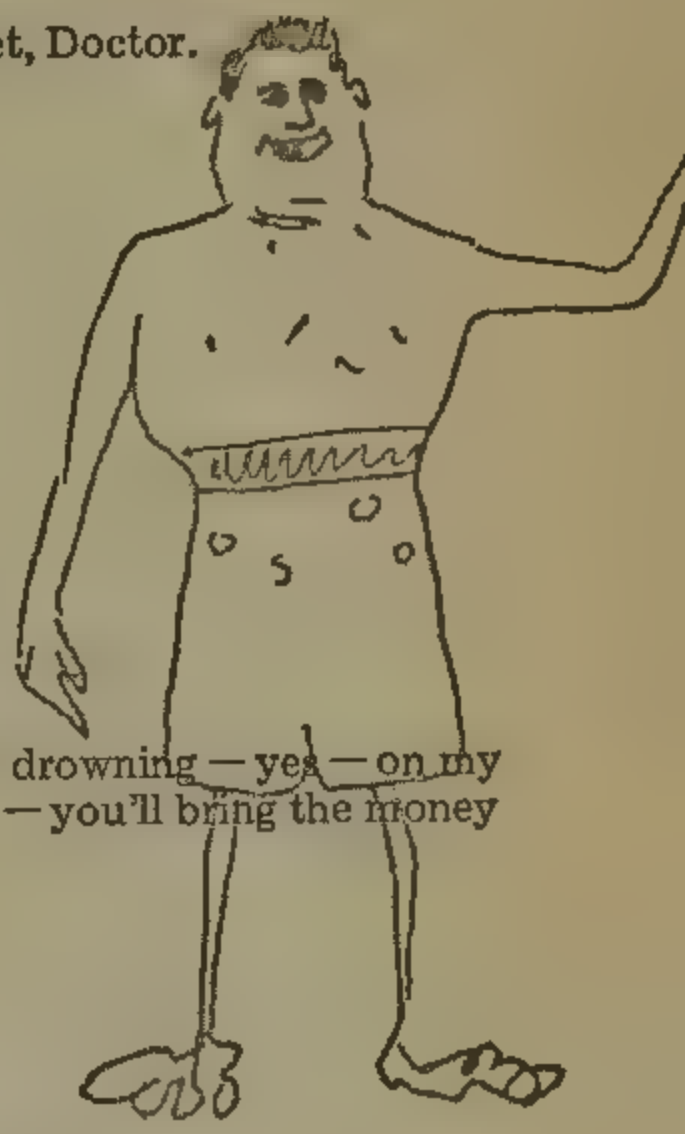
LORD VALENTINE He's back.

ECCLES O.K.

F.X. DOOR OPENS.

ECCLES All out!

F.X. GOATS — CHICKENS — COWS — DUCKS — HORSES — CATS.

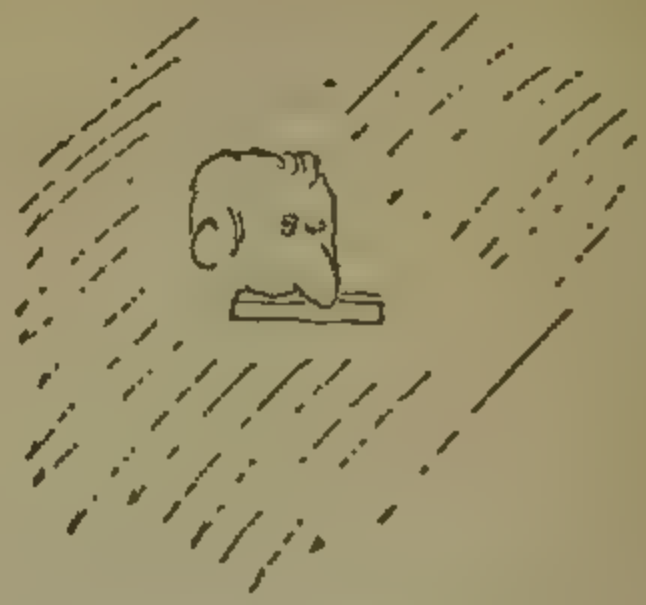


ECCLES — Here's yer clothes peg.

FLOWERDEW — I'm a daisy — father's a plum, that's why we stoned him. I hear music and there's only Max Geldray there.

MAX & ORCHESTRA — MUSIC.

*(Applause)*



ORCHESTRA — SHORT DRAMATIC THEME.

BILL — The Canal, Chapter Four.

SEAGOON — These three days I've been kept locked in my room. I pass the time cutting the grass under my bed, and feeding the monkeys. At night I can hear digging in the cellar. A thought has just struck me — *(joy)* what has become of mother? Dear mother, she was like one of the family.

F.X. — DOOR OPENS.

LORD VALENTINE — In here, gentlemen.

YAKAMOTO & EIDELBURGER — Zank you. Yerserkah.

LORD VALENTINE — Neddie, I've brought two freshly-released physicians to see you, Dr. Yakamoto — and Dr. Justin Eidelburger.

SEAGOON — But there's nothing wrong with me.

EIDELBURGER — Zat's why we're here, hmm hmm hmm — za German joke. Dr. Yakamoto? Treatment!

YAKAMOTO — At once, honourable sir. Would the honourable Neddie Seagoon put both honourable feet into this delicate three-ton iron container?

LORD VALENTINE — Do as the little oriental says, Neddie.

SEAGOON — Very well, Father.

EIDELBURGER — Good. Now, we pour in ze concrete mixture, *zo!*

F.X. — CONCRETE GOING IN.

LORD VALENTINE — *(talking over it)* You see, Neddie, the doctors say — when the concrete blocks set on your feet, you won't be able to run away and play near the canal, ha ha.

ORCHESTRA — HARP ARPEGGIO (MINOR) WITH BASS CLARINET (PLAY LITTLE TUNE).

LORD VALENTINE — Hello? Lloyds? I want to add to that last policy on my son Neddie. Yes — yes, I want one that covers him in the event of his ever putting concrete blocks on his feet and throwing himself in the canal. Yes, I *know* it's not likely to happen but *just* in case.

BILL The Canal, Chapter Five.

F.X. SPLASH.

SEAGOON *(off)* Helpppppppppp. *(Bubbles)*

BILL The Canal, Chapter Six. The Lock-Keeper's Lodge.

CRUN Zzzzzoh dee de de de — mnk *(mouth noises)* . . . mnk — yes . . . zzzz —

SEAGOON *(off)* Help!

CRUN Mnk — yes — help, yes — mnk grmp de de de — zzzzz.

SEAGOON *(off)* Help!

MINNIE Henery? Henry, buddy? Henry, man?

CRUN What what what what — what?

MINNIE Henry?

CRUN What is it, Minnie?

MINNIE There's a gentleman in the canal, Henry.

CRUN Oh. Thank you, Minnie. Goodnight, Min.

MINNIE Goodnight, Hen.

*(Pause)*

SEAGOON Helppppp!

MINNIE Henry? That gentleman is shouting, Henry.

CRUN Oh de de — do you think he wants to pass through the lock?

MINNIE I can't tell, Henry — but I think he must be in a submarine.

CRUN Why?

MINNIE He keeps going under the water.

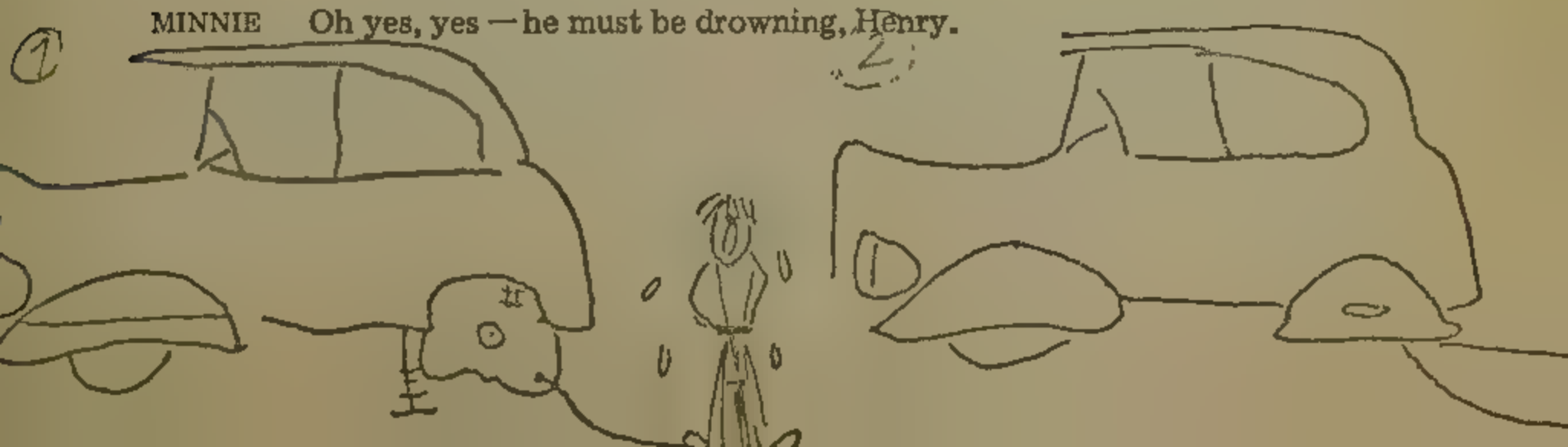
CRUN Really? What will they think of next, eh?

SEAGOON Helppp!

MINNIE He said *help*, Henry.

CRUN Help? That's the distress call, isn't it?

MINNIE Oh yes, yes — he must be drowning, Henry.



CRUN Minnie, quick — my regulation-length lock-keeper's bathing drawers.

F.X. DIALLING.

CRUN Hurry, Minnie, every day is precious.

MINNIE Hello, Ajax Laundry? Could you speed delivery of Mr. Crun's bathing drawers?

SEAGOON Helppppp!

MINNIE They can't deliver till next Tuesday.

CRUN Mnn no, it's a bit risky.

F.X. DOOR.

CRUN *(calls)* Pardon me, sir, but can you keep afloat till next Tuesday?

SEAGOON What's today?

CRUN Friday.

SEAGOON No! Helpp, I'm going down. *(Bubbles)*

CRUN We're coming, sir — hurry, Min.

MINNIE Coming, buddie.

CRUN Have you turned the gas off, Min?

MINNIE Yes, I have.

SEAGOON Help! Helpppp!

MINNIE I wonder who he is.

CRUN *(calls)* What's your name, sir?

SEAGOON *(amid bubbles)* Neddie Seagoon.

CRUN We're pleased to meet you — my name is Crun, Henry Crun. And this is Miss Bann . . . .

SEAGOON Helpp, bbbb, I'm going down.

CRUN Don't do that, sir, or you'll drown. Tsu, this fog — can't see a thing.

MINNIE Where are you, sir?

SEAGOON In the canal.

MINNIE He's in the canal.

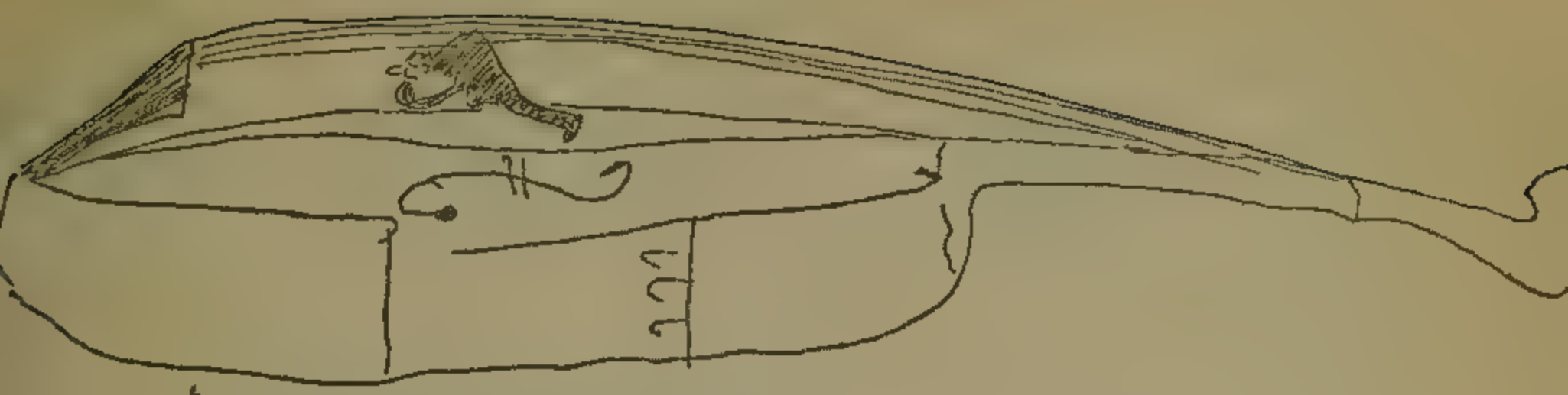
CRUN Hello, Mr. Seagoon — follow these instructions and you'll be safe. Hand me the Life-Saving Manual, Minnie — now, ready?

SEAGOON Yes, but hurry.

CRUN Take three dozen eggs and break into a bowl . . .

SEAGOON Yes.

CRUN Mix in eight ounces of castor sugar, then stir over a low gas.



SEAGOON I haven't got a gas stove.

MINNIE Here, catch.

F.X. SPLASH.

SEAGOON Thank you.

CRUN Right, now add four pounds of millet flour and bring the mixture to — Minnie? This isn't the Swimming Manual.

MINNIE Oh — *(calls)* we've got the wrong book, buddy.

SEAGOON What'll I do with all this mixture?

MINNIE We'd better go in, Henry, it's a shame to waste all that food.

CRUN Coming, hupppp!

F.X. COMBINED SPLASH. SPLUTTERINGS, SHOUTS, ETC.

ORCHESTRA SHORT LINKING CHORDS.

F.X. KNOCK ON DOOR. DOOR OPENS.

GRAVELY HEADSTONE Yes, sir?

BLUEBOTTLE Oh he he, good evening to you. Is this the manor of the place where liveses the Valentine Dyall man, is dis the place, is it, man?

GRAVELY HEADSTONE Yes.

BLUEBOTTLE He he he. I am from the Lloyds of London, the well known insurance company — I am their junior representative. Feels in pocket, produces smart calling card.

GRAVELY HEADSTONE Oh, come in, sir.

BLUEBOTTLE Enter the *new* Bluebottle — the new Bluebottle wearing city gentlemen-type striped trousers and Anthony Eden homberg. (Really Dad's trilby painted black.)

GRAVELY HEADSTONE Have you wiped your feet, sir?

BLUEBOTTLE Yes.

GRAVELY HEADSTONE Then where'd that mud come from?

BLUEBOTTLE — Off my shoes — ha ha he he — I made a little jokules — pauses for light audience applause — as usual not a sausinge. (Thinks of rude word for them.)

GRAVELY HEADSTONE — What's your business here?

BLUEBOTTLE — I have come to pay the insurance on the recently drowned and deaded Neddie Seagoon.

F.X. — WHOOSH.

LORD VALENTINE — *(excited)* Did you say insurance?

BLUEBOTTLE — Ohh, yes, I have —

LORD VALENTINE — There, just sit down and warm yourself by the candle. Here, drink this —

BLUEBOTTLE — Oh a cocktail — good health. *(Gulp)*

F.X. — MAMMOTH LONG RUMBLING EXPLOSION. BOOTS FALLING TO FLOOR. TEETH — ODDS AND ENDS.

BLUEBOTTLE — You rotten swine! You have nearly deaded me — look, my kneecaps have dropped four inches. Who made that cocktail?

GRAVELY HEADSTONE — Molotoff.

BLUEBOTTLE — Look what you done to my city gentleman-type suit — all the egg stains have been blowed off.

GRAVELY HEADSTONE — Is that bad?

BLUEBOTTLE — Yes, they were holding the suit together.

GRAVELY HEADSTONE — Here's the Dance of the Seven Veils.

QUARTET — MUSIC.

*(Applause)*

BLUEBOTTLE — Thank you, I accept your apology. Now, Lord Valentine, the solemn business of paying out the insurance money — moves left, opens official brief case. (Not too wide, as I have my dirty laundry in one part.)

LORD VALENTINE — It's forty thousand pounds, isn't it?

BLUEBOTTLE — Yes — but it's all in pennies.

LORD VALENTINE — Forty thousand pounds in pennies? Eccles!

ECCLES — Yer, Daddie?

LORD VALENTINE — Your hat, lad.

ECCLES — O.K.

LORD VALENTINE — Just hold it there — now, Mr. Bluebottle.

BLUEBOTTLE — Right, now to ....

SPIKE — *(Long agonised wailing heart-rending scream)*

LORD VALENTINE — *(answering)* It's in the cabinet by the bed, dear. Carry on.

BLUEBOTTLE — He he he — what — what was that dreaded scream, sir, he heh?

LORD VALENTINE — Oh, that was my eldest thing. Ha ha — now, just count out the money.

BLUEBOTTLE — Yes — one, twopence, threepence, fourpence, fivepence —

F.X. — CLINK OF COINS BEHIND.

BILL — Chapters Seven, Eight, Nine, Ten and Eleven.

BLUEBOTTLE — *(very tired)* Four million eight hundred and thirty-two pennies . . .

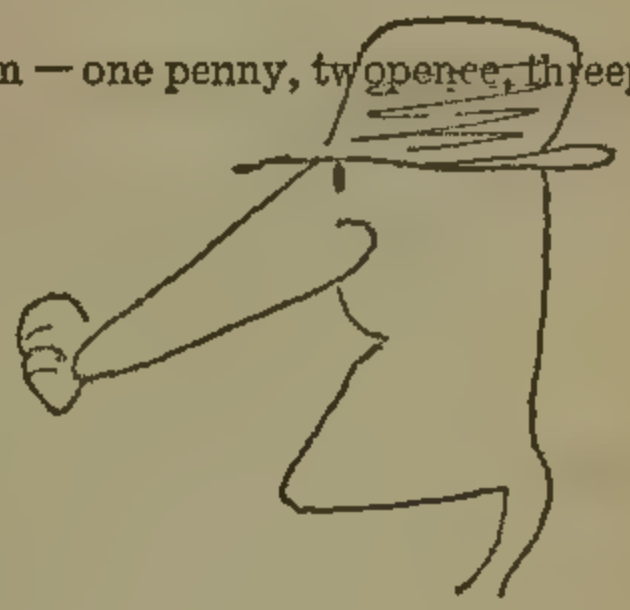
F.X. — CLINK.

BLUEBOTTLE — Ah he — roll on, beddy byes — four million eight hundred and thirty-three pennies — four milli —

F.X. — GREAT SACK OF PENNIES DROPPED ONTO FLOOR. THEY ROLL AND SCATTER.

ECCLES — Oh, sorry.

BLUEBOTTLE — *(cries)* Ohh! Oh! You dropped them — one penny, twopence, threepence



F.X. — DOOR OPENS.

SEAGOON — Fatherrrr.

LORD VALENTINE — *(flaming)* Neddie — you!

SEAGOON — Yes.

F.X. — DOOR OPENS.

ECCLES — Come on, all out, shoo! Shoo!

F.X. — CATTLE, ETC. (AS BEFORE).

BLUEBOTTLE — Pardon me. Did you say this was Neddie?

LORD VALENTINE — Er, yes. *(Happy)* Why, Neddie, you're safe, dear boy. Thank heaven, we thought you were drowned, didn't we, Mr. Bluebottle?

BLUEBOTTLE — He he he he, yes — well, you will not need this deaded money for him drowning. Thinks — this will save Lloyds a lot of money and who knows, a managerial job for Bluebottle. Thinks again — thanks to brains, the new wonder head-filler. Well, goodnight all. Exits left.

F.X. — WHOOSH — DOOR SHUTS.

LORD VALENTINE — Curses. Miss Throat?

THROAT — Sir?

LORD VALENTINE — That man —

THROAT — Yes?

LORD VALENTINE — Stop him.

THROAT — Right.

F.X. WHOOSH. DOOR SLAMS.

LORD VALENTINE *(rage)* Now, little Neddie — you've been playing in the canal again. It's got to stop.

SEAGOON I agree, Father.

LORD VALENTINE Silence when you talk to me! Now, go upstairs to your room and come down *at once!* I want to talk to you.

SEAGOON But — I can't move, these concrete blocks on my feet . . .

LORD VALENTINE We'll soon have them off. Eccles?

ECCLES *(off)* Yup, Daddy?

LORD VALENTINE Put these sticks of dynamite into his concrete blocks.

ECCLES O.K., Daddie.

F.X. FUSE STARTS TO BURN.

ECCLES Dere! In ten seconds there'll be a dirty big —

LORD VALENTINE Yes, yes — Neddie, wait outside in the garden will you?

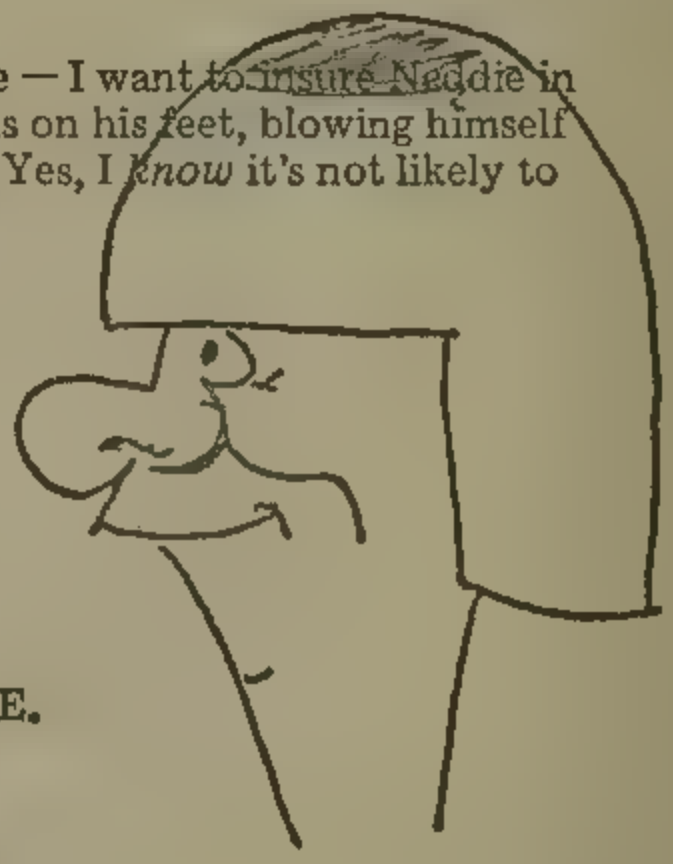
SEAGOON Yes, Father.

F.X. DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES.

LORD VALENTINE *(Sings)*

F.X. DIALLING.

LORD VALENTINE Hello, Lloyds? Yes — new life policy, please — I want to insure Neddie in the event of his ever putting concrete blocks on his feet, blowing himself up with dynamite and landing in the canal. Yes, I *know* it's not likely to happen, but *just* in case —



F.X. EXPLOSION WHISTLE GOES UP.

BILL Chapter Twelve.

F.X. WHISTLE DESCENDS. SPLASH.

SEAGOON Helppp!

BILL The Canal, Chapter Thirteen.

F.X. PENNIES BEING DROPPED ONTO A PILE.

BLUEBOTTLE There, that's the lot, Lord Valentine.

LORD VALENTINE Yes — forty thousand pounds. Poor Neddie.

BLUEBOTTLE Yes — yes, it was funny him falling in the canal again so soon after I left — good job you ran after me, wasn't it?

LORD VALENTINE Well, goodnight, Mr. Bluebottle — thank you for —

F.X. DOOR OPENS. PRONOUNCED CREAK.

LORD VALENTINE You!

F.X. DOOR OPENS.

ECCLES Shoo, git out.

F.X. CATTLE, ETC. (AS BEFORE).

SEAGOON Father!

BLUEBOTTLE Oh, it is little Neddie — oh well, well, well. Could I have all the money back, please?

LORD VALENTINE *No!* Hands up! All of you!

BLUEBOTTLE Oh, he's got a gun.

LORD VALENTINE Eccles!

ECCLES Yes, Daddie?

LORD VALENTINE Take these two men and chain them up in the dungeon! Ha ha ha.

ORCHESTRA DESCENDING CHORDS.

F.X. HEAVY CHAINS. MANACLES.

ECCLES Oh di dump — dere, dere, not too tight are dey?

SEAGOON Eccles, do you realise what Daddie's trying to do?

ECCLES Yer, he's tryin' to keep you away from der canal because he loves you and don't want you to get drowned.

SEAGOON No — he wants to kill us all — and that includes *you*.

ECCLES Oooooooo.

BLUEBOTTLE I am frighted — I don't want to be deaded yet. I haven't had my half day off this week. If you get deaded they give you the sack at Lloyds — they don't like deaded men working for dem.

SEAGOON Shhh. Now, Eccles, undo these chains and help us capture Father before he kills us *all*.

ECCLES O.K.

SEAGOON Right, now this is the plan — we —

F.X. DUNGEON DOOR SLAMS.

BLUEBOTTLE Oh, look, someone has closed the dungeon door from the outside — we are trapp-ed!

LORD VALENTINE Ha ha ha ha ha *(goes off on echo)*.

SEAGOON Curse, he's locked us in. Never mind, we'll batter the door down. Where's something with a blunt head?

ECCLES Here y'are.

BLUEBOTTLE Put me down, Eccles. Put me down; I shall charge the door and — and smash it down.

SEAGOON Good man.

BLUEBOTTLE Stand back, here I go. To matchwood I'll splinter the door — charge!

F.X. LONG APPROACHING FOOTSTEPS (GALLOPING) GET NEARER AND FADE INTO THE DISTANCE.

BLUEBOTTLE *(miles off)* You rotten swine — who opened the door?

ECCLES Ha hum —

SEAGOON Good work. Now listen, both of you — we've got to think quick.

ECCLES Dat leaves me out!

SEAGOON We're going to throw Father into the canal!

BILL Chapter Fourteen.

F.X. (OFF) SPLASH. SPLASH. SPLASH.

ECCLES *(off)* Help!

BLUEBOTTLE *(off)* Help!

SEAGOON *(off)* You devil, Lord Valentine.

LORD VALENTINE Ha ha ha ha — you didn't think you could — oooo . . .

*(Struggle)*

F.X. SPLASH.

LORD VALENTINE Helpppp — who did that?

BILL Last chapter.

CRUN Hello, Lloyds — about the life insurance I took out on the four gentlemen . . .

ORCHESTRA SIGNATURE TUNE: UP AND DOWN FOR:—

BILL That was The Goon Show — a recorded programme featuring Peter Sellers, Harry Secombe, Spike Milligan and Valentine Dyall with the Ray Ellington Quartet and Max Geldray. The Orchestra was conducted by Wally Stott. Script by Spike Milligan. Announcer: Wallace Greenslade. The programme produced by Peter Eton.

ORCHESTRA SIGNATURE TUNE UP TO END.

*(Applause)*

MAX & ORCHESTRA 'CRAZY RHYTHM' PLAYOUT.

# NAPOLEON'S PIANO

*The Goon Show: No. 129 (6th Series, No. 4)*

*Transmission: Tuesday, 11th October 1955:*
*8.30—9.00 p.m. Home Service*

*Studio: The Camden Theatre, London*

## The main characters

| | |
|---|---|
| Ned Seagoon | Harry Secombe |
| Grytpype-Thynne | Peter Sellers |
| Moriarty | Spike Milligan |
| Mr Henry Crun | Peter Sellers |
| Miss Minnie Bannister | Spike Milligan |
| Eccles | Spike Milligan |
| Major Denis Bloodnok | Peter Sellers |
| Justin Eidelburger | Peter Sellers |
| Throat | Spike Milligan |
| Yakamoto | Spike Milligan |
| Bluebottle | Peter Sellers |

*The Ray Ellington Quartet*
*Max Geldray*
*Orchestra Conducted by Wally Stott*
*Announcer: Wallace Greenslade*
*Script by Spike Milligan*
*Production by Peter Eton*

Tricked into signing a contract to bring over to England the very piano that Napoleon played at Waterloo, Neddie Seagoon stows away on a boat to France. A chance meeting in the disreputable Café Tom with piano robbery specialist Justin Eidelburger seems to solve all Neddie's problems – but others, too, are after Napoleon's piano. With £10,000 at stake, the only solution is to sail the instrument back to England – a voyage fraught with peril...

BILL This is the BBC Home Service.

GRAMS OUTBREAK OF PEOPLE SIGHING.

BILL Oh come, come, dear listeners — it's not that bad —

HARRY Of course not — come, Mr. Greenslade, tell them the good news.

BILL Ladies and gentlemen, we now have the extraordinary talking-type wireless 'Goon Show'.

GRAMS SCREAMS OF ANGUISH. PEOPLE RUNNING AWAY.

HARRY Mmm — is the popularity waning? Ahemm.

SPIKE Ho ho ho, fear not, Neddie lad — we'll jolly them up with a merry laughing-type joke show. Stand prepared for the story of 'Napoleon's Piano'.

GRAMS VERY OLD RECORD OF A PIANO SOLO (MARSEILLAISE).

SEAGOON Napoleon's piano — the story starts in the bad old days, back in April 1955. It was early one morning. Breakfast had just been served at Beauleigh Manor — I was standing at the window, looking in. With the aid of a telescope, I was reading the paper on the breakfast table — when suddenly an advertisement caught my eye. It said —

GRYTPYPE-THYNNE *(distort)* Will pay anybody five pounds to remove piano from one room to another. Apply, The Bladders, Harpyapipe, Quants.

SEAGOON In needle nardle noo time I was at the address and with the aid of a piece of iron and a lump of wood — I made this sound.

F.X. THREE KNOCKS WITH IRON KNOCKER ON SOLID OAK DOOR.

MORIARTY Sapristi Knockoes — when I heard that sound I ran down the stairs and with the aid of a door knob and two hinges I made *this* sound.

F.X. DOOR KNOB BEING HEAVILY AGITATED FOLLOWED BY FAST SQUEAKY HINGES AS DOOR OPENS.

SEAGOON Ah, good morning.

MORIARTY Good morning? Just a moment.

F.X. FURIOUS DIALLING.

MORIARTY Hello, Air Ministry Roof? Weather report. Yes? Yes, thank you.

F.X. PHONE DOWN.

MORIARTY You're perfectly right — it *is* a good morning.

SEAGOON Thanks. My name is Neddie Seagoon.

MORIARTY What a memory you have.

SEAGOON Needle nardle noo. I've come to move the piano.

MORIARTY *(insane laugh)* Come in.

SEAGOON *(insane laugh)* Thanks.

MORIARTY — You must excuse the mess but we've got the Socialists in.

GRYTPYPE-THYNNE — *(approach)* Oh Moriarty, can I borrow a shoe? Mine's worn out — oh, you have company.

MORIARTY — Ahh ah — these three men are called Neddie Seagoon. He's come in answer to our ad.

GRYTPYPE-THYNNE — Ohhhh — come in — sit down. Have a gorilla.

SEAGOON — No thanks, I'm trying to give them up.

GRYTPYPE-THYNNE — Splendid. Now, Neddie, here's the money for moving the piano — there, five pounds in fivers.

SEAGOON — Five pounds for moving a piano? Ha ha — this is money for old rope.

GRYTPTPE-THYNNE — Is it? I'd have thought you'd have bought something more useful.

SEAGOON — Oh no — I have simple tastes. Now, where's this piano?

GRYTPYPE-THYNNE — Just a moment. First, would you sign this contract in which you guarantee to move the piano from one room to another for five pounds.

SEAGOON — Of course I'll sign — have you any ink?

GRYTPYPE-THYNNE — Here's a fresh bottle.

SEAGOON — *(drinks)* . . . ahhhhhhhh. Gad, I was thirsty.

MORIARTY — Sapristi Nuckoes — do you always drink ink?

SEAGOON — Only in the mating season.

MORIARTY — Shall we dance?

GRAMS — OLD 1929 SCRATCHY GUY LOMBARDO RECORD OF 'LOVER' WALTZ.

SEAGOON — You dance divinely.

GRYTPYPE-THYNNE — Next dance please! Now, Neddie, just sign the contract on the side of this horse.

SEAGOON — Certainly.

F.X. — SCRATCHING OF PEN UNDER SEAGOON AS HE SPEAKS NEXT LINE.

SEAGOON — Neddie — Seagoon — A.G.G.

MORIARTY — What's A.G.G. for?

SEAGOON — For the kiddies to ride on . . . get it? A gee-gee — ha ha ha ha —

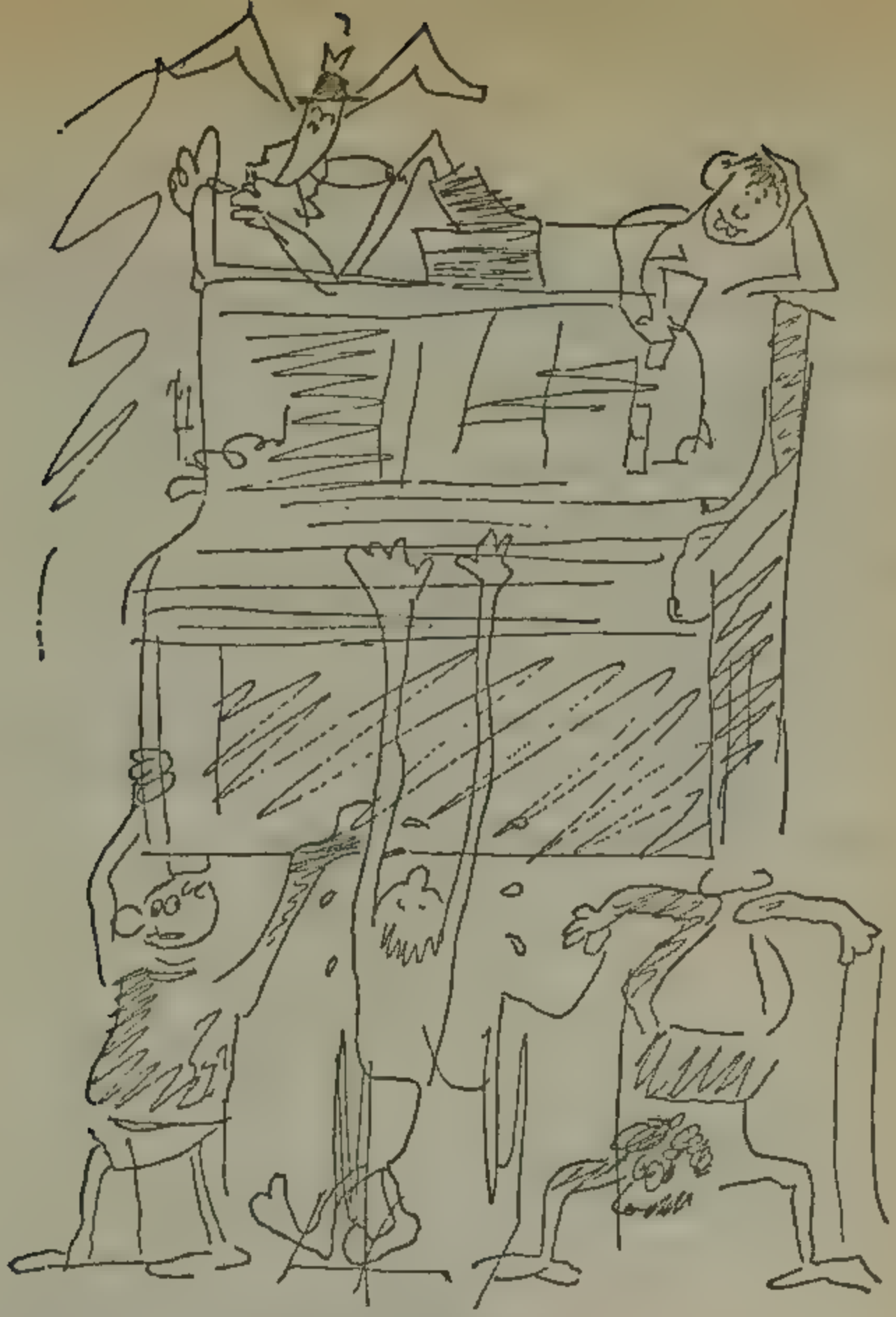
*(Agonised silence)*

GRYTPYPE-THYNNE — You're *sure* you won't have a gorilla?

SEAGOON — No thanks, I've just put one out. Now, which room is this piano in?

GRYTPYPE-THYNNE — Ahemm. It's in the Louvre.

SEAGOON — Strange place to put a piano.



GRYTPYPE-THYNNE We refer to the Louvre Museum, Paris.

SEAGOON What what what what what? Ahhhh, I've been tricked — ahhhh.

F.X. THUD OF UNCONSCIOUS BODY HITTING GROUND.

MORIARTY For the benefit of people without television — he's fainted.

GRYTPYPE-THYNNE Don't waste time — just open his jacket — get the weight of his cruel wallet off his chest — mmm — found anything in his pockets?

MORIARTY Yes — a signed photograph of Neddie Seagoon, a press cutting from the Theatre, Bolton, a gramophone record of Gigli mowing the lawn, a photo of Gigli singing, and a half share in Kim Novak.

GRYTPYPE-THYNNE He's still out cold — see if *this* brings him round.

F.X. PENNY THROWN ON CONCRETE FLOOR.

SEAGOON — Thank you, lady. *(Sings)* Comrades comrades — ever since — oh — where — where am I?

GRYTPYPE-THYNNE — England!

SEAGOON — What number?

GRYTPYPE-THYNNE — Seven A. Have a gorilla.

SEAGOON — No, they hurt my throat. Wait! *Now* I remember! You've trapped me into bringing back a piano from France for only five pounds.

GRYTPYPE-THYNNE — *You* signed the contract, Neddie — now, get that piano or we sue you for breach of contract.

SEAGOON — Ahhhhhhhh. *(Going off)*

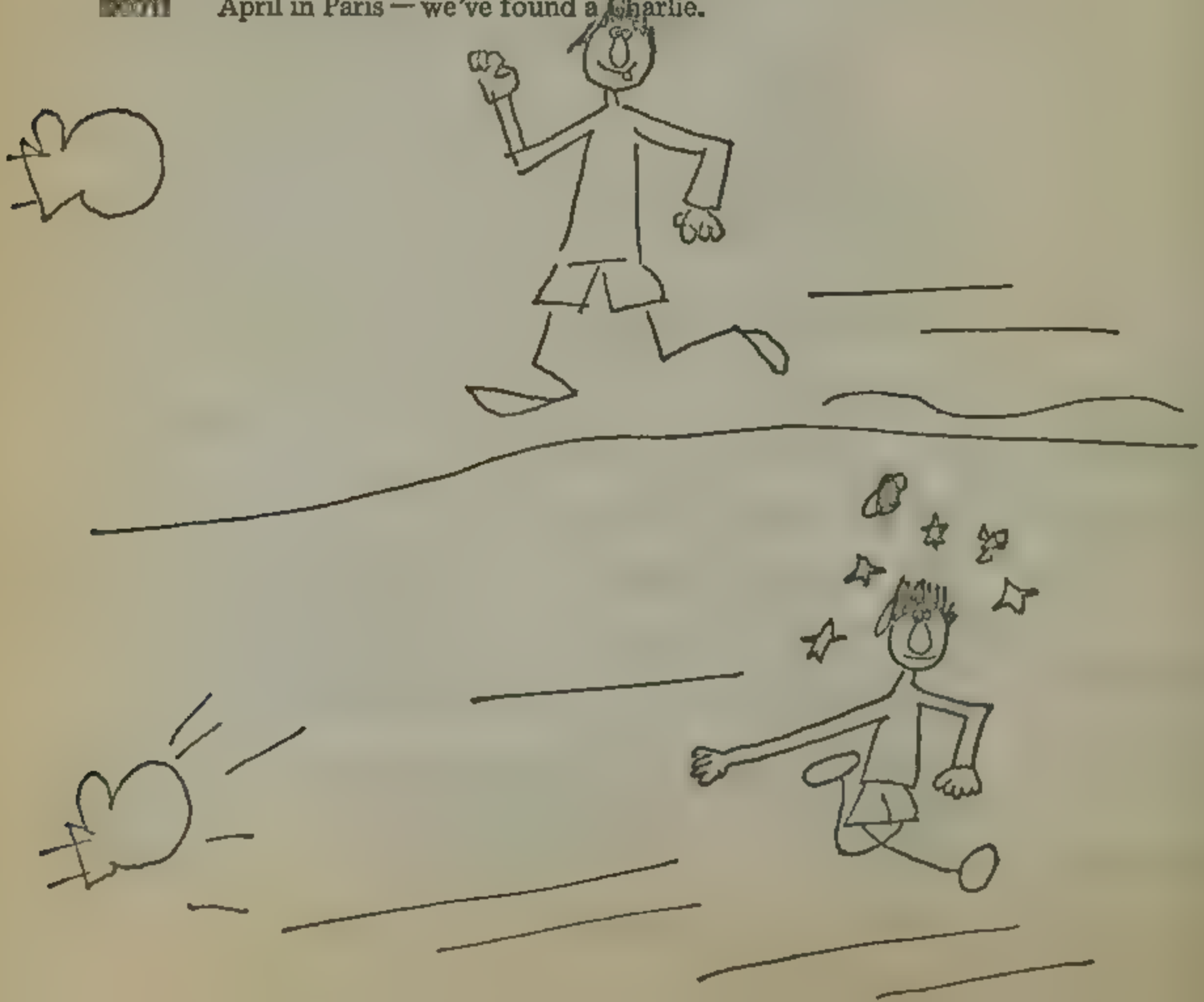
F.X. — DOOR SLAMS.

GRYTPYPE-THYNNE — Gad, Moriarty, if he brings that piano back we'll be in the money. That piano is worth ten thousand pounds.

MORIARTY — How do you know?

GRYTPYPE-THYNNE — I've seen its bank book. Do you know, that's the very piano Napoleon played at Waterloo. With the moolah we get on that we can have a holiday. *(Sings)*

BOTH — April in Paris — we've found a Charlie.



BILL — I say — poor Neddie must have been at his wits' end! Faced with the dilemma of having to bring Napoleon's piano back from Paris, he went to the Foreign Office for advice on passports and visas.

F.X. — BITS AND PIECES DROPPING DOWN.

CRUN & MINNIE — *(Nattering away)*

CRUN — Ohh dee deee — dee, X9?

MINNIE — *(off)* X9 answering — who's that calling, buddy?

CRUN — It's me — the Foreign Secretary. Do you know where the key to the secret documents safe is?

MINNIE — Yes — it's with the charlady.

CRUN — Do you think that's wise — she has access to all the vital British secret documents.

MINNIE — She can't read them, buddy, she only speaks Russian.

CRUN — That's a bit of luck —

F.X. — KNOCKS ON DOOR.

CRUN — Ohh, that might be one of England's strolling Prime Ministers of no fixed abode.

MINNIE — Coming, Anthonyyy — coming . . .

CRUN — Tell him we're very sorry.

MINNIE — Sorry for what?

CRUN — Oh, mmm — make something up.

F.X. — DOOR OPENS.

MINNIE — Ahh, we're very sorry, Anthony, we — ohh, you're not the Prime Minister.

SEAGOON — Not yet, but it's just a matter of time. My name is Neddie Seagoon.

CRUN — Want to buy a white paper —

SEAGOON — No thanks, I'm trying to give them up.

CRUN — So are we —

SEAGOON — I want a few particulars. You see, I want to leave the country . . .

CRUN — He's going to Russia! Stop him, Min — get him!

MINNIE — Hit him, Hen . . .

GRAMS — MIX IN GREAT BATTLE. ALL STOPS SUDDENLY.

CRUN — There! Let that be a lesson to you — get out.

SEAGOON — I will, but not before I hear musical saboteur Max Geldray.

MAX & ORCHESTRA — 'AIN'T MISBEHAVIN'

*(Applause)*

BILL Seagoon was confused — it seems that the cheapest method of getting to Paris was to stowaway to France on board a Channel steamer.

GRAMS SHIP'S TELEGRAPH RINGING. SEAGULLS — WASH OF SHIP'S WAKE.

SEAGOON Down in the dark hold I lay — alone — so I thought . . .

ECCLES *(off — sings)* I talk to der trees — dat's why they put me away . . .

SEAGOON The singer was a tall ragged idiot — he carried a plasticine gramophone, and wore a metal trilby.

ECCLES Hello, shipmate. Where you goin'?

SEAGOON Nowhere. I think it's safer to stay on the ship until we reach Calais.

ECCLES You going to Calais?

SEAGOON Yes.

ECCLES What a coincidence. Dat's where the ship's going — ain't you lucky.

SEAGOON Here — have a gorilla.

ECCLES Oh, thanks!

GRAMS GORILLA FIGHTING ANOTHER GORILLA (IF YOU CAN'T GET THE RIGHT SOUND TRY TWO LIONS). ALL STOPS ABRUPTLY.

ECCLES Hey — dese gorillas are strong. Have one of my monkeys — they're milder.

SEAGOON And so for the rest of the voyage we sat quietly smoking our monkeys. At Calais I left the idiot singer. By sliding down the ship's rope in French I avoided detection. Late that night I checked into a French hotel. Next morning I sat in my room eating my breakfast when suddenly through the window a fork on the end of a long pole appeared — it tried to spear my kipper.

BLOODNOK *(off)* Strained. Aeiough.

SEAGOON Who the blazes are you, sir?

BLOODNOK Aeioughhh — oh, oh, I'm sorry, I was fishing.

SEAGOON Fishing? This is the thirty-fourth floor.

BLOODNOK Oh, the river must have dropped.

SEAGOON Who are you, sir?

BLOODNOK I've got it on a bit of paper here — ah yes — Major Denis Bloodnok, late of the Third Disgusting Fusiliers — OBE, MT, MT, MT, MT and MT.

SEAGOON What are all those MTs for?

BLOODNOK I get tuppence on each of 'em — aeioughhhh.

SEAGOON You're acting suspiciously suspicious — I've a good mind to call the manager.

BLOODNOK Call him — I am unafraid!

SEAGOON Mmmm — no! Why should *I* call him?

BLOODNOK Then *I* will — manager?

F.X. DOOR OPENS.

SPIKE *(French)* Oui, monsieur?

BLOODNOK Throw this man out.

SEAGOON Ahhhhh. *(Thrown out)*

F.X. DOOR SLAMS.

BLOODNOK Now for breakfast — see, kippers — toast de da dee deeee. What's this coming through the window — flatten me krurker and nosh me schlappers — it's a fork, on a pole, and its trying to take the kipper off me plate — I say, who's that?

SEAGOON I'm sorry, I was just fishing.

BLOODNOK What, you! I've a good mind to call the manager.

SEAGOON Go on then, call him.

BLOODNOK No, why should I?

SEAGOON Then I'll call him. (Watch me turn the tables, listeners.) Manager?

F.X. DOOR OPENS.

[redacted] Oui, Monsieur?

BLOODNOK Throw this man out of my room.

SEAGOON Ahhhh. *(Thrown out)*

F.X. DOOR SLAMS.

SEAGOON Alone in Paris — I went down the notorious Café Tom. Proprietor: Maurice Ponk.

GRAMS 'SOUS LES TOITS DE PARIS'.

SEAGOON Inside, the air was filled with gorilla smoke — I was looking for a man who might specialise in piano robberies from the Louvre.

F.X. WHOOSH.

EIDELBURGER Gute evenung. You are looking for a man who might specialise in piano robberies from the Louvre?

SEAGOON How do you know?

EIDELBURGER I was listening on the radio and I heard you say it.

SEAGOON Good — pull up a chair. Sit down.

EIDELBURGER No thanks — I'd rather stand.

SEAGOON Very well, stand on a chair. Garçon!

THROAT Oui?

SEAGOON Two glasses of English port-type cooking sherry, and vite.

THROAT Two glasses of sherry and vite coming up.

SEAGOON Now — name?

EIDELBURGER I am Justin Eidelburger.

SEAGOON Oh. Have a gorilla.

EIDELBURGER No zanks — I only smoke baboons.

SEAGOON This piano we must steal, it's the one Napoleon played at Waterloo.

EIDELBURGER That will be a very sticky job.

SEAGOON Why?

EIDELBURGER It's just been varnished — he ha, zer German joke.

SEAGOON Zer English silence.

EIDELBURGER Now, Mr. Snzeegroon — meet me outside the Louvre at midnight on the stroke of two.

SEAGOON Right.

SEAGOON True to my word, I was there dead on three.

EIDELBURGER You're late.

SEAGOON I'm sorry — my legs were slow.

EIDELBURGER You must buy another pair. Zis here is my oriental assistant, Yakamoto.

YAKAMOTO I am very honoured to meet you. Oh boy.

SEAGOON What does this oriental creep know about piano thieving?

EIDELBURGER Nothing — he's just here to lend colour to the scene. Now, Neddie, this is a map-plan of the Louvre and the surrounding streets.

F.X. LONG UNFOLDING.

SEAGOON You take one end.

F.X. UNFOLDING. THE MAP BEING UNFOLDED CONTINUES FOR A WHOLE MINUTE.

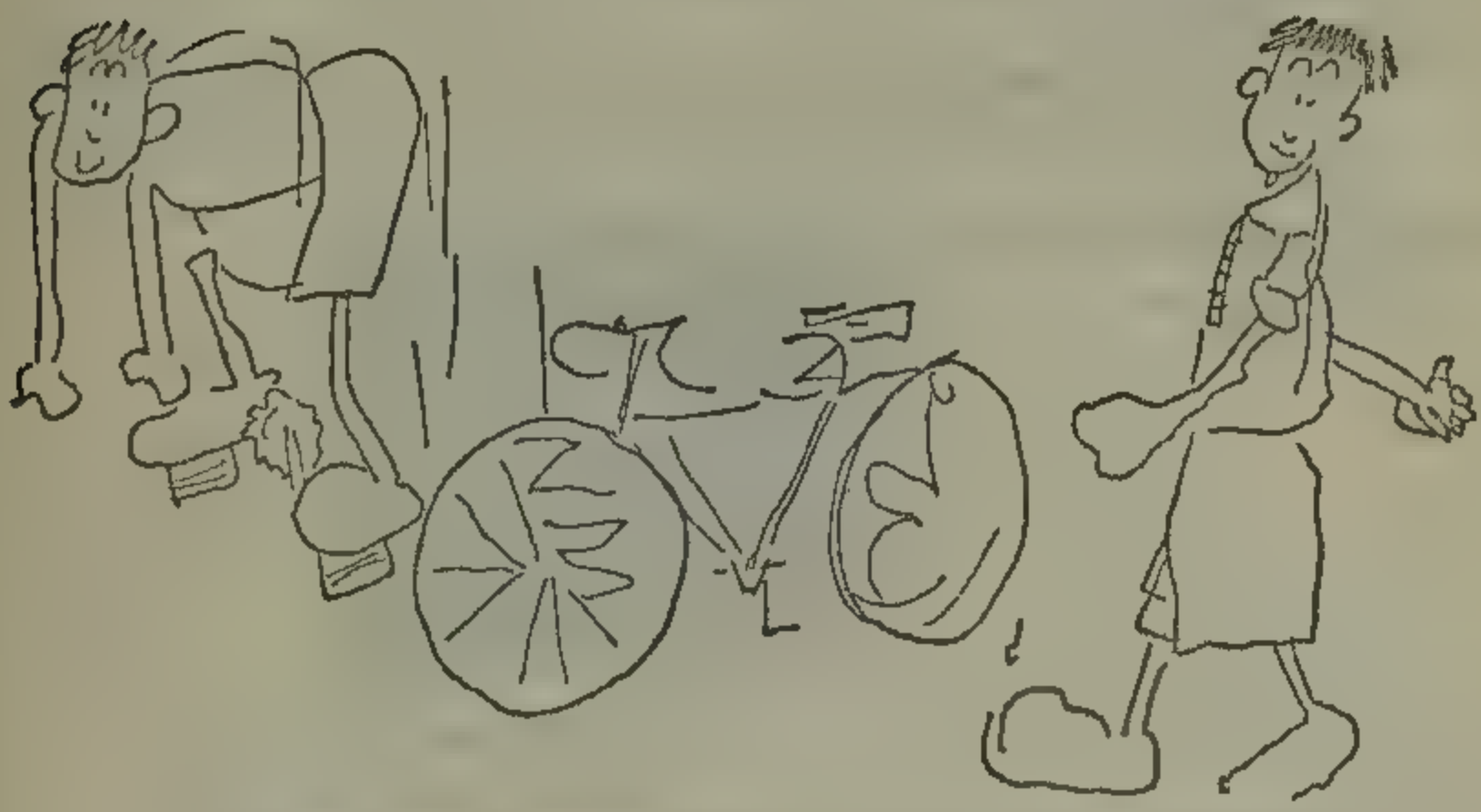
SEAGOON It's big, isn't it?

EIDELBURGER *(in the distance)* Yes, it is! This bit here shows the Rue de la Paix.

SEAGOON Good heavens, you're miles away — walk straight up that street — take the second on the left — I'll be waiting for you.

F.X. TAXI PULLS UP.

EIDELBURGER I took a taxi — it was too far. Now — we disperse and meet again in the Hall of Mirrors, when the clock strikes twinge. At midnight we strike.



F.X. BIG BEN STRIKES TWELVE — AT VARYING SPEEDS.

SEAGOON Shhhhhh.

EIDELBURGER Is that you, Seagoon?

SEAGOON Yes.

EIDELBURGER Good.

F.X. HAND BELL.

BILL *(French)* Every bodee out, closing time — everyone back to zere own bed.

SEAGOON Quick, hide behind this pane of glass.

EIDELBURGER But you can see through it.

SEAGOON Not if you close your eyes.

EIDELBURGER Gerblunden, you're right — are all your family clever?

SEAGOON Only the Crustaceans.

BILL Everybody out — and that goes for you idiots with your eyes shut behind that sheet of glass.

SEAGOON You fool, you can't see us.

BILL Yes, I can — get out or I'll call the police.

EIDELBURGER Why, you anti-Bismark swine, I shoot you.

SEAGOON No, not through the glass — you'll break it. First I'll make a hole in it.

F.X. PANE OF GLASS SHATTERING TO PIECES.

SEAGOON *Now* shoot through that.

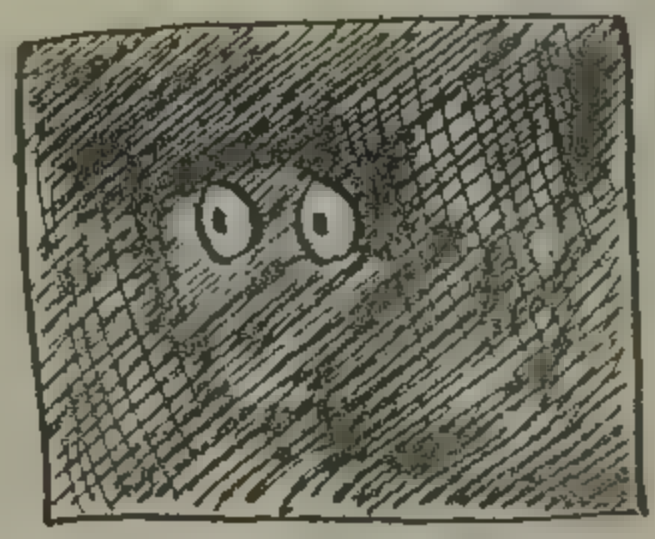
F.X. PISTOL SHOT.

BILL You've killed me — now I'll get the sack. Oooooooo — ohhhh — ohhhhh — I die — I fall to the ground — ahhh meee — ahh my — ohhh ohhh I die, killed by death!

SEAGOON Never mind — swallow this tin of Lifo guaranteed to return you to life — recommended by all corpses and Wilfred Pickles. Forward, Ray Ellington and his music!

QUARTET 'BLOODSHOT EYES'

*(Applause)*




BILL Part Two — in which our heroes are discovered creeping up to the piano.

EIDELBURGER Shhh, Neddie — there's someone under Napoleon's piano, trying to lift it by himself.

SEAGOON He must be mad.

ECCLES *(sings)* I talk to der trees . . .

SEAGOON I was right. Eccles, what are you doing out after feeding time?

ECCLES I signed a contract that fooled me into taking dis piano back to England.

SEAGOON What? You must be an idiot to sign a contract like that — now, help me get this piano back to England. Together, lift!

OMNES *(Grunts, groans)*

SEAGOON No, no, it's too heavy — put it down.

ECCLES Here, it's lighter when you let go.

SEAGOON I have an idea — we'll saw the legs off. Eccles, give me that special piano leg saw that you just happen to be carrying. Now . . .

F.X. SAWING.

ECCLES *(sings over sawing)* I talk to der trees — dat's why dey put me away —

SEAGOON There! I've sawn all four legs off.

EIDELBURGER Strange — first time I've known of a piano with four legs.

ECCLES Hey — I keep falling down — ohhhhhhh.

SEAGOON Sorry, Eccles — here, swallow this tin of Leggo, the wonder leg-grower recommended by all good centipedes.

BILL Sweating and struggling, they managed to get Napoleon's piano into the cobbled court.

SEAGOON *(dry)* Which was more than Napoleon ever did.

BLOODNOK Halt — hand over le piano in the name of France!

SEAGOON Bloodnok, take off that kilt, we know you're not French.

BLOODNOK One step nearer and I'll strike with this fork on the end of a pole.

SEAGOON You do, and I'll attack with this kipper.

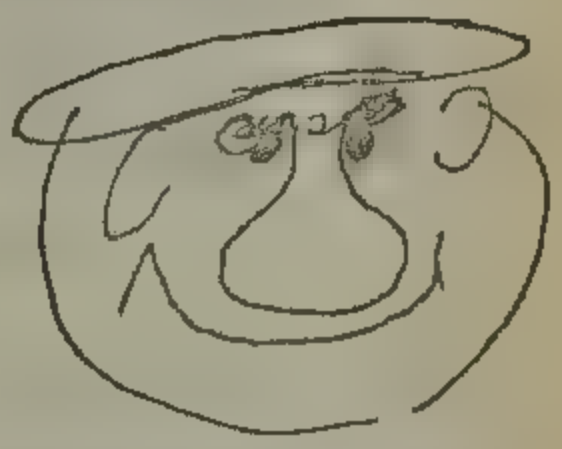
BLOODNOK I've a good mind to call the manager.

SEAGOON Call the manager.

BLOODNOK No, why should I —

SEAGOON Very well, I'll call him (I'll get him this time). Manager?

F.X. DOOR OPENS.



SPIKE Oui, Monsieur?

SEAGOON Throw this man out.

SPIKE *(Raspberry)*

F.X. DOOR SHUTS.

SEAGOON Nurse? Put the screens around that bed.

BLOODNOK Seagoon, you must let me have that piano — you see, I foolishly signed a contract that forces me to —

SEAGOON Yes, yes, we know — we're all in the same boat. We have no money, so the only way to get the piano back to England is to float it back. All together into the English Channel — hurl.

F.X. PAUSE — SPLASH.

SEAGOON All aboard — cast off.

ORCHESTRA SEASCAPE MUSIC.

GRAMS HEAVY SEAS. GULLS.

SEAGOON The log of Napoleon's Piano. December the third — Second week in English Channel. Very seasick — no food — no water. Bloodnok down with the lurgi. Eccles up with the lark.

BLOODNOK Ohhh — Seagoon — take over the keyboard, I can't steer any more.

SEAGOON Eccles? Take over the keyboard.

ECCLES I can't. I haven't brought my music.

SEAGOON You'll have to busk for the next three miles.

BLOODNOK Wait! Great galloping crabs, look in the sky.

GRAMS HELICOPTER.

BLOODNOK It's a recording of a helicopter — saved!

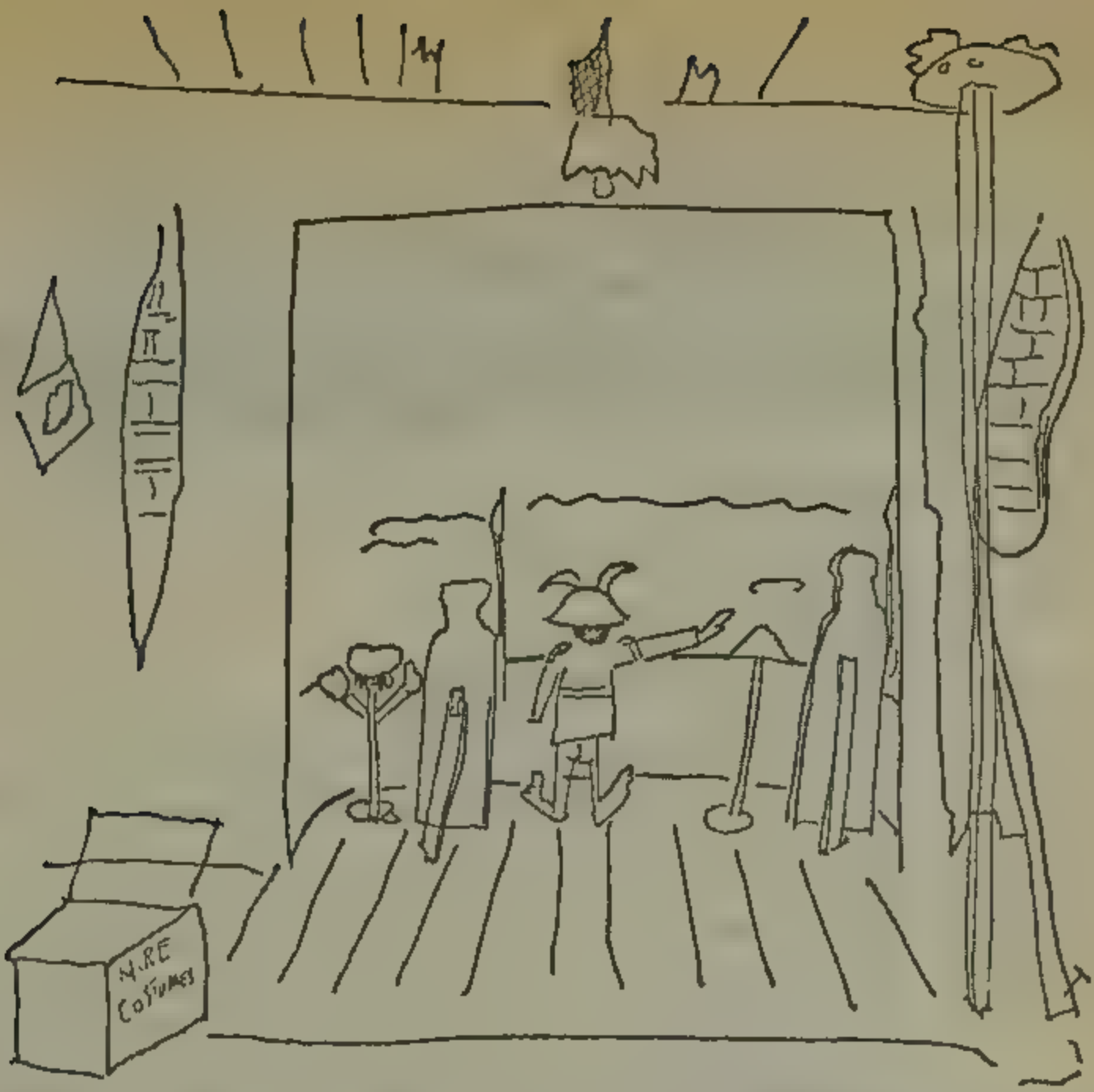
SEAGOON By St. George — saved — yes. For those of you who haven't got television, they're lowering a man on a rope.

BLUEBOTTLE Yes, it is I, Sea Ranger Blunebontle. Signals applause.

GRAMS APPLAUSE.

BLUEBOTTLE Cease — I have drunk my fill of the clapping.

SEAGOON Little stinking Admiral, you have arrived in the nick of time.




**BLUEBOTTLE** Silence — I must do my duty — hurriedly runs up cardboard Union Jack. I now claim this island for the British Empire and Lord Beaverbrook, the British patriot — thinks, I wonder why he lives in France. Three cheers for the Empire — hip hip hooray — hip hip . . .

**SEAGOON** Have you come to save us?

**BLUEBOTTLE** Hooray! Rockall is now British — cements in brass plate — steps back to salute.

**GRAMS** SPLASH.

**BLUEBOTTLE** Help! I'm in the dreaded drowning-type water.

**SEAGOON** Here, grab this fork on the end of a pole.

**BLUEBOTTLE** It's got a kipper on it.

**SEAGOON** Yes, you *must* keep your strength up.

**BLUEBOTTLE** But I'm drowning.

**SEAGOON** There's no need to go hungry as well. Take my hand.

**BLUEBOTTLE** Why? Are you a stranger in paradise?

**SEAGOON** Heave . . . for those without television, I've pulled him back on the piano.

**BLUEBOTTLE** Piano? This is not a piano — this is Rockall.

SEAGOON This is Napoleon's piano.

BLUEBOTTLE No, no — this is Rockall — we have tooked it because it is in the area of the rocket testing range.

SEAGOON I've never heard . . .

F.X. ROCKET WHOOSH. EXPLOSION.

BILL What do you think, dear listeners — were they standing on Rockall or was it Napoleon's piano? Send your suggestions to anybody but us. For those who would have preferred a happy ending, here it is.

F.X. DOOR OPENS.

HARRY Gwendeloine?? Gwendoline.

PETER John, John darling —

HARRY I've found work, darling. I've got a job.

PETER Oh John, I'm so glad for you — what is it?

HARRY All I've got to do is to move a piano from one room to another.

MORIARTY *(Mad laugh)*

ORCHESTRA SIGNATURE TUNE: UP AND DOWN FOR:

BILL That was The Goon Show — a BBC recorded programme featuring Peter Sellers, Harry Secombe and Spike Milligan with the Ray Ellington Quartet and Max Geldray. The Orchestra was conducted by Wally Stott. Script by Spike Milligan. Announcer: Wallace Greenslade. The programme produced by Peter Eton.

ORCHESTRA SIGNATURE TUNE UP TO END.

*(Applause)*

MAX & ORCHESTRA 'CRAZY RHYTHM' PLAYOUT.

# FOILED BY PRESIDENT FRED

*The Goon Show: No. 132 (6th Series, No. 7)*
*Transmission: Tuesday, 1st November 1955:*
*8.30—9.00 p.m. Home Service*
*Studio: The Garrick Theatre, London*

## The main characters

| | |
|---|---|
| Gas Meter Inspector Ned Seagoon | Harry Secombe |
| Mr Henry Crun | Peter Sellers |
| Miss Minnie Bannister | Spike Milligan |
| Major Denis Bloodnok | Peter Sellers |
| Moriarty | Spike Milligan |
| Eccles | Spike Milligan |
| Bluebottle | Peter Sellers |
| Grytpype-Thynne | Peter Sellers |
| General Aston Villa | Peter Sellers |
| Manager | Spike Milligan |

*The Ray Ellington Quartet*
*Max Geldray*
*Orchestra Conducted by Wally Stott*
*Announcer: Wallace Greenslade*
*Script by Spike Milligan*
*Production by Peter Eton*

Two poverty-stricken foreign devils, Señor Grytpype-Thynne and Count Moriaty, skint to the wide, are one day watching TV in their chicken-run in King's Cross back alley when Neddie Seagoon arrives to empty the gas meter. Staggering under the weight of a sack bursting with coppers, he foolishly accepts an offer to join them in a quarter bottle of Maurice Ponk's doped apple-jack. While still reeling from the effects of this vicious carousal he is introduced to Gladys Knees, a diaphanous spy and part-time dustwoman, who induces him to sink further into the abyss of vice by partaking of a portion of heavily loaded smoked haddock. Before he lapses into unconsciousness Ned overhears the mysterious Count Jim booking reservations for South America, and he realises that once more he has become enmeshed in the plot to kidnap President Fred and relieve him of his historic portion of the International Christmas Pudding...

Peter's picture of
Bloomsh as Villa.
Harry as Gasman.

BILL This is the BBC Home Service. And candidly, I'm fed up with it.

HARRY Have a care there, Wallace, otherwise I'll be forced to speak to John Snagge.

BILL My dear fellow, everybody has to be forced to speak to John Snagge.

HARRY Come, curb those biting cynicisms and permit me to present the highly esteemed Goon Show.

GRAMS AEOLIAN CLARINET (OR OLD DANCE MUSIC RECORD)

SPIKE Stop that sinful music! Secombe? Take off those carbon-paper plus fours and listen to the story entitled — 'In Honour Bound'.

ORCHESTRA TRADITIONAL ENGLISH HERO THEME.

SEAGOON My name is Neddie Seagoon. I was a gas meter inspector. It all began the day of the annual general board meeting of the South Balham Gas Board.

F.X. MURMURS — GAVEL.

CRUN Gentlemen — I have here the books for the — mnk — financial year — mnk — just ended — mnk — mnk — and by the look of them gas is here to stay. I am glad to say that the South Balham Gas Colossus has made a gross profit of no less than three pounds twelve shillings and nine.

GRAMS CLAPPING.

CRUN It proves that hard work pays. Now, I'll read the vital balance sheet. Credits — sales of gas, eighteen pounds. Expenses — one bag of coke, eight and sixpence; electric fire for office heating, two pounds, eleven and fourpence; replacing light bulbs in Gas Board's premises, thirteen shillings and tenpence; saxophone lessons for Chairman's wife, three pounds, eight shillings and ninepence . . .

MINNIE *(off)* Do we have to pay for saxophone lessons, buddy?

CRUN Ah — yes — you never know when it comes in useful — mnk — mnk — next we have the — oh! — ah! — oh! I overlooked an entry here — an outstanding debt of four pounds, nineteen shillings and sixpence!

GRAMS SENSATION.

CRUN Don't worry! I shall set this right at once.*(Calls)* Ned Seagoon?

F.X. DOOR OPENS.

SEAGOON Gas meter inspector Seagoon reporting for duty, sir.

CRUN Seagoon, go to this address and — mnk — serve them a seven-day final notice.

SEAGOON Yes sir. What's this? President Fred, Casa Rosa, Avenida Varest, Buenos Aires, Argentina? Argentina? That's South America.

CRUN Ohhoho — is it? Then you'd better borrow the Gas Board's bicycle.

SEAGOON But sir, it's overseas.

CRUN *(angry)* What's our bicycle doing overseas?

SEAGOON No, no. I mean *Argentina* is overseas. How can I get there on a bicycle?

CRUN Well, you must have it waterproofed.

SEAGOON Oh, thank you, sir. I hadn't thought of that. Goodbye, sir.

OMNES Goodbye — Ta ta.

BILL Dear listeners, you doubtless are wondering how it is that the South Balham Gas Board supplies gas to Argentina. It was thanks to the enterprise of a British Major who, in 1939, shipped a cylinder of gas there.

SEAGOON Yes, on arrival in Argentina it was this man I contacted.

ORCHESTRA BLOODNOK THEME.

GRAMS RECORD OF FLAMENCO GUITAR.

BLOODNOK Ah! Oh! The heat! Gladys?

RAY Si, señor?

BLOODNOK Turn off one of those women and put some more ice on the fire — ah!

F.X. KNOCK ON DOOR.

BLOODNOK *(suspicious)* Who's there?

SEAGOON *(off)* Ned Seagoon, South Balham Gas Board.

BLOODNOK Quick! Burn the books. Tear up those revolting postcards. Chase those women out of my room. Take all those 'For Sale' signs off the furniture and help me get the floor back under this carpet. *(Makes huge effort)* Come in!

F.X. DOOR OPENS.

SEAGOON Good morning.

BLOODNOK I'm sorry your journey's all been wasted. I posted the account books back to Balham this morning. Goodbye.

F.X. DOOR SLAMS. LOUD KNOCKING.

BLOODNOK You can't come in. I'm in the bath.

SEAGOON *(off)* What are you doing in the bath?

BLOODNOK I'm — I'm watching television.

SEAGOON *(off)* What's showing?

BLOODNOK My dear fellow — nothing. I've got a towel round me.

F.X. DOOR OPENS.

SEAGOON Look here, Major, enough of this tomfoolery.

BLOODNOK Do you play the saxophone?

SEAGOON No. I'm here to deliver a final demand notice to a President Fred — how do I contact him?

BLOODNOK Come to the window, lad . . .

F.X. WINDOW RAISED. DISTANT SHOTS AND SOUNDS OF WARFARE.

BLOODNOK That white house in the square is President Fred's headquarters.

SEAGOON But how can I get through that hail of bullets?

BLOODNOK Be outside the back door at midnight. I shall send a man to guide you.

SEAGOON Very well. But remember — if I'm not back within seven days, don't hesitate to cut off their gas supply. Farewell!

F.X. DOOR SLAMS. PHONE UP.

BLOODNOK Hello, Moriarty?

MORIARTY Yes.

BLOODNOK Listen, there's a Charlie from Balham coming over to collect a gas bill from President Fred. It's only three pounds, twelve shillings and ninepence.

MORIARTY Bloodnok, that money was paid to *you* last month.

BLOODNOK I know, but I don't want any trouble with the South Balham Gas fellows. Be a good feller and settle it up.

MORIARTY Sapristi galamnackos! How *can* we pay him? President Fred has vanished with all the money. I think you'd better come over here at once.

BLOODNOK Very well. I'll pause only for Max Geldray.

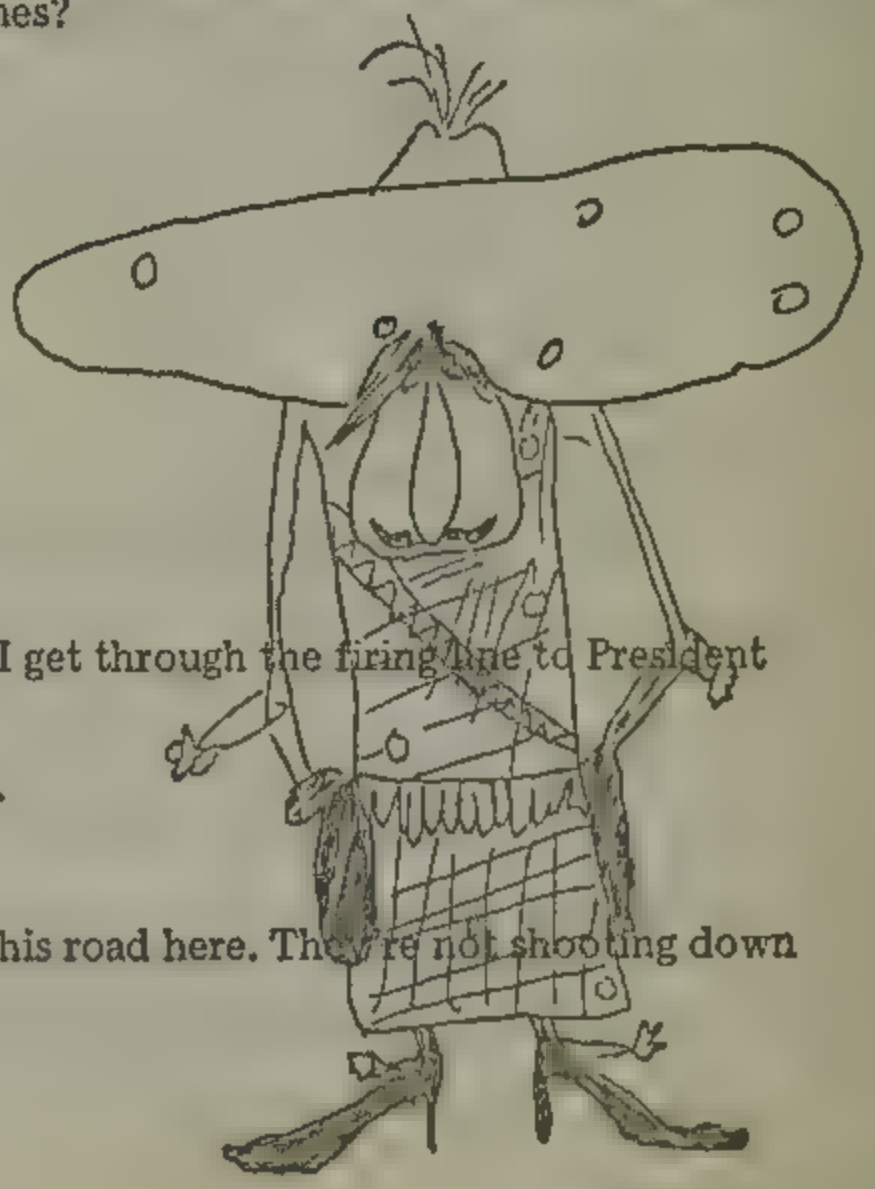
MAX & ORCHESTRA 'HAVE YOU EVER BEEN LONELY'.

*(Applause)*

SEAGOON That night at midnight I waited in a specially darkened doorway for the coming of the stranger who was to guide me on my perilous mission. I was so heavily disguised that not even my own mother would have recognised me.

MOTHER Good evening, Neddie.

SEAGOON Good evening, mum. *(Embarrassed cough)* But wait! Who is this approaching, wearing an anthracite tie, lead waistcoat, with an electric guitar plugged into the tram lines?



ECCLES Ahem — psst!

SEAGOON Are you pssting at me?

ECCLES Yeah. You Neddie Seagoon?

SEAGOON I am.

ECCLES Been waiting long?

SEAGOON Yes.

ECCLES Who for?

SEAGOON You, you idiot. Now, how do I get through the firing line to President Fred's headquarters?

ECCLES Go straight up that road there.

SEAGOON But they're shooting down it.

ECCLES Oh. Don't go that way. Take this road here. They're not shooting down that.

SEAGOON That road doesn't lead to it.

ECCLES No, don't take that one.

*(Pause)*

SEAGOON Any other ideas?

ECCLES Do you play the saxophone?

SEAGOON No.

ECCLES Well — I'd better be getting along now.

SEAGOON Don't go. The sewers! That's how we'll get there. Quick. Down this manhole.

F.X. MANHOLE COVER. TWO SPLASHES. WADING (CONTINUES:—)

SEAGOON *(proud)* Now — I'm going to roll up my trousers.

ECCLES Why?

SEAGOON I've got nice legs. Wait! What's that ahead?

ECCLES It's a head.

SEAGOON Yes, but whose it is?

BLUEBOTTLE It is mine, my capting.

SEAGOON Who are you, little cardboard-clad frogman?

BLUEBOTTLE I will give you a musical clue. Close your eyes. Moves right, picks up flannel zither. *(Sings)* Plunka-plunka-plunka-plunk . . . etc. *('Harry Lime')*

ECCLES I know. The Man from Laramie.

BLUEBOTTLE *(heartbroken)* You rotten swine, you. I'm not the Laramie man. I'm the Harry Lime-type man. Goes into second chorus. *(Sing as before)*

SEAGOON Save that lovely voice, little widget. Tonight is not the Harry Lime game. Tonight is the South American President Fred game.

BLUEBOTTLE Oh! Do not go. Wait for me. Quickly throws away silly zither, makes brown paper lariat, reverses Mum's old bloomers to make cowboy trousers and picks up hair and fibre banjo. Olé! Am ready for new game. Ride, vaquero, ride!

SEAGOON Well done, little thrice-adolescent hybrid. Lead me to President Fred's headquarters and this quarter of liquorice all-sorts is yours.

BLUEBOTTLE Oooh! Licorish! Thinks. I must be careful how many of these I eat. Right, Captain, quick — jump into this cardboard bootbox. Hurriedly wraps up captain in brown paper parcel labelled "Explosives" and stuffs him through headquarters letter box. Jumps on to passing dustcart and exits left to buy bowler before price goes up. Thinks — that wasn't a very big part for Bluebottle.

BILL By the magic of inconsequence the scene now changes to the Suspicious Parcels Testing Chamber in President Fred's headquarters.

MORIARTY Grytpype, this mysterious parcel has just arrived by mysterious parcel post — mysteriously.

GRYTPYPE-THYNNE Right, Moriarty. Steam the stamp off and cash it.

MORIARTY Sapristi Muchos! I don't like the expression on this parcel's label. I wonder what's in it.

F.X. PHONE RINGS. RECEIVER UP.

GRYTPYPE-THYNNE Hello?

SEAGOON *(distort)* I'll tell you what's in the parcel. It's me, gas meter Inspector Neddie Seagoon, South Balham Gas Board. You have seven days to pay a gas bill of three pounds, twelve and nine.

GRYTPYPE-THYNNE Um! Do you play the saxophone?

SEAGOON *(distort)* No. Now listen, you have seven days to pay. You can post your cheque to me care of this parcel.

F.X. PHONE DOWN.

GRYTPYPE-THYNNE Mmm! Moriarty, hand me that forty-ton steam hammer.

F.X. PSST! THUD! PHONE RINGS AND RECEIVER UP.

SEAGOON *(distort)* Ow!

F.X. RECEIVER DOWN.

GRYTPYPE-THYNNE Yes — Moriarty, make a hole in the parcel, insert the nozzle of this hose and turn it on — so!

F.X. RUNNING WATER. PHONE RINGS AND RECEIVER UP.

GRYTPYPE-THYNNE Hello?

SEAGOON *(through water)* Bobbleobbleobbleobble — plumber!

F.X. PHONE DOWN.

GRYTPYPE-THYNNE That'll do, Moriarty. I think he's had enough. Open it.

F.X. PAPER TORN.

SEAGOON Thank heaven you've arrived. The roof was leaking. Now then — what about this gas bill? President Fred owes the South Balham Gas Board three pounds, twelve shillings and ninepence.

GRYTPYPE-THYNNE Oh — I tell you what. Go down to the basement and read the meter and make sure.

SEAGOON Right. Come, Eccles —

F.X. DOOR SHUTS.

GRYTPYPE-THYNNE Good. That gives us a breathing space. I say, how empty the room is without him.

F.X. BACKGROUND SHOOTING.

MORIARTY Sapristi — the counter-revolutionaries with tanks are attacking.

GRYTPYPE-THYNNE We've got to evacuate.

MORIARTY Why?

GRYTPYTE-THYNNE The rent's too high here. Pack the floor. We're leaving.

F.X. DOOR SHUTS. DOOR BROKEN DOWN. SHOTS.

"OMNES: MURMUR"

**OMNES** *(Shouts)*

**GENERAL ASTON VILLA** Well, the cowardly swines have run away. They are frightened of Il Heneral Aston Villa. Run up my personal flag. Ssh! Someone's coming upstairs.

**F.X.** DOOR OPENS.

**SEAGOON** Right, gentlemen, I've checked the meter, and the bill is exactly four pounds.

**GENERAL ASTON VILLA** What are you talking about, you miserable English creep?

**SEAGOON** Come, come, Mr. Grytpype, you can't fool the South Balham Gas Board with those childish disguises and silly changes of voice. Four pounds, please.

**GENERAL ASTON VILLA** There is some mistake, señor. We have just taken possession here this very minute. We only just lit the gas.

**SEAGOON** Good heavens, I'm dreadfully sorry. In that case you couldn't have used more than a therm or two. I'll go down and read the meter again. Excuse me . . .

**F.X.** DOOR CLOSES.

**GENERAL ASTON VILLA** Now — when he comes up — pay the bill — then keel heem.

F.X. BURST OF FIRING.

OBREGON Queeck! The President Fredists are attacking.

GENERAL ASTON VILLA Everybody retreat.

F.X. GENERAL STAMPEDE OUT AND DOOR CLOSES.

*(Pause)*

F.X. DOOR OPENS.

GRYTPYPE-THYNNE Well done, Moriarty. What a beautiful counter-attack. We couldn't have continued to hold *their* headquarters anyway. Three pounds, ten shillings a week? Impossible!

F.X. DOOR OPENS.

SEAGOON Well, gentlemen, I've read the meter. And you were quite right. You'd only put on one more therm — one and six please.

GRYTPYPE-THYNNE Right. Here's a photograph of two shillings.

SEAGOON Thank you. And here's a photograph of sixpence — change.

GRYTPYPE-THYNNE Can't you do it in coppers?

SEAGOON By all means — here's a photograph of sixpence in coppers.

GRYTPYPE-THYNNE Thank you.

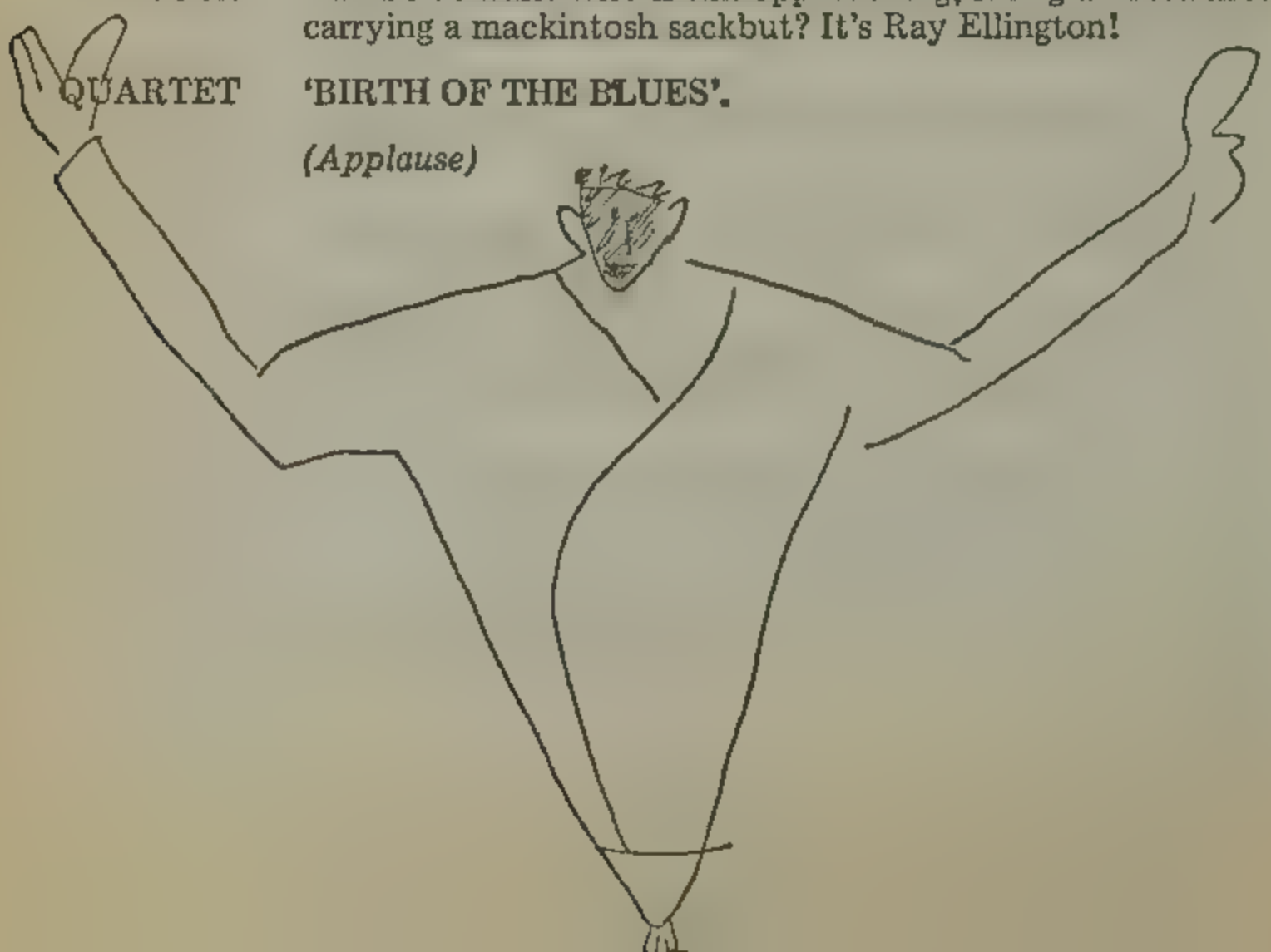
SEAGOON No wait! It's you back again! You've cheated me. You're the people who owe the three pounds, twelve shillings and ninepence.

GRYTPYPE-THYNNE That's President Fred's responsibility. Go and see him. Room 509.

SEAGOON I will. But wait! Who is this approaching, riding a kilted monkey and carrying a mackintosh sackbut? It's Ray Ellington!

QUARTET 'BIRTH OF THE BLUES'.

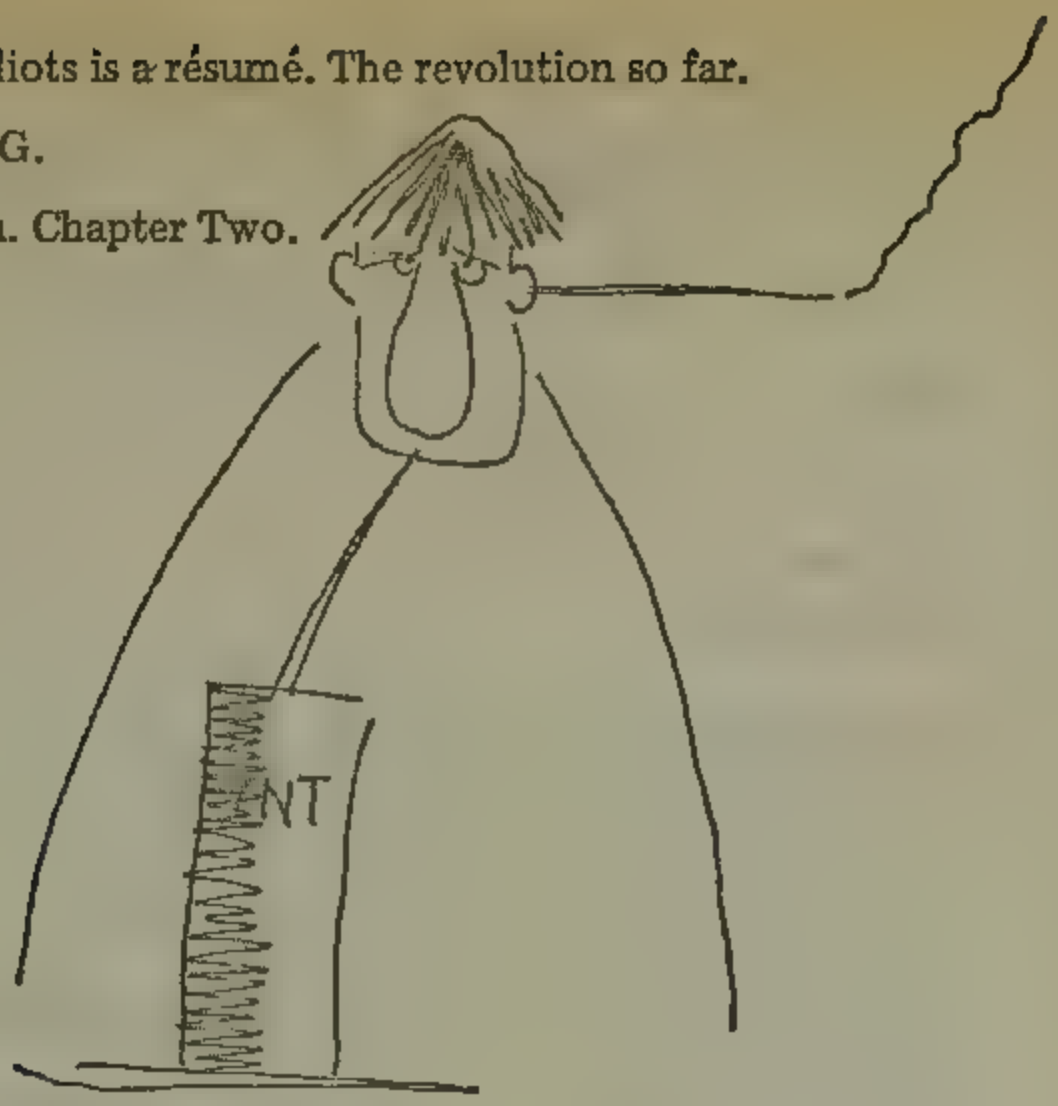
*(Applause)*



BILL Here for idiots is a résumé. The revolution so far.

F.X. SHOOTING.

BILL Thank you. Chapter Two.




F.X. KNOCKING ON THE DOOR.

BLOODNOK Heavens-o! El knocko on the door-o. Come in-o.

F.X. DOOR OPENS.

SEAGOON Good morning, President Fred Peron. I've come to collect — wait a minute. You don't look like President Fred Peron.

BLOODNOK What a coincidence! Neither do you!

SEAGOON But I'm not supposed to be him.

BLOODNOK Oh! So that's your excuse, is it? By the way, do you play the saxophone?

SEAGOON No.

BLOODNOK I'll give you a lesson.

SAXOPHONE SOLO — 'VALSE VANITE'.

SEAGOON Stop that! I'm convinced you're not President Fred. You're Major Bloodnok.

BLOODNOK Nonsense. And you can soon find out. 'Phone him on the telefonico at this number-o: three-o nine-o.

SEAGOON By gad, I will . . .

F.X. RECEIVER UP. DIALLING.

SEAGOON *(over)* I'll soon call this cunning bluff.

F.X. PHONE RINGS.

BLOODNOK Excuse me a moment.

F.X. PHONE UP.

BLOODNOK Hello. Three-o nine-o here.

SEAGOON Who's that speaking?

BLOODNOK Major Denis Bloodnok.

SEAGOON Oh! I'm sorry. There's a man here whom I've accused of being you.

BLOODNOK Why?

SEAGOON He's your living image. He even sounds like you.

BLOODNOK Nonsense — goodbye —

F.X. PHONE DOWN.

BLOODNOK *(to Seagoon)* Well, you doubter? You see?

SEAGOON I'm sorry. But if *you're* President Fred, there's a gas bill here which now stands at four pounds.

BLOODNOK Oh! Right, I'll pay you. Here's a photograph of a four pound note.

SEAGOON Thank you. Now I can report back to Major Bloodnok, 'Mission completed. Gas bill paid in full'.

F.X. DOOR SLAMS.

BLOODNOK Good, he's gone.

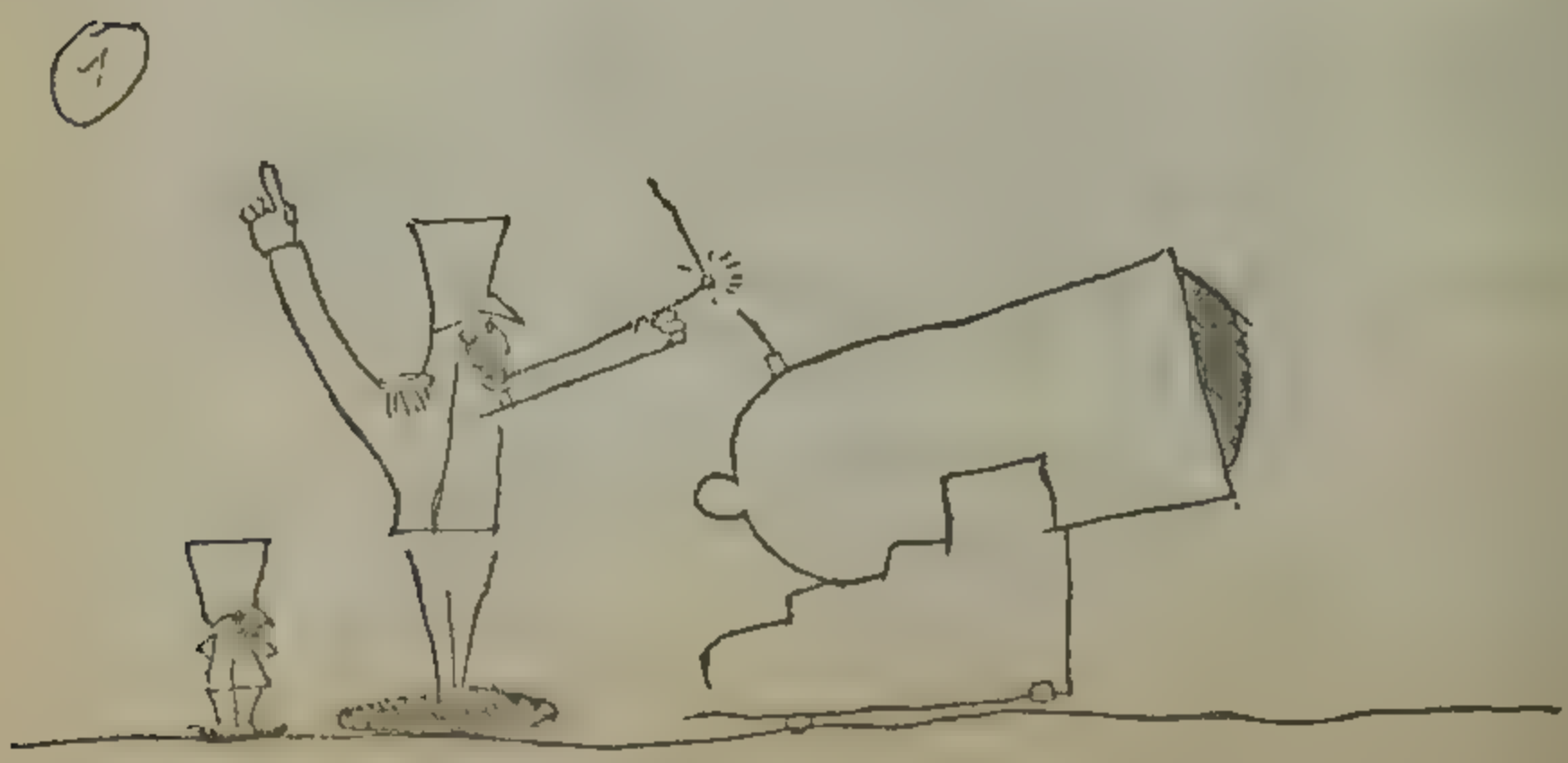
*(Pause)*

F.X. DOOR OPENS.

MORIARTY Ah! Bloodnok! You got rid of him, then. Splendid. And we for our part — we've got rid of President Fred Peron.

BLOODNOK You mean . . . ?

MORIARTY Yes. He gave us all his money to smuggle him out of the country.



BLOODNOK Well done. Now to divide his fifty million.

MORIARTY Yes. I have it here in this red sack.

BLOODNOK Good. We'll split evenly. I'll take the money and you take the sack.

MORIARTY No. Why should I get the lion's share? You have the sack and I'll take the money.

BLOODNOK Listen, Moriarty. Let us settle this thing amicably.

F.X. SHOT.

MORIARTY Oh, Sapristi Nuckos! Dead!

F.X. THUD.

BLOODNOK Good heavens! That pistol was loaded. Poor Moriarty. I wonder if he played the saxophone. Taxi!

F.X. TAXI DRIVES OFF.

*(Pause)*

F.X. DOOR OPENS.

RYTPYPE-THYNNE Has he gone?

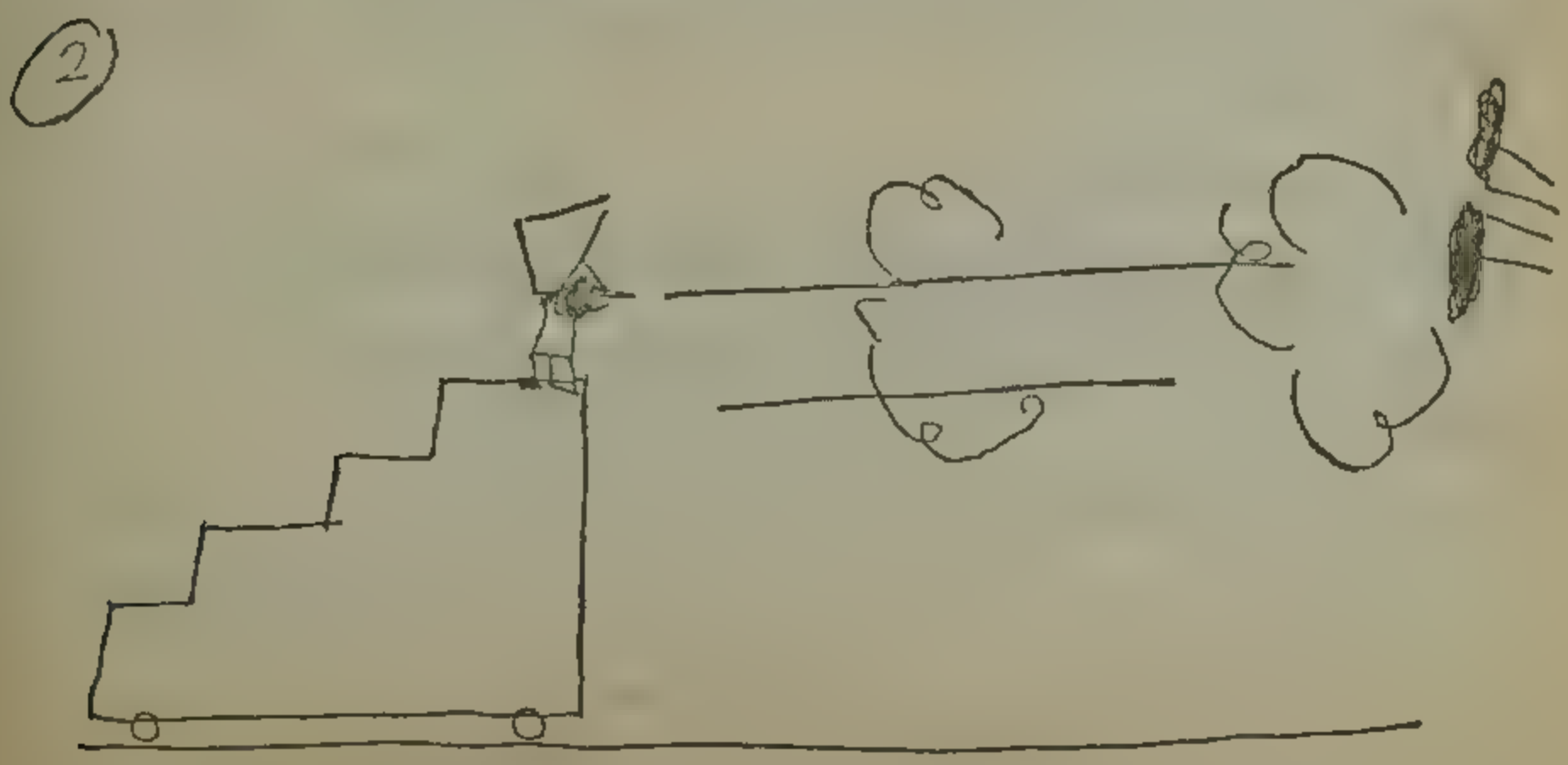
MORIARTY Yes. He swallowed the bait, hook, line and sinker. I gave him a pistol with a blank cartridge and he took the red sack full of the forged banknotes.

RYTPYPE-THYNNE Splendid. I've got the genuine money here in this *blue* sack. Now, you go to the airport, Moriarty, and buy two air tickets.

MORIARTY Right.

F.X. WHOOSH. DOOR SHUTS.

RYTPYPE-THYNNE Fifty million, eh? *(Sings softly)* Christmas in Capri, millions of moulah . . .



F.X. DOOR OPENS.

ECCLES Hello, Mr. Grytpype. I see you got that old red sack full of those forged notes ready to fool old Bloodnok, then. That was a good idea of yours having me pack those two sacks. Where's the *blue* sack with the *real* stuff?

GRYTPYPE-THYNNE This *is* the blue one.

ECCLES Oh! That man was right then.

GRYTPYPE-THYNNE What man?

ECCLES That oculist fellow who said I was colour-blind.

GRYTPYPE-THYNNE You mean Bloodnok has the *real* money?

ECCLES Yeah.

GRYTPYPE-THYNNE Moriarty! Quick!

F.X. WHOOSH! WHOOSH!

ECCLES *(sings)* I talk to der trees — dat's why . . . *(etc.)*

F.X. DOOR OPENS.

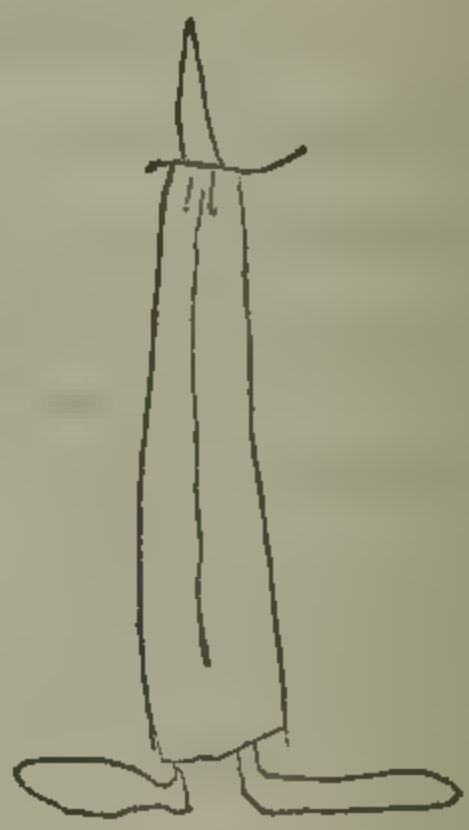
BLUEBOTTLE Has Mr. Grytpype gone, Eccles?

ECCLES Yup. Yup. *(Sings)*

BLUEBOTTLE And left us the blue sack with all the real money?

ECCLES Yup. *(Sings)*

ECCLES & BLUEBOTTLE Ha. Ha. Ha.



BLUEBOTTLE Oh, I like this game, don't you, Eccles?

ECCLES Yup, it's fine — fine.

BOTH *(sings)* Christmas in Capri, plenty of money . . .

*(Fade)*

F.X. DOOR OPENS.

BLOODNOK *(breathlessly)* Juan! Pack everything. I've millions of moulah. I must leave before Neddie gets back . . .

RAY You'd better take that President Fred Peron make up off.

BLOODNOK Yes, there!

F.X. DOOR BURSTS OPEN.

SEAGOON Major Bloodnok My mission's completed. Here's a photo of a four pound note.

BLOODNOK Wait! This note in the photograph — it's a forgery!

SEAGOON Gad, I've been tricked! Bloodnok, I'll go right back!

F.X. DOOR SLAMS.

BLOODNOK *(hums)* Christmas in Capri — let's count the moolah.

F.X. DOOR OPENS.

MORIARTY Hands up!

BLOODNOK Ah! Great thundering widgets of Kludge! Put down that double-action hydraulic-recoil eighteen-inch Howitzer.

MORIARTY No. It belonged to my mother.

BLOODNOK What do you want?

MORIARTY Give me that sack of money.

BLOODNOK Come, come, Moriarty. Old friends mustn't fall out.

MORIARTY Very well, we'll settle this amicably.

BLOODNOK How?

MORIARTY Like this.

F.X. SHOT.

BLOODNOK Ah! Shot through me gaiters!

MORIARTY Got him.

F.X. DOOR OPENS.

YTPYPE-THYNNE Is he dead?

MORIARTY Yes.

F.X. SHOT.

MORIARTY Ooooh! Shot in the kringe!

F.X. THUD.

YTPYPE-THYNNE Got him!

F.X. DOOR OPENS.

SEAGOON Grytpype!

YTPYPE-THYNNE Hello, Neddie.

SEAGOON What are these men lying on the floor for?

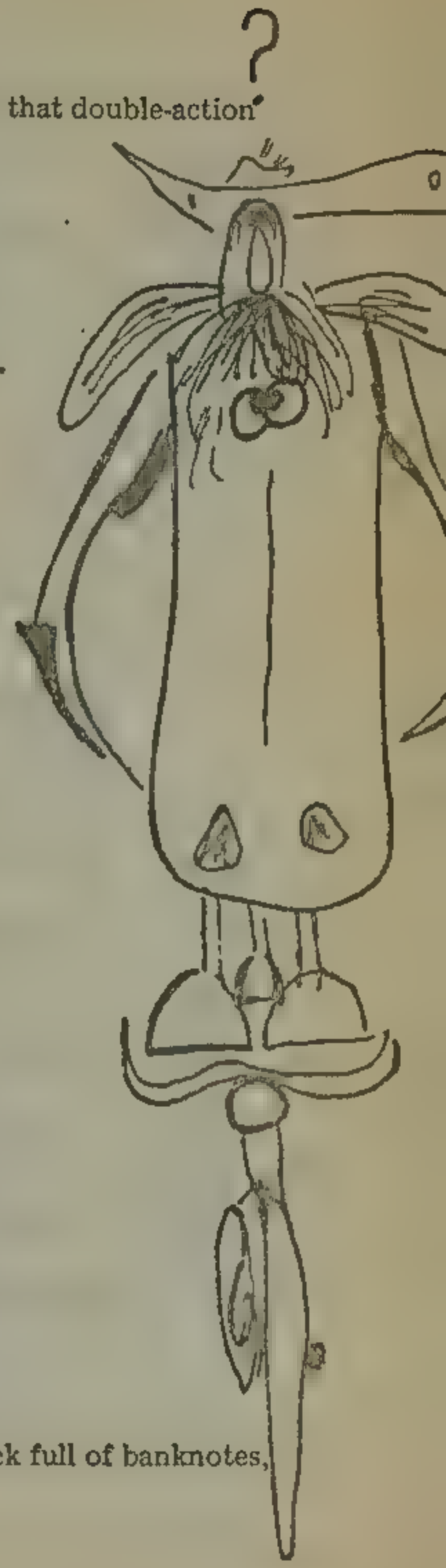
YTPYPE-THYNNE We haven't got any carpets.

SEAGOON Eccles told me that Bloodnok ran off with a red sack full of banknotes, believing them to be real.

YTPYPE-THYNNE And — weren't they?

SEAGOON No. The real ones are with Eccles.

F.X. WHOOSH. DOOR SHUTS. (PAUSE.) DOOR OPENS.



ECCLES Hullo. Has he gone?

SEAGOON Yes.

ECCLES Fine, fine, fine. You know, I'm not really colour-blind at all. I only said that to fool Bluebottle. That *blue* sack you're holding is full of the *real* stuff.

SEAGOON Blue? This is a *red* sack.

ECCLES Ooooh! Then you got the wrong stuff. Bluebottle's got the real stuff.

SEAGOON Then I must find him and collect the Gas Board's four pounds from President Fred's treasure. Farewell.

F.X. DOOR SHUTS.

*(Pause)*

F.X. DOOR OPENS.

BLUEBOTTLE Has he gone, Eccles?

ECCLES Yup, yup.

BLUEBOTTLE And now we have both sacks — the red one and the blue one. Heehee! This is a good game. Eccles, which sack has the *real* money?

ECCLES The blue one.

BLUEBOTTLE Then we will split it fifty-fifty. You take the red one and I'll take the blue one.

ECCLES Fine, fine.

BLUEBOTTLE And you're sure you're not colour-blind?

ECCLES No, no.

BLUEBOTTLE Well, goodbye Eccles..

F.X. DOOR SHUTS.

ECCLES Goodbye, Redbottle.

BILL Three weeks later, at the head office of the South Balham Gas Board.

F.X. KNOCK ON DOOR.

MANAGER Come in.

F.X. DOOR OPENS.

VIOLIN 'HEARTS AND FLOWERS'.

MANAGER Seagoon, put that blasted violin down and get up off your knees. Here — I'll hold that celluloid baby.

MUSIC OUT.

SEAGOON Please sir, I know I failed to collect that bill, but — couldn't I have my old job back?

MANAGER I'm sorry, it's gone. Allow me to introduce our new gas meter inspector, Balham area — President Fred.

BLOODNOK Ah! Pleased to meet you.

SEAGOON Oh no!

ORCHESTRA LINK.

BILL Meantime, on the Isle of Capri . . .

GUITAR MUSIC ACCOMPANIMENT.

ECCLES *(hums)* "O Sole Mio" etc . . . *(Calls)* Hey, Manager! My bill!

GRYTPYPE-THYNNE — Yes, sir. Let me see now, sir. Egg on toast and small pot of tea — that makes just fifty million pesos.

ECCLES — Oh, that's okay. I've got it all here in this blue sack.

GRYTPYPE-THYNNE — But that's a red sack.

ECCLES — Oooh!

ORCHESTRA — SIGNATURE TUNE: UP AND DOWN FOR:—

BILL — Stop! Stop, please!

MUSIC OUT.

BILL — If the cast will just gather round, the BBC cashier will pay them for the last overseas repeat in pesos from this blue sack.

HARRY — But that's a red sack.

PETER — Blue.

SPIKE — It's green.

ORCHESTRA — SIGNATURE TUNE: UP AND DOWN FOR:—

BILL — That was The Goon Show — a BBC recorded programme featuring Peter Sellers, Harry Secombe and Spike Milligan with the Ray Ellington Quartet and Max Geldray. The orchestra was conducted by Wally Stott. Script by Spike Milligan. Announcer Wallace Greenslade. The programme was produced by Peter Eton.

ORCHESTRA — SIGNATURE TUNE UP TO END.

*(Applause)*

MAX & ORCHESTRA — 'CRAZY RHYTHM' PLAYOUT.

# THE MIGHTY WURLITZER

*The Goon Show: No. 140 (6th Series, No. 15)*
*Transmission: Tuesday, 27th December 1955:*
*8.30—9.00 p.m. Home Service*
*Studio: The Camden Theatre, London*

## The main characters

| | |
|---|---|
| Eccles | Spike Milligan |
| Ned Seagoon | Harry Secombe |
| Grytpype-Thynne | Peter Sellers |
| Moriarty | Spike Milligan |
| Major Denis Bloodnok | Peter Sellers |
| Miss Minnie Bannister | Spike Milligan |
| Mr Henry Crun | Peter Sellers |
| Bluebottle | Peter Sellers |

*The Ray Ellington Quartet*
*Max Geldray*
*Orchestra Conducted by Wally Stott*
*Announcer: Wallace Greenslade*
*Script by Spike Milligan*
*Production by Peter Eton*

Young Ned Seagoon, driven by a driving ambition to become the world's greatest organ player, leaves his native Wales in order to pursue his musical studies in the Sahara. There, racing across the sands in the cockpit of his 50-ton brass-bound Wurlitzer, Ned meets unscrupulous villains Grytpype-Thynne and Count Moriarty, scrapdealers by appointment and purchasers of arms for Egypt. They have other plans for the Mighty Wurlitzer, however, which lead Neddie to a hair-raising race on Dayton Beach against ace organ pilots Crun and Bannister, in a desperate attempt to beat the land speed record for Wurlitzers. But it is a different record that poor Neddie breaks...

BILL This is the BBC Home Service. Hip. Hip.

ORCHESTRA & CAST *(crisp)* Hooray.

BILL Oh, what fun we are having. Listeners will excuse this breach of Corporation discipline, but, well — it is the festive season so — whoopee! *(Finger in mouth wobble)*

HARRY Mr. Greenslade! Stop taking those naughty elderly men's get fit hormones.

BILL Get knotted, little Welsh bum.

HARRY What what what what what? Have a care, large bloated-type announcing gentleman or I'll belt the back of that great fat greasy nut of yours.

BILL Don't speak to me in those severe overtones. I'll have you know that I've been very ill. In fact I was at death's door twice.

HARRY *(dry)* Why didn't you knock. Enough of this Noel Coward-type dialogue. Remove those stained-glass corsets and give the listening listeners the old posh wireless chat there.

BILL Ladies and gentlemen, presenting the extraordinary talking-type wireless Goon Show.

HARRY Hip Hip.

SPIKE *(Raspberry)*

HARRY Ta. Tonight's play was written by that great homeless author Lucky 'Smiling Jim' Milligan, now living in a damp leather bucaine off the coast of Highgate.

SPIKE Oooooh yes. Tonight I present my masterpiece entitled — ohh — 'The Mighty Wurlitzer'. Oooo.

ORCHESTRA CRASHING DESCENDING CHORDS.

GRAMS ORGAN PLAYING BACH'S TOCATA AND FUGUE.

SPIKE *(acid)* Hear that sound, listeners? Ha ha.

SEAGOON Yes, we can all hear it — Bach's Tocata and Fugue — by Batch. Written especially for Reg Dixon and his Blackpool Tower. It was that music that meed up my mooned to tik up the organ — but that started many years ago in the Rhonda Valley back.

ORCHESTRA 'SOSPAN BACH' MOTIF.

F.X. VERY HEAVY DOOR RATTLING — DOOR OPENS.

SPIKE Hear that sound listeners? A door.

SEAGOON *(coming in)* Sospach Bach an . . .

PETER *(Mal Jones)* Who's that?

SEAGOON I just brought your saucepan bach. Ha ha ha.

PETER Oh, it's Neddie son bach back from the pit bach. You're back from the pit early bach?

SEAGOON Yes — I found a piece of coal so they sent me home.

PETER Oh lovely. Now sit down on grandad and eat your nice reeking black bread and goat pie bach.

SEAGOON You killed the goat for Christmas bach?

PETER We had to — he ate the turkey, only way we could get it back bach.

SPIKE Meiouw.

SEAGOON Puss, puss, come here, puss bach.

SPIKE Meiouw, meiouw bach.

SEAGOON *(dry)* That's the first time I've heard a cat bark.

F.X. DOOR OPENS. GALLOPING COCONUT SHELLS FAST.

ECCLES Hello, Neddie bach.

SEAGOON Oh, it's Eccles, the looney.

ECCLES Hello Nedieee — hello Nedieeee.

SEAGOON What the hell are you talking about?

ECCLES I've been taking talking lessons — I'm going ter be an actor. To be or not to be, Neddie.

SEAGOON Shakespeare, eh?

ECCLES No, dat was Hamlet.

SEAGOON Have you seen Richard the Third?

ECCLES No — he died before I was born.

SEAGOON Dead? He can't be — why, only last week I saw him in a film.

ECCLES Must have been an old one. Friends, Romans and countrymen — lend me your ears. I come to ....

SEAGOON Shut up, Eccles.

ECCLES Shut up, Eccles.

PETER Neddie, what's this I hear? You playing the organ in the chapel?

SEAGOON Oh yes, mother — play it lovely I do.

PETER Oh, then why have half the congregation changed their religion?

SEAGOON They don't appreciate a musical genius. You'll see, one day I'll be another Reg the Dixon — another Sandy the MacNabs.

F.X. HEAVY DOOR KNOB RATTLING. DOOR OPENS.

SPIKE Hear that sound, listeners? A door.

BILL *(English)* Good evening, Mrs. Seagoon bach. Look you, 'tis I, isn't it bach.

SEAGOON *(dry)* Who're you kidding?

PETER It's Greenslade the talker — lovely man he is too. Pull up Eccles and sit down.

ECCLES Ohhhhhh.

BILL Sorry, bach. Mrs. Seagoon, may I see you alone?

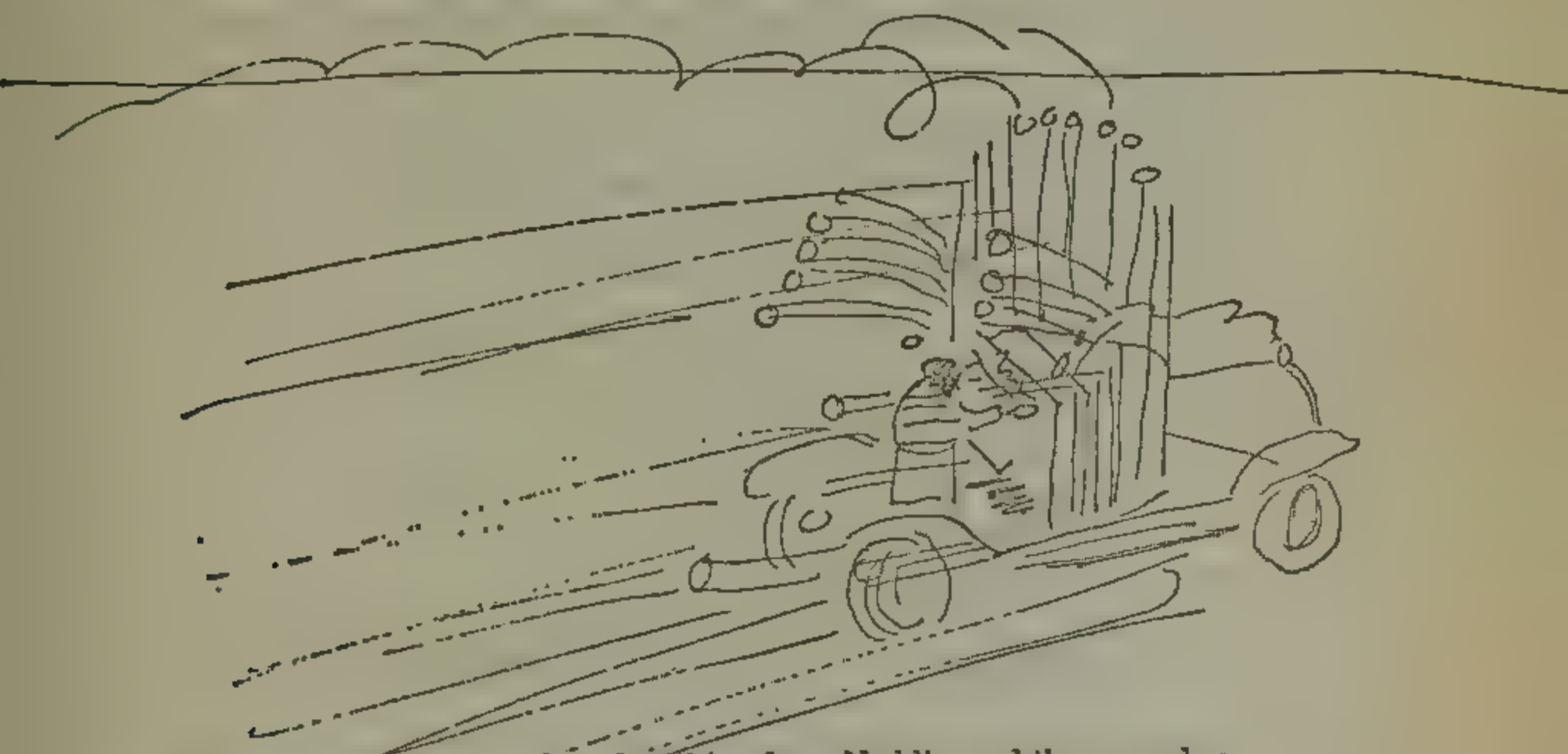
PETER Ohhh, you devil, and my husband still in the house too.

BILL Madam, I came here merely to discuss Neddie. The villagers have sent me here with this money to send Neddie away for a musical education. *(Goes off talking)* We realise that he has . . . .

SEAGOON And so Eccles and I left the village — as we reached the top of the hill we turned and waved and the villagers replied.

GRAMS RIFLE SHOTS. RICOCHETS IN FOREGROUND.

SPIKE Hear that sound, dear listeners? Ha ha.



BILL For years we heard nothing from Neddie, and then one day . . .

PETER We heard nothing from him again.

BILL We put a light in the window — nothing much happened — except the house burnt down. The first people to see him again were two gentlemen purchasing arms for the Egyptians.

GRAMS OLD MOTOR CAR.

GRYTPYPE-THYNNE Yes, Moriarty and myself were searching the North African deserts for old derelict tanks and guns.

MORIARTY *(sings)* I'm walking backwards for Christmas across the Irish sea.

GRYTPYPE-THYNNE Stop the car.

GRAMS CAR STOPS DEAD.

GRYTPYPE-THYNNE I thought I saw a Greek urn buried in the sand.

MORIARTY — What's a Greek earn?

GRYTPYPE-THYNNE — It's a vase made by Greeks for carrying liquids.

MORIARTY — I didn't expect that answer.

GRYTPYPE-THYNNE — Neither did quite a few smart alec listeners. Drive on — wait — listen.

GRAMS — THE ORGAN APPROACHING AT SPEED — AND PASSES.

SPIKE — Hear that sound, listeners?

MORIARTY — By the great bursting sweaters of Sabrina — did you see that?

GRYTPYPE-THYNNE — Gad, yes — a man driving a cinema organ at speed.

MORIARTY — I can't understand it, the nearest Odeon is at Clapham.

GRYTPYPE-THYNNE — Then the poor devil's lost.

MORIARTY — Lost? Sapristi Noblers, what's a cinema organist doing in the Sahara Desert?

GRYTPYPE THYNNE — It might be Sandy on holiday.

MORIARTY — It's always Sandy on holiday in the Sahara. Look, he's turning round. He's coming back.

GRAMS — ORGAN APPROACHES AND SLOWS DOWN.

GRYTPYPE-THYNNE — Quick, Moriarty, put on evening dress — it's a white man.

SEAGOON — I say — hello there.

GRYTPYPE-THYNNE — We say hello there, too. Have a statue of George the Third.

SEAGOON — No thanks, they give me a headache.

GRYTPYPE-THYNNE — Oh, bad luck.

SEAGOON — Needle nardle noo. I saw you parked here, thought you might be having trouble with your car.

MORIARTY — We are.

SEAGOON — What's wrong?

MORIARTY — We can't keep up the instalments.

SEAGOON — When did you buy it?

MORIARTY — Yesterday.

GRYTPYTE-THYNNE — I say, aren't you Ned Seagoon, the golden-voiced coon?

SEAGOON — Yes, that's me.

GRYTPYPE THYNNE — At last we meet then, face to face.

SEAGOON — *(dry)* Horrible isn't it?

GRYTPYPE-THYNNE — Only for me.

SEAGOON — Remains to be seen.

RYTPYPE-THYNNE What?

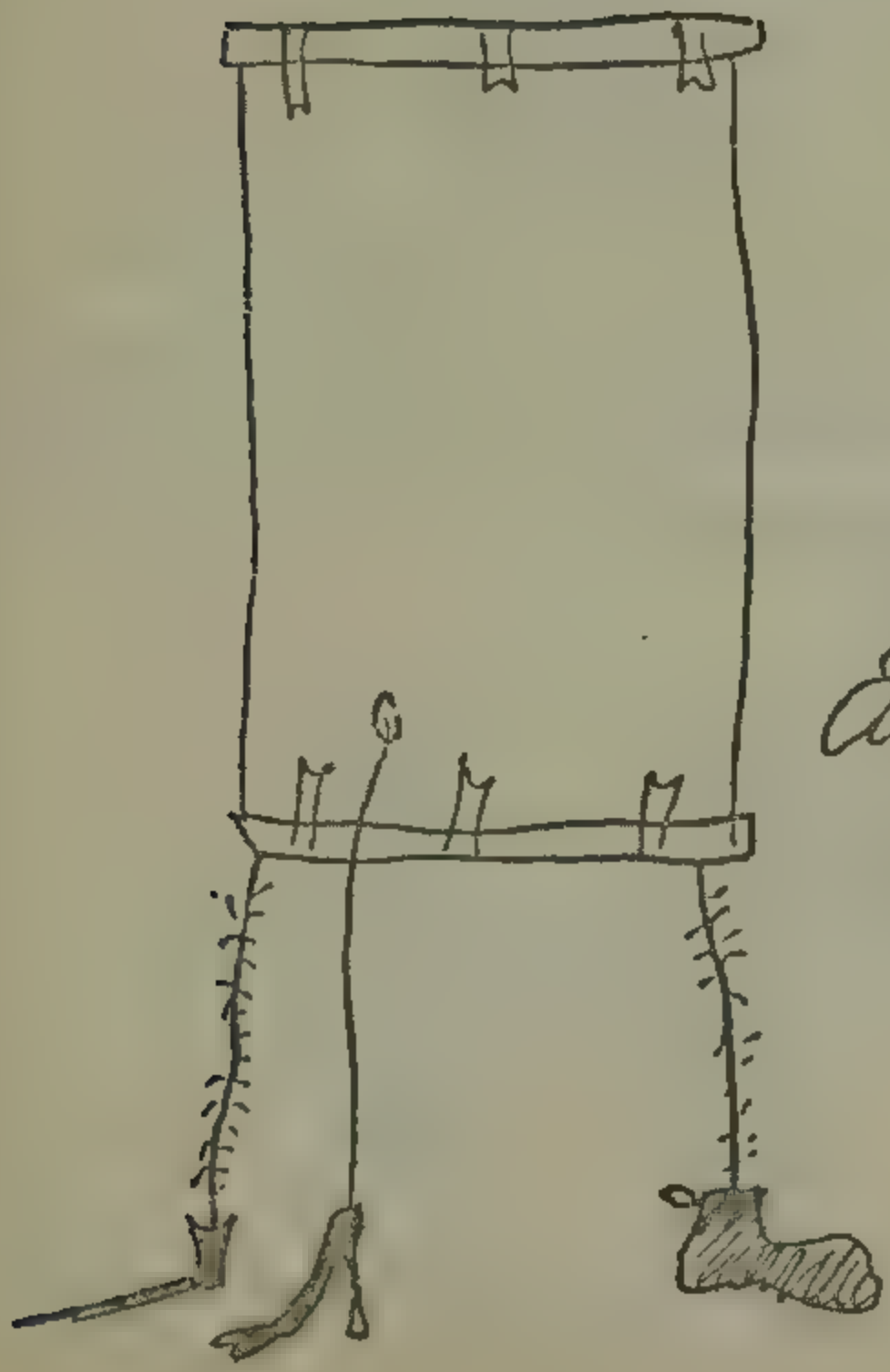
SEAGOON A turkey after Christmas. Ha ha.

SPIKE *(quick)* Hear that joke, dear listeners?

RYTPYPE-THYNNE Man to man, Neddie, how's the record selling?

SEAGOON It's number scrimpson scree and throo on Housewives' Choice and third on —

MORIARTY Stop this crazy-type talking — let's get going, Grytpype. My wife is waiting for you to come home.



GRYTPYPE-THYNNE Not so fast, crazy-type frog-eater. Neddie? Allow me to introduce my heavily-oiled friend, Count Fred Moriarty, crack leather bucaine player and voted Mr. Thin Legs of 1912.

MORIARTY Correction, Thin Leg.

GRYTPYPE-THYNNE Leg?

MORIARTY Yes, I only entered one. Now Seagoon — tell us, what is that fifty-ton brass-bound contraption you're driving?

SEAGOON It's a Wurlitzer.

MORIARTY We thought it was a mirage.

SEAGOON A mirage? I've never heard of that make. Ha ha.

GRYTPYPE-THYNNE Gad, what wit. You're not the famous Evelyn Waugh, are you?

SEAGOON Heavens no, I wasn't born till 1918.

GRYTPYPE-THYNNE Then you must be the famous 1918 Waugh.

SEAGOON Needle nardle noo.

GRYTPYPE THYNNE Touché.

SEAGOON Threeché.

MORIARTY Sabrina.

OMNES *(sharp)* Hooray.

GRYTPYPE-THYNNE Glad we all agree. While the listeners are wondering what this all means — here is Max Geldray to pay his perforated Arabian neck twig and steam boot.

MAX & ORCHESTRA 'I'M IN THE MOOD FOR LOVE'.

*(Applause)*

BILL The Mighty Wurlitzer, Part Two, hip hip.

OMNES Hooray.

BILL Ta. It did not take long for Grytpype-Thynne to realise that Neddie's mighty high-speed organ would make good gun barrels for the tanks now waiting at Antwerp for shipment to Egypt.

SEAGOON They took me to lunch at the swank Hotel des Wogs in Cairo.

GRAMS WOG TRIO.

GRYTPYPE-THYNNE Ahh, enjoy the meal, Neddie?

SEAGOON Burp.

GRYTPYPE-THYNNE Splendid.

SEAGOON You ask me why I only play my organ whilst travelling at speed — or faster — well, I didn't want people to copy my technique — didn't like them looking over my shoulder — so the answer was, keep moving.

MORIARTY You are brilliant — the cleverest idiot I have met.

SEAGOON Then you haven't met the man who pumps the organ — Eccles?

F.X. FAST COCONUT SHELLS.

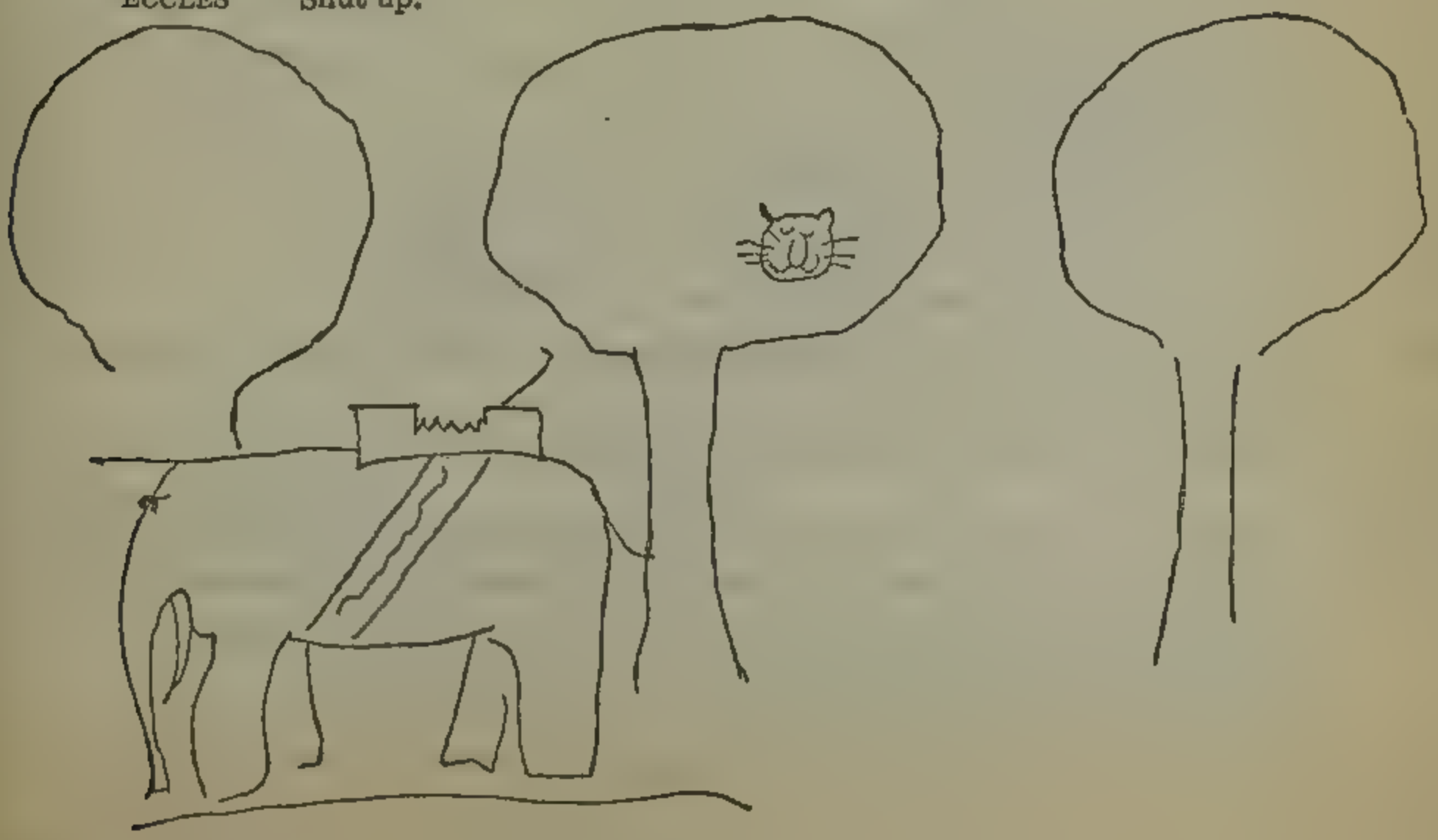
ECCLES Hello, Neddie. Now is the winter of our discontent —

SEAGOON Shut up, Eccles.

ECCLES Shut, up, Eccles.

SEAGOON Shut up.

ECCLES Shut up.



GRYTPYPE-THYNNE Sit down, Mr. Eccles. Now you're here you can do something useful.

ECCLES What?

GRYTPYPE-THYNNE Go away. No, better still, put this to your head and pull the trigger.

F.X. PISTOL SHOT.

ECCLES Oooooooh oooooooh oooooh oooh ooooo.

GRYTPYPE-THYNNE Thank you. Now Neddie, I suppose you're wondering why we brought you here.

SEAGOON I've been wondering why you brought me here.

GRYTPYPE-THYNNE Neddie, we've heard you play the organ and we don't think you have it.

SEAGOON Rubbish. Next to Reg Dixon I'm the greatest player in the world.

MORIARTY Nonsense, Ena Baga could play better than you.

SEAGOON I'd like to hear Ena Baga try it.

MORIARTY Little tone-deaf lad, I am an authority on organ playing. You haven't a hope of becoming a great player.

SEAGOON What! *(Sobs)* Oh, what a terrible turribule shock, ten years I've studied organ playing in the Sahara and now — failure — I ask you — what can I do with my fifty-ton brass-bound organ?

GRYTPYPE-THYNNE May I make a suggestion?

SEAGOON *(suspicious)* What?

GRYTPYPE-THYNNE You could be the first man to break the world's land speed record in a Wurlitzer.

SEAGOON I've never heard such a ridiculous idea.

GRYTPYPE-THYNNE Neither have I, but there it is.

MORIARTY Neddie, if you did this thing, it would make Reg Dixon green with envy.

SEAGOON Mmm, that sounds interesting. What do you say, Eccles?

ECCLES Nuttin', I'm dead.

SEAGOON And it suits you.

F.X. PISTOL.

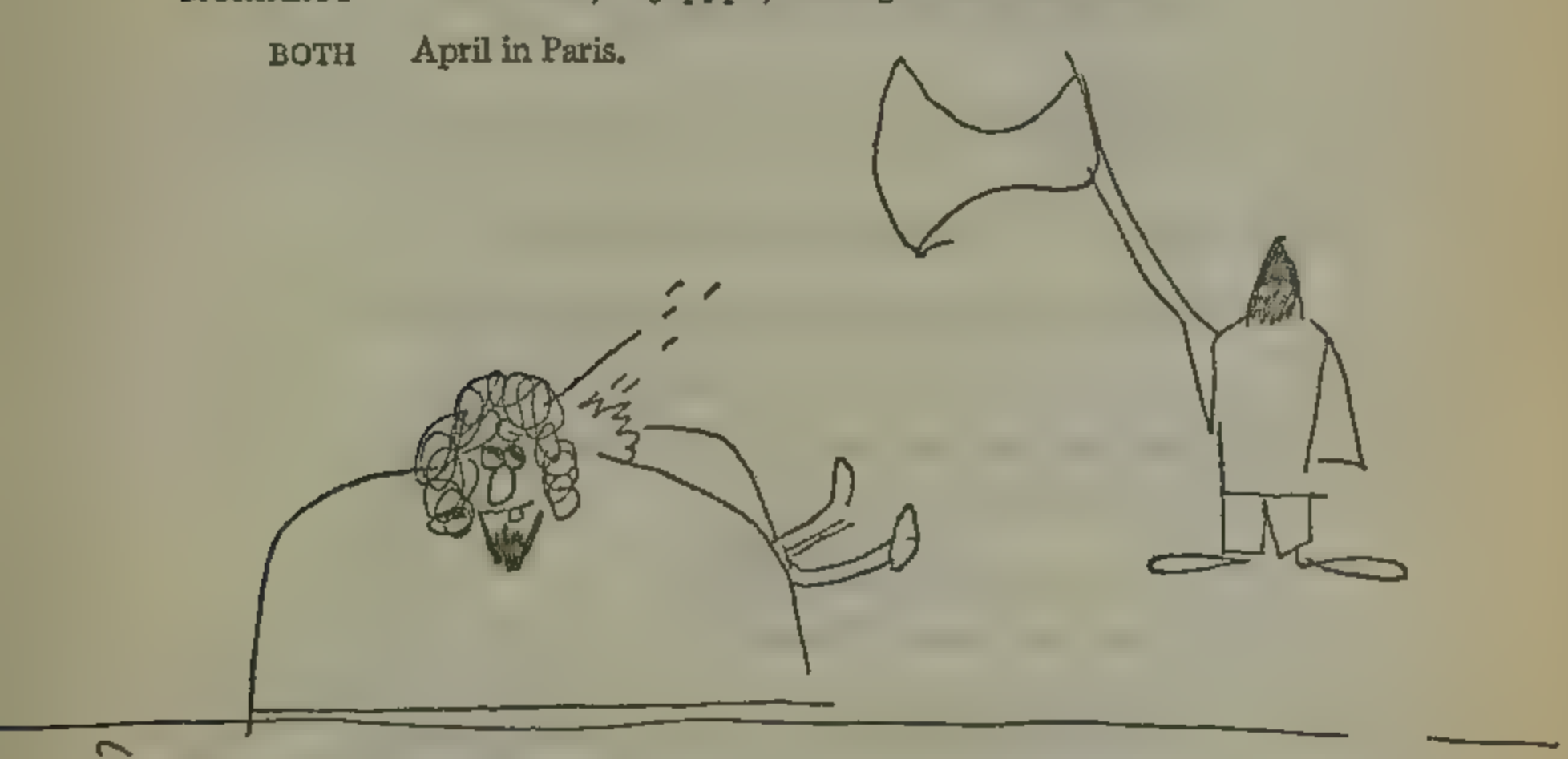
ECCLES It suits you too.

GRYTPYPE-THYNNE Stop this crazy-type humour. Answer, do you want to break the land speed record in a Wurlitzer?

SEAGOON Alright, what have I to lose?

MORIARTY Good work, Grytpype, we've got him. Ha ha ha.

BOTH April in Paris.



ORCHESTRA LINK MUSIC.

SEAGOON By raising an overdraft at the Bank of Jerusalem (no mean feat in itself), I shipped my organ and its crew to Dayton beach, America, for the record run. There we engaged the world's greatest military organ engineer.

ORCHESTRA BLOODNOK THEME.

BLOODNOK Aeiough bleioughhh sluddd. Blangee oeioughhh — ahh, that's better.

MORIARTY Don't come near me. *(Plot, whisper)* Bloodnok, remember, loosen all the nuts and bolts so that when he is travelling at speed the whole organ falls to pieces.

BLOODNOK Thank you for telling me the plot. Now, what about the moolah?

MORIARTY No money until the sabotage is done.

BLOODNOK What?? Great steaming heaps of green splat. *(Chicken clucking noise)*

MORIARTY Stop using that foul language.

SEAGOON Hello, I presume you're Major Bloodnok come to help me maintain my organ.

BLOODNOK I am — and how is the Wurlitzer this morning?

SEAGOON Running like a bird. *(Clucking)* I warmed her up with Handel's Largo — then two laps with Reg Dixon's Blackpool Nights Medley.

BLOODNOK What melody are you playing for the record run?

SEAGOON Twelfth Street Rag — it's the fastest tune in the world.

BLOODNOK Well, to wish you luck I'll have a nip of brandy. Are you going to have a tiny tot?

SEAGOON *(dry)* If I did it would be the sensation of the medical world.

BLOODNOK Oh, you naughty-type Wurlitzer player you!

SEAGOON Major, I want you to meet my organ pumper, Eccles.

ECCLES Hello, Major.

BLOODNOK Eccles, Private Eccles — gad — me old batman — remember me, Major Bloodnok?

ECCLES I remember you, you're Major Bloodnok. Ha ha.

BLOODNOK Aeiough. Do you remember the good times we had?

ECCLES I remember the good times we had.

BLOODNOK Remember that Naafi bird?

ECCLES I remember that Naafi bird.

BLOODNOK What was her name — Filthy Gladys?

ECCLES Her name was Filthy Gladys.

BLOODNOK Oh, you were too young to enjoy it — oh, me and the lads had a wonderful time with her.

ECCLES Yer, you and the lads had a wonderful time wid her.

BLOODNOK Yes; oh, I wonder what became of old Filthy Gladys.

ECCLES I married her — and deserted.

BLOODNOK Deserted? Then why are you wearing that military medal?

ECCLES All my clothes are at the laundry.

BLOODNOK Heavens, you mean they accepted them?

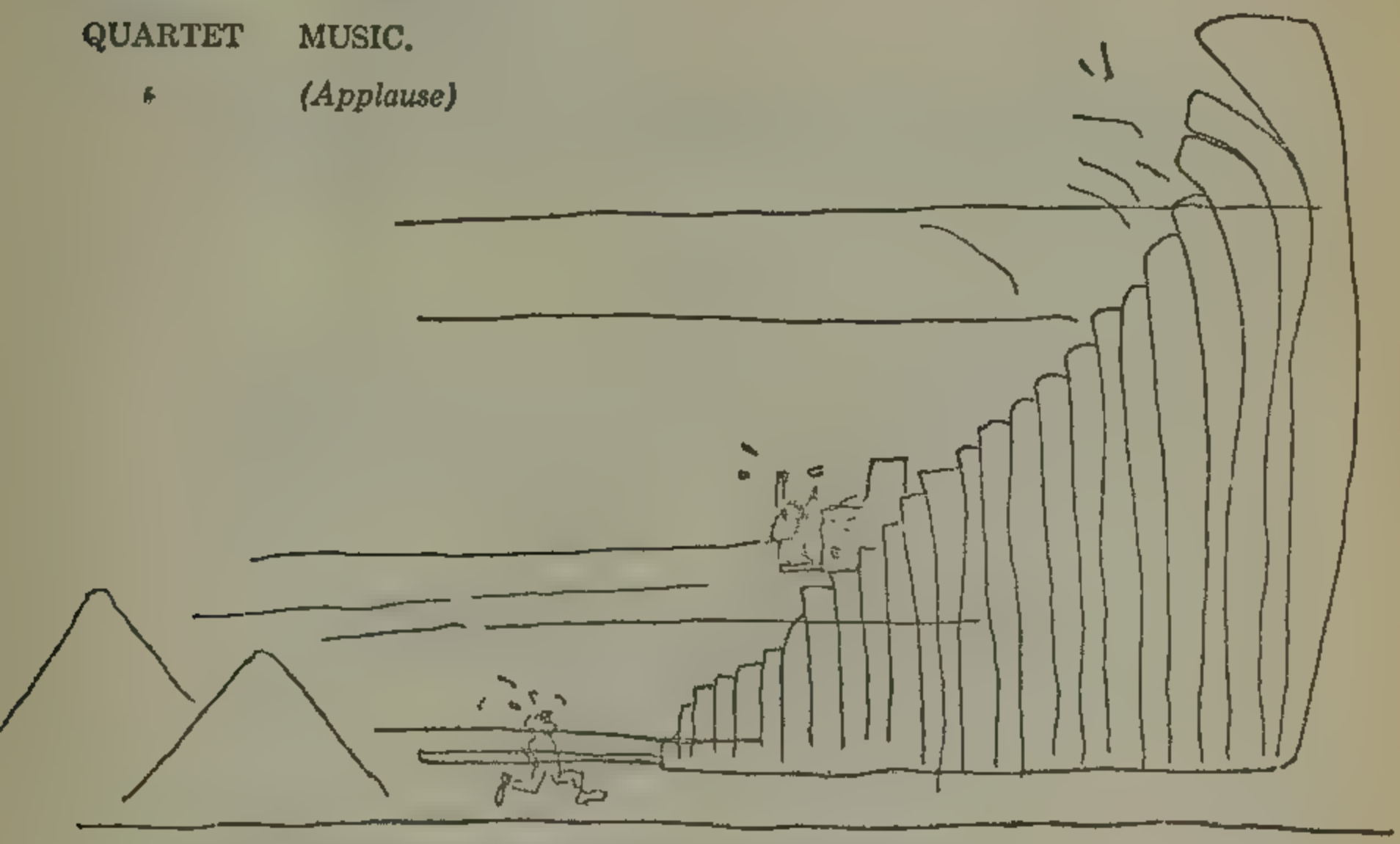
ECCLES Only for burning.

SEAGOON Ha ha — all was set, then. Tomorrow, the world's land speed record for Wurlitzers — in the meantime, Ray Ellington will play his canvas porridge bin and oiled groin brush.

ORCHESTRA & CAST Hooray.

QUARTET MUSIC.

*(Applause)*



BILL The Mighty Wurlitzer, Part the Three. Hip hip.

OMNES Hooray.

BILL Ta. Next morning on Dayton beach a shock was in store for Neddie.

*(Pause)*

F.X. TAPPING AND FILING. MIN SINGS.

BILL A second great organ was being prepared for an attack on the land speed record.

MINNIE Bim bom biddle — skiddle skool — I'm walking backwards for Christmas across the —

CRUN Min, Min — stop that sinful sex-crazy American-type modern rhythm singing.

MINNIE Ahh, you're corny, Henry — remember what Jim Davidson said — get modern in six weeks or get out. Bim bom biddle — have you ever heard two love birds talk?

CRUN — Stop it, Min — you're driving me into a frenzy of evil dancing.

MINNIE — No, I'm not going to stop.

BOTH — *(Argue)*

STOP

BOTH — *(Argue)*

STOP

BOTH — *(Argue)*

STOP

CRUN — *(hysteria)* Stop it — ahhhh — stop that crazy rhythm, you sinful woman Min — stop it. *(Vapours)* Aahhhhh — oooooh — now let's get on with the work. Have you cleared that E flat pipe yet?

MINNIE — Yes buddy — try it.

GRAMS — ONE OR TWO TOOTS ON ORGAN.

SPIKE — Hear that sound, listeners — huh?

CRUN — Eureka! It's clear, Min — it sounds real cool. Get your woollen crash helmet on — I'm taking it out on the trial run.

MINNIE — You're taking my crash helmet on a trial?

CRUN — No, no, Min. Now get in, buddy — hold tight.

GRAMS — MOTOR CAR STARTING. PROGRESSION OF GEAR CHANGING INTO DIFFERENT SPEED TUNES (GOES INTO DISTANCE WITH MINNIE SINGING).

SEAGOON — Great wrinkled things. Did you see that, Moriarty?

MORIARTY — Yes, I saw that, Moriarty.

SEAGOON — Another organ trying to break the record. This is more than fat and bone can stand. Any of you spectators have any knowledge of that organ?

BLUEBOTTLE — Yes — I have certain knowledges. Enter Bluebottle.

SEAGOON — Ah, here is a little cardboard East Finchley mechanic.

BLUEBOTTLE — Yes.

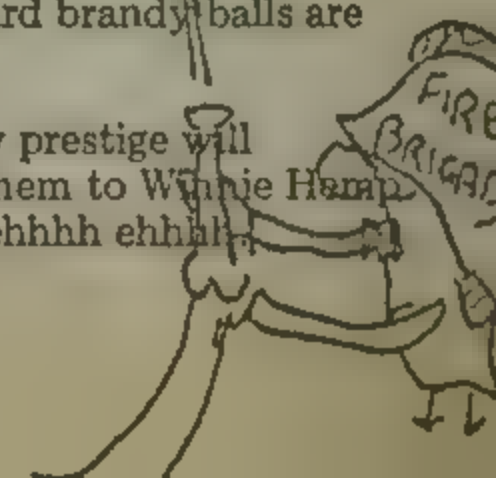
SEAGOON — Lad lad lad, tell me, what speed does Mr. Crun's organ do?

BLUEBOTTLE — No, I shall not telle-d, I have been sworn to secrecy by Mr. Crunge.

SEAGOON — Lad lad lad, tell me, and these two ounces of cardboard brandy balls are yours.

BLUEBOTTLE — Coo, brandy balls. Thinks, with those-type sweets my prestige will increase at school. Eh, thinks again, if I gave one of them to Winnie Hemp it might act like a love philtre on her. And then — o ehhhh ehhhh!

SEAGOON — Thinks. You dirty little devil.



BLUEBOTTLE Thinks. Are you referring to me?

SEAGOON Thinks. Yes I am.

BLUEBOTTLE Thinks. You big fat steaming nit you.

SEAGOON Thinks. Take that.

F.X. WALLOP. TRY A FLAT NEWSPAPER ON A WOOD BOARD.

BLUEBOTTLE Thinks. Ooooooohhhhhhh.

SEAGOON There, there, don't take it so hard — it was only in thinks.

BLUEBOTTLE Mmm, thinks — doesn't say anything — just thinks.

SEAGOON Here, lad — here are the brandy balls — how fast does Mr. Crun's Wurlitzer go?

BLUEBOTTLE Eighty mumph.

SEAGOON Mumph?

BLUEBOTTLE Yes. M.P.H. Mumph.

SEAGOON Gad. Gid. Mine's only ever done 50 mphs!

MORIARTY It *must* be destroyed! (This means more scrap for us, listeners.) Here, Ned, put this bomb in their E flat organ pipe.

SEAGOON I'm too fat to get in that.

MORIARTY Let's see now, who's thin enough . . . Mmm —

BLUEBOTTLE Can I go home now, capatain, I got my . . .

SEAGOON Yes you . . .

GRAMS WHOOSH AWAY.

BLUEBOTTLE *(miles away)* Goodbye.

SEAGOON Bluebottle, come down off that Mount Everest.

BLUEBOTTLE *(miles off — affrighted)* No no no — you will dead me — 'blange' you will go, and I will be blanged.

SEAGOON Here's a picture of Sabrina.

GRAMS WHOOSH.

BLOODNOK Where where???

SEAGOON Ah, Bloodnok, you'll do. Put this bomb in Crun's Wurlitzer.

BLOODNOK What? I'll do it, but for fifty pounds.

SEAGOON Gad. There are no flies on you.

BLOODNOK I know, but they'll be back in the spring.

SEAGOON There — fifty pounds in used custard.

F.X. TILL.

BLOODNOK Oh, the old Jewish piano. Aeioughh.

GRAMS CRUN'S ORGAN DRIVES UP TO A STOP.

MINNIE Ahh — we've just done sixty miles an hour, buddy.

SEAGOON I'll beat that. Stand aside. So saying, I sprang into the cockpit of my Wurlitzer.

GRAMS ORGAN STARTS UP — THEN FALLS TO PIECES. SOUND OF GREAT HOLLOW ORGAN PIPES HITTING THE CONCRETE PAVEMENTS.

MORIARTY Hoee arr, good work, Bloodnok.

SEAGOON *(approach)* Oohh oh, cruel, cruel fate. My Wurlitzer — fallen to pieces.

CRUN Then we hold the record for Wurlitzers. Whooppeee!

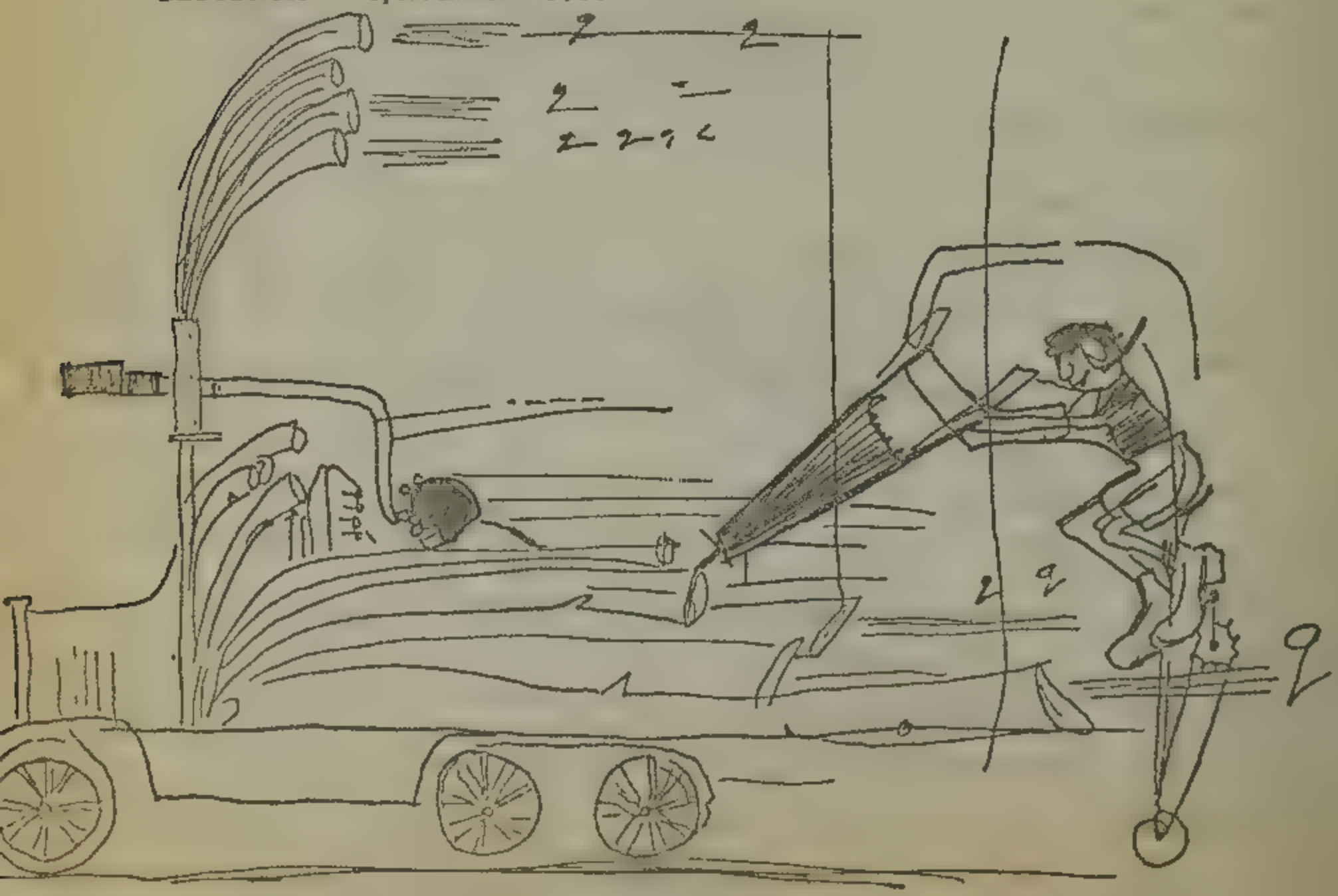
SEAGOON No, I'll not be forestalled or fivestalled — out of my way.

BLOODNOK So saying, he sprang into Crun's Wurlitzer and strapped himself to the playing seat.

GRAMS STARTS UP. DRIVES AWAY.

MORIARTY Did you put the bomb in?

BLOODNOK Er, let me think . . .



GRAMS **EXPLOSION.**

BILL And that, ladies and gentlemen, was how Neddie Seagoon broke the world altitude record for organs.

BLUEBOTTLE *(off)* Can I come down off this Mount Everest now?

BILL Yes yes. That was The Goon Show — a BBC recorded programme featuring Peter Sellers, Harry Secombe and Spike Milligan with the Ray Ellington Quartet and Max Geldray. The orchestra was conducted by Wally Stott. Script by Spike Milligan. Announcer: Wallace Greenslade. The programme was produced by Peter Eton.

BLUEBOTTLE *(Echoes all the announcements)*

BILL *(after all announcements)* For heaven's sake, shut up.

BLUEBOTTLE For heaven's sake, shut up.

BILL Look, if you don't stop ruining my announcing I'll —

BLUEBOTTLE Don't you hit me — I'll tell my dad.

BILL You do and I'll tell my mother.

*(Fade on terrific argument)*

*(Applause)*

MAX & ORCHESTRA **'CRAZY RHYTHM' PLAYOUT.**

# THE HASTINGS FLYER

*The Goon Show: No. 141 (6th Series, No. 16)*
*Transmission: Tuesday, 3rd January 1956:*
*8.30—9.00 p.m. Home Service*
*Studio: The Camden Theatre, London*

## The main characters

| | |
|---|---|
| Eccles | Spike Milligan |
| Ned Seagoon | Harry Secombe |
| Grytpype-Thynne | Peter Sellers |
| Moriarty | Spike Milligan |
| Major Denis Bloodnok | Peter Sellers |
| Miss Minnie Bannister | Spike Milligan |
| Mr Henry Crun | Peter Sellers |
| Bluebottle | Peter Sellers |

*The Ray Ellington Quartet*
*Max Geldray*
*Orchestra Conducted by Wally Stott*
*Announcer: Wallace Greenslade*
*Script by Spike Milligan*
*Production by Peter Eton*

Our story begins on the night of the Great English Blizzard. Owing to a severe outbreak of hand-tying on his snow-plough, Neddie Seagoon, engine driver extraordinary, has been foiled in his valiant attempt to clear the line between Hastings and Pevensey Bay for the Hastings Flyer. His hi-jacked snow-plough races on through the night – at the wheel, two unscrupulous down and out MPs with a dastardly plan to wreck the Flyer. Things look pretty hopeless for Neddie as he lies bound hand and foot in a snow-drift. Meanwhile, midnight ticks nearer and nearer... The Flyer, unaware of its danger, thunders on towards Pevensey Bay... And in a signal box west of Pevensey Bay station, the crime of the century is about to be committed...

BILL — This is the BBC Home Service. I would like to —

GRAMS — SHORT SHARP TRAIN WHISTLE. TRAIN CHUGS OFF AT CARTOON SPEED.

HARRY — Well that got rid of him. In the meantime here is — THEGS!! Yes, THEGS. That's the short way of saying the Highly Esteemed Goon Show. THEGS!!!

GRAMS — SOLO CHINESEWOMAN SINGING HIGH-PITCHED WAILING SONG — SPEED IT UP TO GET A HIGH VIBRATO.

PETER — Gad — how Our Gracie has changed.

SPIKE — Yes — I tell you that Isle of Capri is a sinful place.

HARRY — Silence, Tom.

SPIKE — Sorry, Dick.

PETER — I should think so too, Jim.

HARRY — Don't interrupt, Ned. Rest your head on this razor blade and listen to the story of 'The Hastings Flyer — Robbed'.

ORCHESTRA — GREAT BUILDING TYMPANY ROLL. ANTI-CLIMAXED BY pppppppp demi-semi-quaver chord.

HARRY — Thank you. Here to open the tale of the great drama is Poet and Tragedian — William J. MacGoonagle.

ORCHESTRA — MACGOONAGLE THEME (PLAYED VERY SOFTLY).

PETER — Oooooooo —
'Twas in the month of December
In the year of eighteen eighty-two
The railways lines near Pevensey Bay
Were buried under the snoo.

ECCLES — Ooo.

PETER — All thro' the night the blizzard fiend
Did like a lion roar,
The snow rose up from inches three
To inches three foot four . . .
And ooooo the snowwww . . . .

GRAMS — WIND UP AND OUT.

SEAGOON — My name is Neddie Seagoon, engine driver extraordinary. On the night of the great English blizzard I was dragged from a warm seat in Leicester Square and taken before the director of the famed Filthmuck and Scrampson Railway.

LEW — Nedddie — little tittle Neddie, sit down — here, have a chopped liver cigarette.

SEAGOON — No thanks, I always chop my own.

LEW Good luck. Listen, Schlapper — the line between Hastings and Pevensey Bay station is under twenty feet of Schnow. Neddie, we want you to drive a snow-plough and clear the line before midnight.

SEAGOON But that would be a dangerous task.

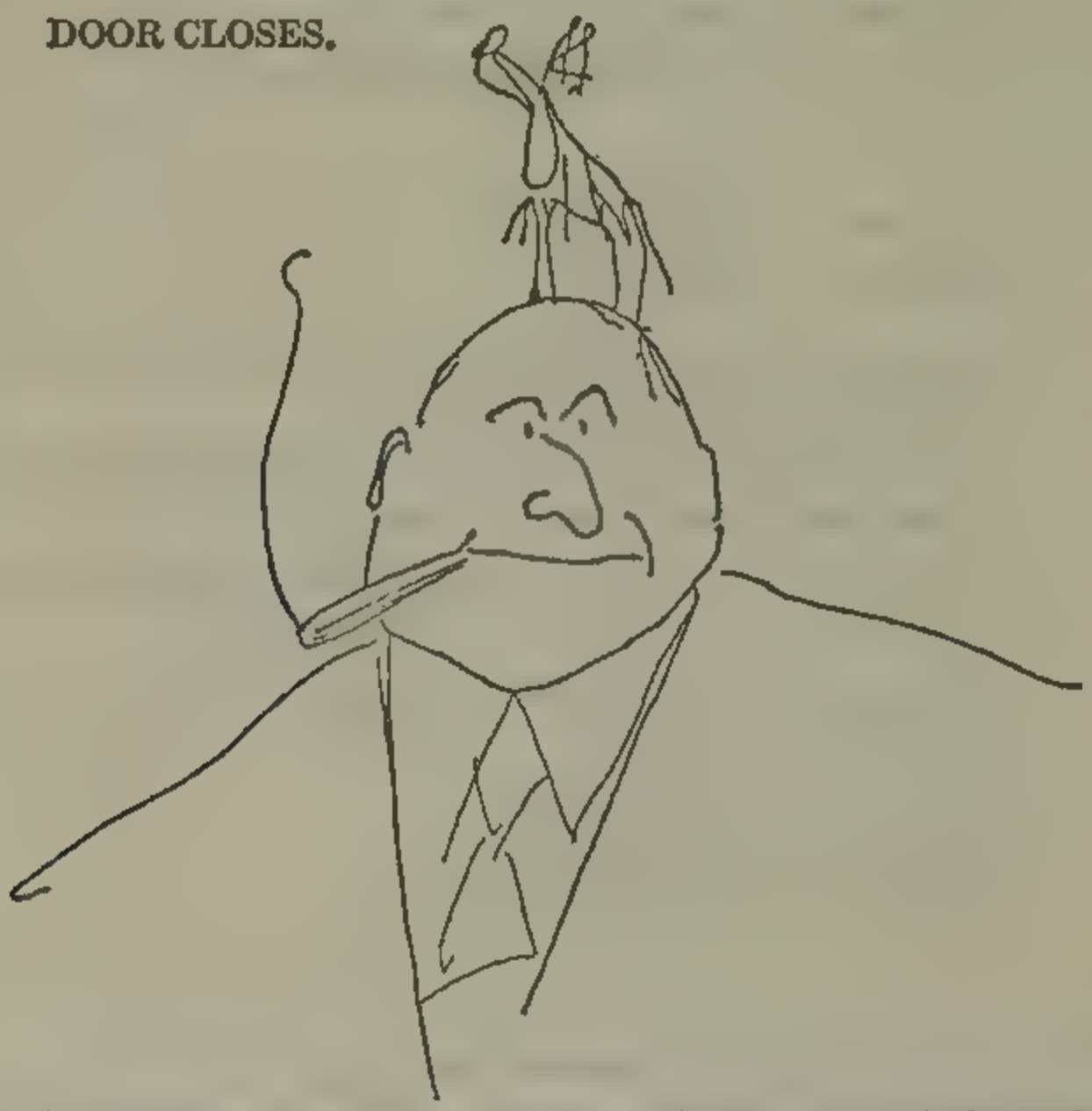
LEW It isss, it isss.

SEAGOON I'll do it.

LEW Good Schlapper — here's a kosher wine gum. Off you go.

SEAGOON Oh — thanks very much.

F.X. DOOR CLOSES.



SEAGOON My duty was clear — clear the line at Pevensey Bay before midnight leaving it clear for the Hastings Flyer to come through. Having given the listeners the plot, I made my way towards Euston Station.

MORIARTY Pardon me, little low suit-type man.

SEAGOON The stranger had stepped out of a dark overcoat — another man stood on his shoulders.

GRYTPYPE-THYNNE Have you a match?

SEAGOON Only my own private one.

GRYTPYPE-THYNNE Don't look so worried, my friend and I here are only MPs.

SEAGOON If you're politicians, why are you begging in the gutter?

GRYTPYPE-THYNNE Liberals.

SEAGOON I understand. Can I help?

MORIARTY Are you walking Euston station way?

SEAGOON Yes.

MORIARTY Could you give us a lift?

SEAGOON I've just had my dinner.

MORIARTY Then you're full up.

SEAGOON Needle nardle noo.

GRYTPYPE-THYNNE Any room in the boot?

SEAGOON Sorry, there's a foot in it.

GRYTPYPE-THYNNE Curse, we'll have to run alongside you.

SEAGOON I'll go slow.

GRYTPYPE-THYNNE Thank you, Nurke — have a gorilla.

SEAGOON No thanks — this street is non-smoker.

GRYTPYPE-THYNNE I see. Neddie — my heavily-oiled friend here and I are anxious to get to Pevensey Bay station tonight.

SEAGOON You'll never do it — there are no trains.

GRYTPYPE-THYNNE We know — perhaps a lift on your snow-plough?

SEAGOON Out of the question — it's against the rules.

GRYTPYPE-THYNNE We have money.

SEAGOON Money?

GRYTPYPE-THYNNE Yes, to prove we're not lying, here's a photograph of a shilling.

SEAGOON *(gasp)* What wealth.

GRYTPYPE-THYNNE And there are more photographs where that came from.

SEAGOON *(aside)* Gad, with that treasure horde I could buy another match!!! No! I will not be tempted.

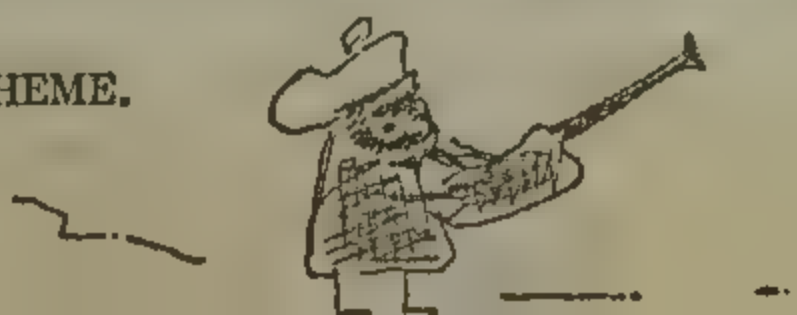
GRYTPYPE-THYNNE Very well, Moriarty? Plan two — I'll play the violin.

ORCHESTRA **VIOLIN — 'HEARTS AND FLOWERS'.**

MORIARTY Neddie, have a heart, lad — we must get to Pevensey Bay tonight. You see, Neddie, at midnight the Hastings Flyer is coming through — all we want to do is hold it up, blow open the mail van and take the gold bullion inside. Ohhh.

SEAGOON Stop. You're breaking my heart — I cannot refuse so simple a request — be at platform three in ten minutes or platform ten in three minutes, whichever suits you best — but remember — bring me my photographs of the money.

ORCHESTRA MACGOONAGLE THEME.



PETER Oooooooo
Thro' the night the blizzard raged
It covered Pevensey Bay station
Inside the ticket office there
The staff were in charge of the situation. Ooooo.

GRAMS WIND.

MINNIE Bim bom biddle deee bim bom I do dee —

CRUN Min? What's the — stop that sinful singing —

MINNIE It's the modern-style singing, buddy.

CRUN I'm not interested in the modern style, Min — I'm more worried why we haven't sold any tickets today.

MINNIE I can't understand it.

CRUN Neither can I — it's the peak of our winter tourists' season.

MINNIE Mmm — what's the weather like out?

CRUN I can't see for all this snow coming down.

MINNIE I think we'd better lock up for the night, Hen.

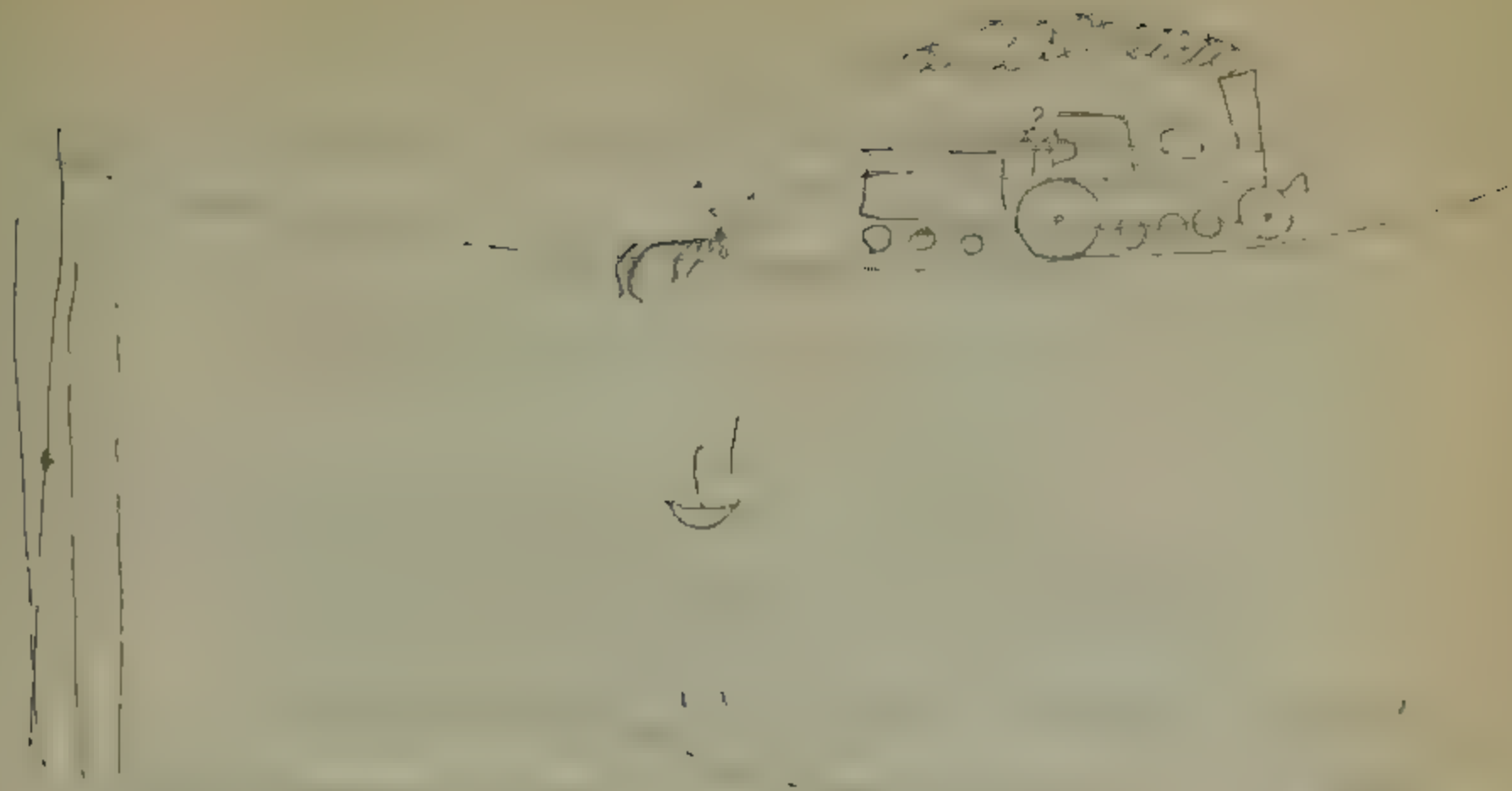
CRUN Yes — only an idiot would come out on a night like this.

F.X. KNOCK. KNOCK. KNOCK.

CRUN Ohhh —

F.X. DOOR OPENS — GALE — WIND UP.

ECCLES Hellooooo. I'm the famous Eccles.



CRUN Oh.

ECCLES Well, I better be getting along now. Good day.

CRUN Goodnight.

F.X. DOOR CLOSES. WIND DOWN.

CRUN What a nice man to come a-visiting on such a night.

MINNIE Very nice.

CRUN Did you see that lovely brown paper suit he was wearing?

MINNIE I did, Henery — there's lots of money about these days.

CRUN Ahh. Well off to bed you go, Min — I'll keep the ticket office open a little longer just in case there's a sudden rush from the Continent.

MINNIE Ooo — I think we . . . *(Fading self off).*

GRAMS WINDS UP AND UNDER:—

PETER Oooooooo
And thro' the night, the snow-plough train
Was racing down the line
A lonely spectator who saw it pass
Looked up and said —

ECCLES Fine, fine.

PETER Ooooo —

GRAMS OLD TRAIN CHUGGING ALONG. FADE UNDER:—

SEAGOON Gad — race on, steel juggernaut — it's a wonder men can live at this speed.

GRYTPYPE-THYNNE — Can't we go any faster?

SEAGOON — Faster? Ha ha — you mad fool, we're doing eight miles an hour now.

GRYTPYPE-THYNNE — Come on — be a devil.

SEAGOON — Right. Ellington? Take another twig out of the safe and hurl it on the furnace.

RAY — Needle nardle noo.

SEAGOON — Well said — now, what's the steam boiler pressure?

RAY — Ninety-eight degrees.

SEAGOON — Right — run my bath.

MORIARTY — Don't be a fool — this is no time to take a bath, it's getting late.

SEAGOON — Nonsense plenty of time — according to the hairs on my wrist it's only half past ten.

GRYTPYPE-THYNNE — *(disbelief)* The hairs on your wrist say half past ten?

SEAGOON — Yes.

GRYTPYPE-THYNNE — You must be mad.

SEAGOON — Why?

GRYTPYPE-THYNNE — The hairs on my wrist say eleven-thirty.

MORIARTY — Yes, he set them by the hairs on Big Ben.

SEAGOON — Still time for a bath *and* Max Geldray!

MAX & ORCHESTRA — 'ONE TWO BUTTON MY SHOE'

*(Applause)*

ORCHESTRA — RETURN TO STORY LINK.

GRAMS — TRAIN CHUGGING THROUGH THE DRIVING BLIZZARD.

SEAGOON — As I sat having my bath in the back of the snow-plough — a foul trick was played.

GRYTPYPE-THYNNE — Hands up, Neddie. Moriarty, tie his hands — then hide them where he can't find them.

SEAGOON — What a fiendish move you naughty men I'll write to *The Times* about this —

F.X. — FURIOUS PEN SCRATCHING ON VELLUM OR PAPER.

SEAGOON — Dear Sir — I wish to complain about an outbreak of hand-tying on snow-ploughs whilst taking hip baths.

GRYTPYPE-THYNNE — *(furious)* Give me that letter — you'll not send that, lad — now . . . .

F.X. — FURIOUS WRITING.

GRYTPYPE-THYNNE Dear sir — today I heard the first cuckoo — there, sign that —

F.X. PEN.

GRYTPYPE-THYNNE Good — Moriarty, post it — that'll put them off the track.

MORIARTY I'll just tie his hands again — ahhh — there.

GRYTPYPE-THYNNE Good — now cut the knot off so he can't untie it.

MORIARTY Right — here — put it in your pocket. Now, together — one! two!

SEAGOON No, don't throw me out.

MORIARTY Three.

SEAGOON Hellllll *(going off)* ppppppp —

GRAMS UPWARD RUSH OF TRAIN — STEAM — ROAR OF THE WHEELS GOING INTO DISTANCE (PAUSE) THEN JUST THE HOWL OF THE BLIZZARD.

SEAGOON I lay gasping on the railway bank — with the knot of my bonds in Grytpype-Thynne's pocket — it looked pretty hopeless for me —

ORCHESTRA (APPROACHING) BIG DRUM BEATING IN MARCH TIME.

BLOODNOK Ooo — I say — have you seen a band go this way?

SEAGOON No, I'm sorry, I've only just arrived here.

BLOODNOK Oh, I must find them — they might be playing a different tune from me by now. Wait a minute — I know you — aren't you Neddie Seagoon, the singing dwarf and current number one with the Grades?

SEAGOON If you put it that way — I am. And you, aren't you the blaggard embezzler, no-good soak and layabout, Denis Bloodnok?

BLOODNOK If you put it that way — I am. And what are you doing here?

SEAGOON I've just been thrown off a train.

BLOODNOK Any decent driver would have done the same!

SEAGOON If my hands weren't tied I'd strike you down with my mackerel pie and thunder straw.

BLOODNOK Your hands are tied?

SEAGOON Yes.

BLOODNOK Ooo.

SEAGOON Bloodnok, take your hands off my wallet!

BLOODNOK *(going off)* Three pound ten — four pound, four pounds —

SEAGOON Come back with my wallet, you — the devil, he's gone — thank heaven he didn't find my money belt.

GRAMS APPROACHING WHOOSH.

BLOODNOK Aeioughh.

SEAGOON Take your hands off my money belt!

BLOODNOK Ten *(going off fast)* eleven pound twelve — Merry Christmas. *(Goes off)*

SEAGOON The devil — taken all the money I stole from the kiddies' bank — but time was wasting I had to warn the approaching Hastings Flyer of the plot to wreck her. So thinking, I stumbled forwards through the blizzard — I made a pair of snow shoes but the heat of my feet melted them. Suddenly, from a nearby frozen pool I hear —

GRAMS SPLASH. MAN SWIMMING ON BACK, KICKING LEGS.

ECCLES *(off)* In the good old summer timeee — in the good old summer timeee —

SEAGOON I say, you — don't you feel cold in there?

ECCLES Nope — I got my overcoat on.

SEAGOON Listen, I've got to get to Pevensey Bay Station as soon as possible.

ECCLES *(on)* I'm the famous Eccles.

SEAGOON Yes — hey! That tricycle against the wall — whose is it?

ECCLES Mine — a present from an admirer.

SEAGOON Could you drive me to town on it?

ECCLES Oh, the tricycle ain't mine — the wall was the present.

SEAGOON Well, drive me there on that —

ECCLES Right — hold tight.

GRAMS SERIES OF MAD SOUNDS PLAYED AT SPEED TO SOUND LIKE SOME KIND OF COMBUSTION ENGINE.

BILL The sound you are hearing is Neddie and Eccles drivng a wall at speed. We thought you ought to know. Meantime, at Pevensey Bay station.

F.X. PHONE RINGS. PHONE OFF HOOK.

CRUN Hello, Pevensey Bay station here.

PETER *(Distort — gram recording long mad unintelligible speech)*

CRUN I'm sorry, he's not in.

F.X. PHONE DOWN. DOOR BURSTS OPEN. BLIZZARD UP. DOOR CLOSES. BLIZZARD OUT.

SEAGOON *(gasping)* Mr. Crun — has the snow-plough been through yet?

CRUN No.

SEAGOON Thank yuckakabakkas, we're still in time first I must get these bonds untied — have you got a knot?

CRUN Yes.

SEAGOON Quick, glue one onto my bonds then untie them.

BILL Listeners, as knot-glueing and untying has no audible sound we suggest you make your own — within reason, that is.

GRAMS FRED, THE OYSTER.

SEAGOON *(dry)* I knew someone would spoil it — but now my hands were free now for action.

CRUN What's all this about —

SEAGOON Shhh, listen — what's that noise?

GRAMS VERY OBVIOUS TRAIN PULLING UP AT STATION.

SEAGOON It's a train!!!

GRAMS STORMS OF APPLAUSE.

SEAGOON Thank you, Seagoon fans, it was nothing.

CRUN Mr. Seacrune — it's the snow-plough come to clear the line hooray!!

SEAGOON Shh, no, the two men on that snow-plough are train robbers! We must stop them.

CRUN — Oh, don't worry — the moment they step through that door I'll let them have it with this leather blunderbuss.

F.X. — **KNOCK ON DOOR.**

SEAGOON — *(whisper)* It's them — *(aloud)* Ahem — come in, nice men.

F.X. — **DOOR OPENS — ROAR OF BLUNDERBUSS.**

BLUEBOTTLE — You rotten swines you!!! What are you doing to Blunebontle - I was walking along collecting numbers like a happy boy train spotter when — blange — there was a blinding flash — I reeled backwards clutching my forehead — I looked down and my knees had gone and certain other vital things — you swines you!

SEAGOON — Little cross-eyed hairless pipe-cleaner — were you followed up the platform by two men?

BLUEBOTTLE — I'm not going to tell you — shooting me like that.

SEAGOON — Come, come, little two-stone Hercules — tell me if you saw two men and you can have this quarter of dolly mixture.

BLUEBOTTLE — Cor, dolly mixture — thinks — with those-type sweets I could influence certain girls at playtime — that Brenda Pugh might be another Rita Hayworth.

SEAGOON — Then you'll tell me?

BLUEBOTTLE — Yes I saw the two nice men walking up the line towards the signal box — yes.

SEAGOON — We must stop them but we'll pause first to hear Ray Ellington.

BLUEBOTTLE — Ooooo — smashin'.

QUARTET — **'I WANT YOU TO BE MY BABY'.**

*(Applause)*

BILL Thank you, Ray Ellington. I'm sure you mean well — we rejoin 'The Hasting Flyer Robbed' inside the signal box west of Pevensey Bay station. Which will play a vitally unimportant part in the story.

**GRAMS** **WIND.**

WILLIUM Zzzzzzz mate.

**F.X.** **PHONE BELL RINGS.**

WILLIUM Oh strufe cor blimestone a crow — zzzzzzz mate.

**F.X.** **PHONE BELL RINGS.**

WILLIUM Ow ow ow ow — wahszat mate?

**F.X.** **PHONE RINGS.**

WILLIUM Oh, it's the torking telephone ringing mate.

**F.X.** **PHONE RINGS.**

WILLIUM There it goes again mate.

**F.X.** **PHONE RINGS.**

WILLIUM And again — and unless I'm mistaken it's going to go —

**F.X.** **PHONE RINGS.**

WILLIUM — again mate.

**F.X.** **PHONE OFF HOOK.**

WILLIUM Hello, Pevensey Bay signal box man here mate.

SEAGOON Listen mate, put the signals to danger — stop the Hasting Flyer.

WILLIUM Oh — I'll do that —

**F.X.** **WALLOP ON HEAD.**

SEAGOON *(distort)* Hello, hello mate?

**F.X.** **PHONE IS DROPPED INTO PLACE ON HOOK.**

GRYTPYPE-THYNNE *(very cold)* All very nicely done, Moriarty mate. Now see, there's a bridge to the right — good, take these sticks of dynamite, place them in the centre of the span and run the wires back here. When the Hastings Flyer comes across — we press the plunger.

MORIARTY Ha he ho har har — then the money from the bullion van — ho ho har, moolah — April in Paris.

BOTH Thanks to a Charlie. *(Fade)*

*(Fade in)*

**F.X.** **RATTLING OF PHONE HOOK.**

SEAGOON Hello, signal box — hello — he's hung up.

ECCLES We'd better go and cut him down.

SEAGOON You're right — Eccles, get your wall started.

BLUEBOTTLE What about me, Captain — can't I come in the game?

SEAGOON Yes — only an idiot would leave you behind.

ECCLES Leave him behind.

SEAGOON Silence, the famous Eccles.

ECCLES Silence, the famous Eccles.

SEAGOON Bluebottle — take this photograph of a red flag, go and stand on the bridge near the signal box — if the Hastings Flyer approaches — stop it at all costs.

BLUEBOTTLE Oh good - I will — I will be a hero! — My picture will be in the *East Finchley Chronic* — 'Boy hero Bluebottle' — he he — thinks — that will make that Muriel Bates run after me — but I will play hard to get — 'I'm sorry Miss Bates — I am a busy boy hero — I have certain matters to attend to — I have to be photographed with Sabrina' — he he — yesss, that's what I'll say — thinks — here *(awe)* that Sabrina a fine big girl. Heee.

BLUEBOTTLE Yes - he he — thinks — I better start wearin' long trousers soon.

MINNIE Oh dear. Mr. Secrune — don't leave us alone with those two train robbers about — we'll be murdered in our ticket offices.

SEAGOON Don't worry, Miss Bannister here, take this copy of the *Nursing Mother* — if you're attacked — don't hesitate to use it.

MINNIE Safe at last. Oooooo.

SEAGOON My dear madam with your face you'd be safe in Portsmouth on pay night.

MINNIE Oooo.

SEAGOON Come men, we must hurry — the hairs on my wrist say it's quarter to needle nardle noo.

BLUEBOTTLE Yes, forward to the bridge.

ORCHESTRA VERY TATTY BOYS' BRIGADE MARCH. FADE OUT.

GRAMS FADE UP BLIZZARD AND DOWN.

WILLIUM Ow ow ow — you hit me on me head and tied me up mates.

MORIARTY Shut up mate — Sapristi nuckoes yuk yuk kuk kuk — Grytpype — the hairs on my wrist say it's midnight o'clock — and no sign of the Hastings Flyer.

GRYTPYPE-THYNNE Steady, frog-eater obviously the blizzard has delayed the train.

MORIARTY *(cracks up)* I'm not going to wait any longer — my nerves are strained to breaking point.

F.X. BOINGG!!

MORIARTY There goes one now — ohh, I can't stand the —

GRYTPYPE-THYNNE Shut up! Open your mouth.

MORIARTY Ahhh —

GRYTPYPE-THYNNE Close it.

GRAMS GRENADE EXPLODES IN MOUTH. MOUTH FULL OF TEETH FALL ON THE FLOOR.

MORIARTY You swine — you put a grenade in my mouth — all my choppers have gone — my teeth.

GRYTPYPE-THYNNE Yes, let that be a lesson to you — now control yourself.

GRAMS SOUND OF BLOODNOK BEARING HIS BASS DRUM.

GRYTPYPE-THYNNE Great goose hooks — look, it's a military gentleman walking up the line banging a drum.

MORIARTY You English are so musical.

GRYTPYPE-THYNNE Yes, the woods are full of them. Now let's sit quietly and wait for the Hastings Flyer.

GRAMS BLIZZARD UP. THEN UNDER.

BLUEBOTTLE Captain, captain, look what I found in the bridge.

SEAGOON Dynamite — thank heaven you found it.

BLUEBOTTLE Thank you, heaven.

SEAGOON Good. Now put it somewhere for safety.

BLUEBOTTLE Yes — moves right — puts dreaded dynamite under signal box for safety — does not notice dreaded wires leading to plunger up in signal cabin. Thinks. I'm for the dreaded deading alright this week.

SEAGOON Men — our two train robbers are up in that signal cabin. Eccles, you go up the line and try to stop the Hastings Flyer — I'll try and put the signals to danger.

ECCLES O.K.

SEAGOON Bluebottle, you keep me covered with this photograph of a gun. Right — let's go in —

F.X. DOOR KICKED.

SEAGOON Hands up!

MORIARTY Sapristi, look: Sabrina.

SEAGOON Wrong, it's me with my arms folded!

GRYTPYPE-THYNNE So, Neddie, you managed to get your hands free.

SEAGOON Yes — they never cost me a penny, thanks to National Health'

GRAMS DISTANT TOOT OF TRAIN APPROACHING.

MORIARTY It's the Hastings Flyer — with all that money on board - ohh, foiled!

SEAGOON Yes — I've got to stop it or it'll crash into the snow plough at Pevensey Bay station.

GRYTPYPE-THYNNE — *(idea)* Oh — er — you can easily stop it — just press that little plunger with the wires leading out the window.

SEAGOON — Right — ugh!

GRYTPYPE-THYNNE — *(aside)* Here goes the bridge, Mori —

GRAMS — **TREMENDOUS CRACKING EXPLOSION. LITTLE BITS AND PIECES HIT THE DECK (NOT SPOT).**

BLUEBOTTLE — You rotton swines, I told you I'd be deaded.

BILL — Yes, they're all deaded, but who got the money from the bullion van in the Hastings Flyer?

GRAMS — **DRUMS.**

ORCHESTRA — **SIGNATURE TUNE: UP AND DOWN FOR:—**

BILL — That was The Goon Show a BBC recorded programme featuring Peter Sellers, Harry Secombe and Spike Milligan with the Ray Ellington Quartet and Max Geldray. The orchestra was conducted by Wally Stott. Script by Spike Milligan. Announcer: Wallace Greenslade. The programme was produced by Peter Eton.

ORCHESTRA — **SIGNATURE TUNE UP TO END.**

*(Applause)*

MAX & ORCHESTRA — **'CRAZY RHYTHM' PLAYOUT.**

# THE HOUSE OF TEETH

*The Goon Show: No. 145 (6th Series, No. 20)*
*Transmission: Tuesday, 31st January 1956:*
*8.30—9.00 p.m. Home Service*
*Studio: The Camden Theatre, London*

## The main characters

| | |
|---|---|
| Ned, Lord Seagoon | Harry Secombe |
| O'Brien (African chief) | Ray Ellington |
| Willium | Peter Sellers |
| Mr Henry Crun | Peter Sellers |
| Miss Minnie Bannister | Spike Milligan |
| Dr Londongle | Valentine Dyall |
| Eccles | Spike Milligan |
| Bluebottle | Peter Sellers |
| Moriarty | Spike Milligan |
| Grytpype-Thynne | Peter Sellers |
| Throat | Spike Milligan |
| Major Denis Bloodnok | Peter Sellers |

*Special Guest: Valentine Dyall ('The Man in Black')*
*The Ray Ellington Quartet*
*Max Geldray*
*Orchestra Conducted by Wally Stott*
*Announcer: Wallace Greenslade*
*Script by Spike Milligan*
*Production by Peter Eton*

Who is the ghoulish Dr Londongle? And why has he a weakness for a nice smile? What was the fiendish promise made to him by sultry Signorita Gladys de la Tigernutta, queen of the castanets? Why are guests at his mysterious castle forced to become vegetarians? The surrounding peasantry live in fear until, one dark and stormy night, intrepid young Lord Seagoon, on a sight-seeing trip in his horse-drawn motor car, knocks at the dreaded castle door. Screams in the night and a trail of toothless men in brown paper nightshirts lead him to the steaming atmosphere of the notorious Café Filthmuck, where the grisly secret of the House of Teeth is finally revealed...

BILL This is the BBC Home Service.

ECCLES Fine fine.

BILL Ahem. Mr. Stott! Mood music, please.

ORCHESTRA BROODING CHORDS — NOT LOUD BUT SINISTER.

PETER *(Headstone)* The jolly Goons present a play —

PETER . . . in three parts. Part One is entitled —

GRAMS (FAST) WALLOP ON BACK OF HEAD. POP OF LARGE POP GUN. SET OF FALSE TEETH HITTING INSIDE OF BUCKET. SCREAM. OHHHHH.

SEAGOON I'll never forget that terrible sound, listeners — it started back in 1889 . . .

GRAMS CRACKLE OF LIGHTNING. ROLL OF THUNDER. DRIVING RAIN. WIND SQUALLS. HORSE & CART TRUNDLING ALONG ROUGH MOUNTAIN ROAD.

SEAGOON It was the worst storm they had ever known in the Dolomites. I, Lord Seagoon, daredevil fretwork champion, was lost with my servants on the side of a precipitous mountain in a horse-drawn motor car.

GRAMS HORSE REARS & NEIGHS. CARRIAGE STOPS.

SEAGOON Why have we stopped, O'Brien?

O'BRIEN *(African chief)* I think the horse must be tired, sir.

SEAGOON Why?

O'BRIEN He's got his pyjamas on, begorrah.

WILLIUM I think we're lost, Lord mate.

SEAGOON Tut, tut, what a nuisance. Well, there's naught for it mate, we'll spend the night here. I'll sleep in the ditch and you sleep standing up holding an umbrella over me.

WILLIUM I'm goin' ter vote Labour next time, mate.

SEAGOON Silence, you political hot-head.

O'BRIEN Lord Seagoon, me no like to spend the night on this pitch black road.

SEAGOON Don't worry, you won't be noticed. Now, as we're staying the night here. unroll my brass bedstead and erect my marble wash stand. Abdul?

ABDUL *(approach)* What you want, sahib?

SEAGOON Before I retire prepare a light sixteen-course banquet.

ABDUL I go and connect the gas stove up to the horse.

SEAGOON Mind you get the right end this time. Willium? Lay out my evening dress.

WILLIUM Cor strufe, you wearing evening dress in this rain and mud, mate?

SEAGOON Yes — remember, all of you - we're British. Together — hip hip.

OMNES *(miserable)* Hooray.

SEAGOON Good. Next hoist a small Union Jack and unveil a bust of Queen Victoria. Now I'll just make a rough 'Englishman lost on the mountainside Menu'. Brown Windsor soup, meat, two veg., pots., boiled rice and jam. Fair makes your mouth water.

GRAMS LONE BELL RINGS HIGH UP ON MOUNTAIN.

WILLIUM Listen mate.

GRAMS BELL.

WILLIUM There it is again mate.

GRAMS BELL.

WILLIUM And again mate – 'less I'm mistaken it's going to go —

GRAMS BELL.

WILLIUM Again mate.

SEAGOON What an extrasensory perception. I wonder what it is mate.

WILLIUM It's a bell ringing mate.

SEAGOON There you go — jumping to conclusions. We'll soon find out. O'Brien, strike one of my monogrammed matches.

F.X. MATCH STRIKING. FLARES.

SEAGOON Look! A castle a mere twenty miles away. After it, before it gets away.

GRAMS RUNNING LIKE MAD OF TEN PAIRS OF BOOTS. MEN SHOUTING — VOICES GET DISTANT AND HIGHER AS RECORD IS SPEEDED UP.

ORCHESTRA ONE SOMBRE CHORD. WEIRD FLUTE MELODY SUPERIMPOSED.

*(Fade)*

GRAMS STORM. BUT HELD UNDER:—

SEAGOON *(approaching)* Here we are men — this is the place.

O'BRIEN Thank heaven — my feet have been killing me.

SEAGOON *(dry)* You're not the only one they've been killing. Right. Abdul, hoist a French Union Jack. Now let's see how we get into this castle. Ah, a door. O'Brien, lay out my knocking-on-door suit. Now lift me up and I'll knock.

O'BRIEN Me vote labour next time. Begorrah.

SEAGOON Silence, O'Brien. Lift.

GRAMS KNOCKING ON HEAVY OAK DOOR. ECHOES AWAY BEHIND ALONG THE CORRIDOR. SLOW GHOSTLY FOOTSTEPS APPROACH.

SEAGOON Somebody's coming.

O'BRIEN Man, I don't like this place. I'm frightened, begorrah.

SEAGOON Silly fellow, there's nothing to be frightened of.

SPIKE *(Echo) (Scream)*

O'BRIEN What you say?

SEAGOON *(miles off)* I said there's nothing to be frightened of.

O'BRIEN Then what you doing up that tree?

SEAGOON It makes me look taller. Apart from that I'm just unfurling a fresh Union Jack.

GRAMS GREAT DOOR STARTS TO OPEN WITH CHAINS, ETC.

CRUN Mnk — ahahaha — grmnpppp — ah.

SEAGOON There, standing in the doorway, was a bag of dust in a night shirt. *(Aside)* Speak to him, O'Brien.

O'BRIEN Good evening, suh.

CRUN No coal tonight, coalman.

O'BRIEN What????

GRAMS SOUND OF CRUN BEING WHIRLED AROUND A MAN'S HEAD.

SEAGOON O'Brien, stop swinging him round your head.

CRUN *(shaky)* Ahmmmm — what's the idea?

SEAGOON Allow me to explain.

CRUN Explain? Eleven o'clock at night — you drag me out of bed —

SEAGOON We couldn't have — we've been down here all the time.

CRUN Ohhh mnkmnnarrgg — begone or I'll strike you with this weighted piano.

SEAGOON Not so fast, old doubled-up dada.

CRUN *(rage)* I'm not a dada.

SEAGOON *(dry)* Well, if you're not, it's too late now.

CRUN *(vapours)* Ahhmnk, stop those sinful Sunday paper jokes.

SEAGOON Old wrinkled retainer — listen. My retinue and I require kippo for the night — I'm willing to pay. Look, here's an advance, three shillings in unused buttons.

CRUN Oh, I'll sew them on my cheque book at once.

SPIKE *(Echo) (Scream)*

CRUN *(unruffled)* Min, I think he wants to go out.

SEAGOON *(fear)* Who wants to go out?

CRUN We don't know what it is, but when it wants to go, it screams.

MINNIE *(appearing)* Ohh, who are these men, Crun?

CRUN They're men, Min — staying the night.

MINNIE Oh, what room shall we put them in, Crun?

BOTH *(Talk very quietly about which room. They go on and on).*

CRUN Oh they've gone — where are you, sirs?

SEAGOON *(off)* Upstairs in bed.

CRUN Goodnight.

DR. LONDONGLE Good evening, Crun. We have fresh visitors, then.

CRUN *(a little afraid)* Ohh, Dr. Londongle.

ORCHESTRA SOFT HORROR CHORD. TROMBONES.

CRUN You're home early tonight, sir.

DR. LONDONGLE Yes, Crun. It watched her dance again tonight. Oh, how she danced. *(Goes off.)*

CRUN He's talking about Señorita la Tigernutta. Every night he goes to the Café Filthmuck to watch her dance.

DR. LONDONGLE Yes, Crun. Three years ago she said, 'Dr. Londongle, the day you can give me fifty pairs of castanets, I'll marry you.' Well, I've got forty-eight pairs.

MINNIE Then you only want two more pairs, eh buddy?

DR. LONDONGLE Yes, buddy, just two. I nearly got them tonight — but just failed. Crun? Take my skull-clouting mallet and teeth-catching bucket.

SPIKE *(Screammmm)*

DR. LONDONGLE How sweet, the children are awake. It's little green wretch. He needs changing. See, what did I change him for last time? Ha ha ha-type laughter. Bannister a moment of quiet meditation, play me a gramophone record.

GRAMS SURFACE HISS. THEN WOMAN SCREAMING BEING CHASED BY A SEX-CRAZED MANIAC. GIBBERISH. LAUGHTER. THEN WALLOP. POP. CLANG OF TEETH IN BUCKET. LAST SOB THEN SILENCE.

DR. LONDONGLE Ahh, Crun, they don't write tunes like that any more.

CRUN Oh, Max Geldray gets pretty near it.

DR. LONDONGLE Needle nardle noo.

MAX & ORCHESTRA 'ST. LOUIS BLUES'.

*(applause)*

ORCHESTRA **THREE SOMBRE CHORDS.**

PETER Part Two — Midnight in the Castle.

GRAMS **LAST FEW STROKES OF MIDNIGHT.**

O'BRIEN *(loud)* Zzzzzzzzzzzz.

SEAGOON *(loud)* Zzzzzzz Zzzzzzz Zzzzzzz Zzzzzzz.

WILLIUM You asleep mate?

SEAGOON Of course we are. You don't think we make this noise when we're awake, do you? O'Brien, lay out my waking-up suit.

WILLIUM *(fear)* There's something under the bed mate.

SEAGOON Thank heaven for that.

WILLIUM It's been moving about mate.

SEAGOON *(dry)* I don't believe it mate.

WILLIUM Shhhhh. Listen.

ECCLES *(under bed) (sings)* How would you like to be — Under the bed wid me.

SEAGOON Come out, you singer of chamber music.

ECCLES Hellooooo.

SEAGOON Before me stood a ragged idiot dressed in a grass skirt, water wings and a perforated bronze trilby.

ECCLES I'm on my honeymoon.

SEAGOON Well, where's your wife?

ECCLES Didn't bring her.

SEAGOON Why not?

ECCLES Well, why should I share all the fun wid her?

SEAGOON Get out of my room.

ECCLES Get out of my room.

SEAGOON Get out.

ECCLES Get out.

F.X. **DOOR OPENS.**

DR. LONDONGLE Ahh, there you are, naughty little Eccles.

ECCLES Hello, Doctor Londongle.

DR. LONDONGLE Naughty lad, getting out of bed after I'd tucked you in and battered you unconscious for the night.

ECCLES Hello, Dr. Londongle.

DR. LONDONGLE Gentlemen, my apologies. You won't be disturbed further. *(Pause)*

SEAGOON — What are you staring at me for?

DR. LONDONGLE — What lovely teeth you have. False?

SEAGOON — No, perfectly true. They are lovely teeth. Why?

DR. LONDONGLE — *(mad)* Nothing. Goodnight.

F.X. — DOOR CLOSES.

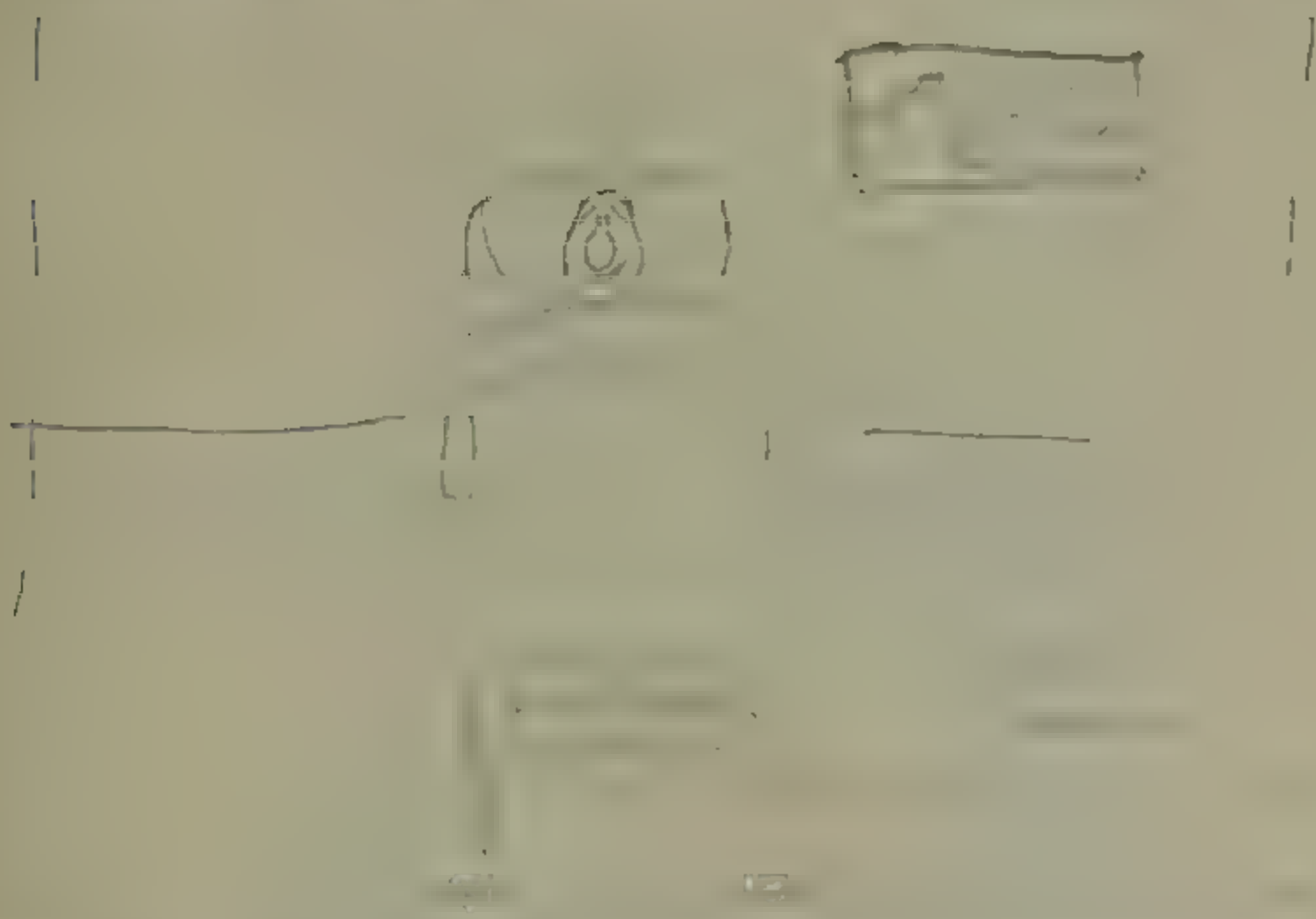
SEAGOON — Jolly fellow. What's the time by my OBE? Gad — one o'clock. Goodnight all.

OMNES — *(fast)* Goodnight — Zzzzzzzzzzzzzzz.

*Fade out*

*Fade in*

GRAMS — TWO O'CLOCK STRIKES.



OMNES — *(still)* Zzzzzzzzzz.

DR. LONDONGLE — They're fast asleep hand me the skull mallet. Hold the teeth bucket in front of his cake-hole. Now — ugghhh.

GRAMS — WALLOP. POP OF POP GUN. FALSE TEETH SHOOT OUT AND LAND IN BUCKET.

WILLIUM — *(no teeth)* Ohhh — mate.

SEAGOON — That was the sound I told you of earlier, dear listeners. Hurriedly I struck a match and lit a light bulb. There on the floor was Willium.

WILLIUM — Ohh, me choppers have gone mate. Someone hit me on the back of the nut and out flew my false teef.

SEAGOON O'Brien? Lay out my looking-for-teeth suit. Willium, say 'Aaaaaahhhh'.

WILLIUM Aaaaahhhhh.

SEAGOON They've gone.

O'BRIEN Wait, there's a brick on his tongue with a message tied to it.

SEAGOON Read it.

O'BRIEN Made by the Birmingham Brick Corporation.

SEAGOON Not the brick, the message.

O'BRIEN Nothing on it, begorrah.

SEAGOON So, they won't talk, eh? Wait — I've suddenly realised something. Except for Dr. Londongle, no one else in this castle has teeth. I'm going to have a word with him. O'Brien, lay out my having-a-word-with-him suit.

F.X. DOOR OPENS

SEAGOON Wait here.

F.X. DOOR SHUTS. FOOTSTEPS ALONG LONG LONELY CORRIDOR.

SEAGOON Dr. Londongle? Dr. Loctor Donglonge — Ingledongle — Dr. . . . I want to speak to you. Dr. Longdongleeeeee.

BLUEBOTTLE Will you stop all dat shouting! I'm trying to kip.

SEAGOON Come here, little nurk.

BLUEBOTTLE Here, let go my ear'ole — let go or I'll call little Jim.

SEAGOON Call him then.

BLUEBOTTLE Jimmm — little Jim? Jim . . .

SEAGOON Why doesn't he answer?

BLUEBOTTLE He's in Africa.

SEAGOON Where's Dr. Londongle?

BLUEBOTTLE I don't know Dister Dongler . . .

SEAGOON Speak, rapscallion.

BLUEBOTTLE Ohhhh — stop pulling my ear'ole. Ohh, now look what you done. You pulled it off. Give it here. I only borrowed it for the day.

SEAGOON Come on, hairless little nurk. Who are you?

BLUEBOTTLE I am a purehearted-type English scout on the camping-type holiday.

SEAGOON Camping? Why are you camping indoors?

BLUEBOTTLE It's too parky outside. I am the new type indoor scout. *(Confidentially)* Here — got any pictures of Sabrina?

SEAGOON You dirty little devil — I'll tell your Scout Master.

BLUEBOTTLE He's the one who told us to collect them.

SEAGOON The naughty man — well, he won't get my collection.

BLUEBOTTLE Can I go now? My little brownie is waiting for me.

SEAGOON No lad — you'd better come with me. I might need you for protection. I'll use you as a club.

BLUEBOTTLE Ehe — oh no, no, I'm no good at protection. I'm a rotten coward. Look, here's my junior coward's badge.

MORIARTY *(off)* Ooooooooo

SEAGOON Give me that junior coward's badge. I've just qualified.

MORIARTY *(off)* Ooooooohohoh ohohohoh ohh eheehehe hehehe oheheh.

BLUEBOTTLE It's David Whitfield.

SEAGOON *(dry)* Gad, he's improved.

MORIARTY Ohhahhh.

SEAGOON Gid gad gude. That voice is coming from under this floor. I'll just put on my floor-lifting suit. Now — lift — ugggggghhhhh. Ugghhhh — uggghhhhhhhhh.

BLUEBOTTLE Don't stand there making a noise, give me a hand, you big fat steaming nit you.

SEAGOON Ahem. Lift — uggghhhh.

F.X. **STONE FLAG BEING LIFTED FROM TOP OF A DUNGEON.**

MORIARTY *(gummy)* Ohh saved, saved — teeth — give us teeth.

OMNES *(gummy)* Teeth teeth ohhh teethhhhhh.

SEAGOON Dear listeners, from out of an underground dungeon came a crowd of toothless ragged men in brown paper nightshirts.

GRYTPYPE-THYNNE *(gums)* Let me explain, short-type man. Forty-eight of us have been kept prisoner down there after having our false teeth stolen.

MORIARTY Yes. Ohhhhhh — no teeth — we haven't eaten meat for years.

SEAGOON Vegetarians eh? I too only eat grass-eating animals.

MORIARTY But we must have our teeth back — ohhh.

SEAGOON Leave it to me. First let's drop this flagstone back in place.

F.X. **CLANG OF FLAGSTONE FALLING BACK.**

BLUEBOTTLE Ohhhh, my foot. Look, it's shaped like a starting handle.

SEAGOON Excellent. O'Brien? Lay out my leader-of-toothless-men suit. Right, gentlemen! Follow me. We march to find the missing teeth. One two.

OMNES *(sing) (the Mounties' Song from 'Rose Marie')* On through the hail, like a pack of hungry wolves on the trail, we are after you, dead or alive — we are out to get you, dead or alive. *(Go off marching.)*

F.X. **MARCHING BOX**

O'BRIEN Folks? While I still got my choppers — here's my song, begorrah.

MINNIE Swing it buddy.

QUARTET **'WHO'S GOT THE MONEY'.**

*(Applause)*

BILL We return you nów to - Part Three. The Castle of Missing Teeth.

ORCHESTRA DRAMATIC CHORDS.

F.X. CASTANETS (ONE PAIR) PLAYING IN 6/8 TEMPO.

DR. LONDONGLE Ha ha ha ha ha ha-type laughing. Aren't they beautiful, mother dear.

THROAT Oh lovely, lovely.

DR. LONDONGLE Another pair of castanets for Señorita La Tigernutta – that's forty-nine pairs I've got. One more pair and she's promised to be mine. So much for the tatty plot.

F.X. KNOCK ON DOOR.

DR. LONDONGLE Quick, mother, hide under the carpet. Come in.

F.X. DOOR OPENS.

BLOODNOK Oh, good evening. Any possibility of contacting the police from here?

DR. LONDONGLE I'm afraid not.

BLOODNOK Thank heaven, safe at last. Oeiugh.

DR. LONDONGLE What brings you here at this late hour?

BLOODNOK I'm lost. Me and the Regiment were marching along, when suddenly, quite by accident, me and the regimental funds took the wrong turning.

DR. LONDONGLE How rotten for the Regiment. Don't they want you back?

BLOODNOK Oh yes — everywhere you'll see my notices — 'Wanted — Major Bloodnok'. I shou . . . I say, why are you staring at me like that?

DR. LONDONGLE Your teeth — are they false?

BLOODNOK Oh yes, oh yes. What's more, they're of great sentimental value. You see *(tearful)* they belong to my great-grandmother.

DR. LONDONGLE It must be wonderful to have a family heirloom.

BLOODNOK Yes, do you mind if I take my kilt off, it's hot in here. Oooo!

DR. LONDONGLE What's up?

BLOODNOK That lump in the carpet — it moved.

DR. LONDONGLE Yes — it's the only carpet in the world with a moving lump.

BLOODNOK It must be valuable then.

DR. LONDONGLE It has great sentimental value you see *(tearful)* that lump belongs to my mother.

BLOODNOK What a lovely heirloom to leave behind. A large lump. Oh, people aren't as thoughtful these days.

DR. LONDONGLE This bucket you see is also an heirloom — just bend over it and look at the bottom.

BLOODNOK I can't see anything to —

F.X. **WALLOP. POP. CLANG.**

BLOODNOK *(gums)* Ohh, me choppers —

DR. LONDONGLE Got 'em. Ha ha ha ha ha.

F.X. **DOOR BURSTS OPEN.**

SEAGOON Not so fast, Dr. Londongler. Where are you hiding these men's teeth?

OMNES Teeth. We want teeth.

DR. LONDONGLE Silence — don't move, any of you, or I'll shoot.

SEAGOON Fool — put down that tin of potted shrimps.

DR. LONDONGLE And starve to death? Never.

SEAGOON Londonker, I'm willing to bargain with you.

DR. LONDONGLE What's your offer?

SEAGOON These outsize ladies' bloomers at three and eleven three.

DR. LONDONGLE Fool, the ones I'm wearing only cost two and nine three.

SEAGOON Curse, I've failed. Very well, another offer. Give these man back their choppers and we'll see you get a fair trial, shot dead, strangled and set free.

DR. LONDONGLE No.

SEAGOON Why not?

DR. LONDONGLE You might be lying, and it sounds risky.

SEAGOON Then ying tong iddle i po.

DR. LONDONGLE Never — never ying tong iddle i po. No, gentlemen, I'll not be forestalled now. I'm too near my goal.

F.X. **FOOTBALL WHISTLE.**

BLUEBOTTLE Off side, he's too near his own goal.

SEAGOON Shut up.

BLUEBOTTLE Shut up.

ECCLES Shut up, Eccles.

SEAGOON Shut up, Eccles.

BLUEBOTTLE Shunt unpe, Enkles.

OMNES Shut up, etc. . . .

MORIARTY Helpp! who's turned out the light who's turned the light out?

DR. LONDONGLE It's me, ha ha.

SEAGOON Economical devil, trying to save electricity, eh? O'Brien?

O'BRIEN Yeah? Begorrah mate.

SEAGOON — Put on this invisible beard — creep up on the light switch and while it can't see you — switch it on!

O'BRIEN — Okay — begorrah . . . *(Off)* Okay, it's on.

SEAGOON — Huzah. Right men, open your eyes, the light's on.

BLOODNOK — Ohhh — look at Dr. Londongler — he's gone.

SEAGOON — Don't worry, he won't get far in those cheap woollen bloomers — there's frost about. In any case, the moment he steps outside this castle the wolves are bound to get him.

BLOODNOK — Why?

SEAGOON — *(dry)* They're looking for a new goal-keeper.

MORIARTY — Stop those crazy carefully-rehearsed ad libs.

SEAGOON — Men, to catch this Dr. Londongler won't be easy — he's clever. We're going to need brains.

ECCLES — *(pause)* Well, I'll go and make the tea.

GRAMS — HORSE & CARRIAGE DOWN IN COBBLED COURTYARD STARTS OFF AT A GALLOP.

BLOODNOK — Ohh, great scorched gringes — down there! Londongler's escaping.

SEAGOON — Where?

BLOODNOK — There — stick your head out the window.

GRAMS — HEAD BEING STUFFED THROUGH GLASS WINDOW. BREAKING GLASS.

BLOODNOK — Bandage?

SEAGOON — No thanks.

BLOODNOK — But you're bleeding awful.

SEAGOON — Give me the bandage. O'Brien? Lay out my leaving-the-castle-suit. Men — after him — one two —

OMNES — *(fast) (sing)* On through the hail, like a pack of hungry wolves on the trail, we are after you, dead or alive — we are out to get you, dead or alive.

F.X. — MARCHING BOX.

ORCHESTRA — CHORDS TO SUGGEST BEGINNING OF A GREAT ADVENTURE (MACABRE).

BILL — With a small stove, Lord Seagoon set off in hot pursuit in his horse-drawn motor car. The trail of missing teeth led them to the village of Tarzan Call. And there, next to a newsvendor's shop in which this week's copy of the Radio Times is now on sale — they stopped.

SEAGOON — All out now, men — it looks like he's in this Café Filthmuck.

GRYTPYPE-THYNNE — Yes — I think there's something funny going on inside.

SEAGOON — Why?

GRYTPYPE-THYNNE I can hear somebody laughing.

SEAGOON Follow me in, men.

F.X. DOOR OPENS. SOUND OF A BEER GARDEN. DISTANT ZITHER.

SEAGOON Now, we don't want to look suspicious so put your coats over your heads and crawl nonchalantly across the floor on your backs. And keep your Union Jacks down. Follow me. Ughh — this is fooling them. Ughhh.

PETER *(Flowerdew-raving)* 'Ere — you lot on the floor — hurry up, we're waiting to dance. Makes you spit.

SEAGOON I'm sorry, madame we are looking for escaped miniature convicts, but apparently they're out of season. Eccles?

ECCLES Yer?

SEAGOON Shut up.

ECCLES Shut up.

SEAGOON Eccles?

ECCLES Yer?

F.X. PISTOL SHOT.

ECCLES Thank you.

ORCHESTRA ROLL ON DRUM AND CYMBAL CRASH.

DR. LONDONGLE *(announcing a little off)* Mein lieber damunherren —

SEAGOON Look — it's Londongler!

DR. LONDONGLE Presenting the cabaret — that queen of reeking Spanish dancers — Señorita Gladys la Tigernutta — my fiancée, with her fifty steaming castanet dancers.

GRAMS FLAMENCO MUSIC AND CASTANETS.

SEAGOON Keep calm, men. Let's see what happens.

GRYTPYPE-THYNNE Look, the black's coming off the castanets.

SEAGOON Yes — they're white underneath. Could they be what the listeners have known all along?

MORIARTY It's our teeth — teeethhhhhh.

OMNES *(Shouts of 'Teeth' 'Teeth')*

F.X. SNAPPING OF TEETH.

ORCHESTRA MUSIC UP AND OUT.

SEAGOON And that, folks, is how we found Londongler's missing teeth horde — we never found him, and I often wonder if he ever continued his teeth activities.

BILL *(no teeth)* You've been listening to The Goon Show.

ORCHESTRA SIGNATURE TUNE: UP AND DOWN FOR:—

BILL That was The Goon Show — a BBC recorded programme featuring Peter Sellers, Harry Secombe, Spike Milligan and Valentine Dyall with the Ray Ellington Quartet and Max Geldray. The orchestra was conducted by Wally Stott. Script by Spike Milligan. Announcer: Wallace Greenslade. The programme was produced by Peter Eton.

ORCHESTRA SIGNATURE TUNE UP TO END.

*(Applause)*

MAX & ORCHESTRA 'CRAZY RHYTHM' PLAYOUT.

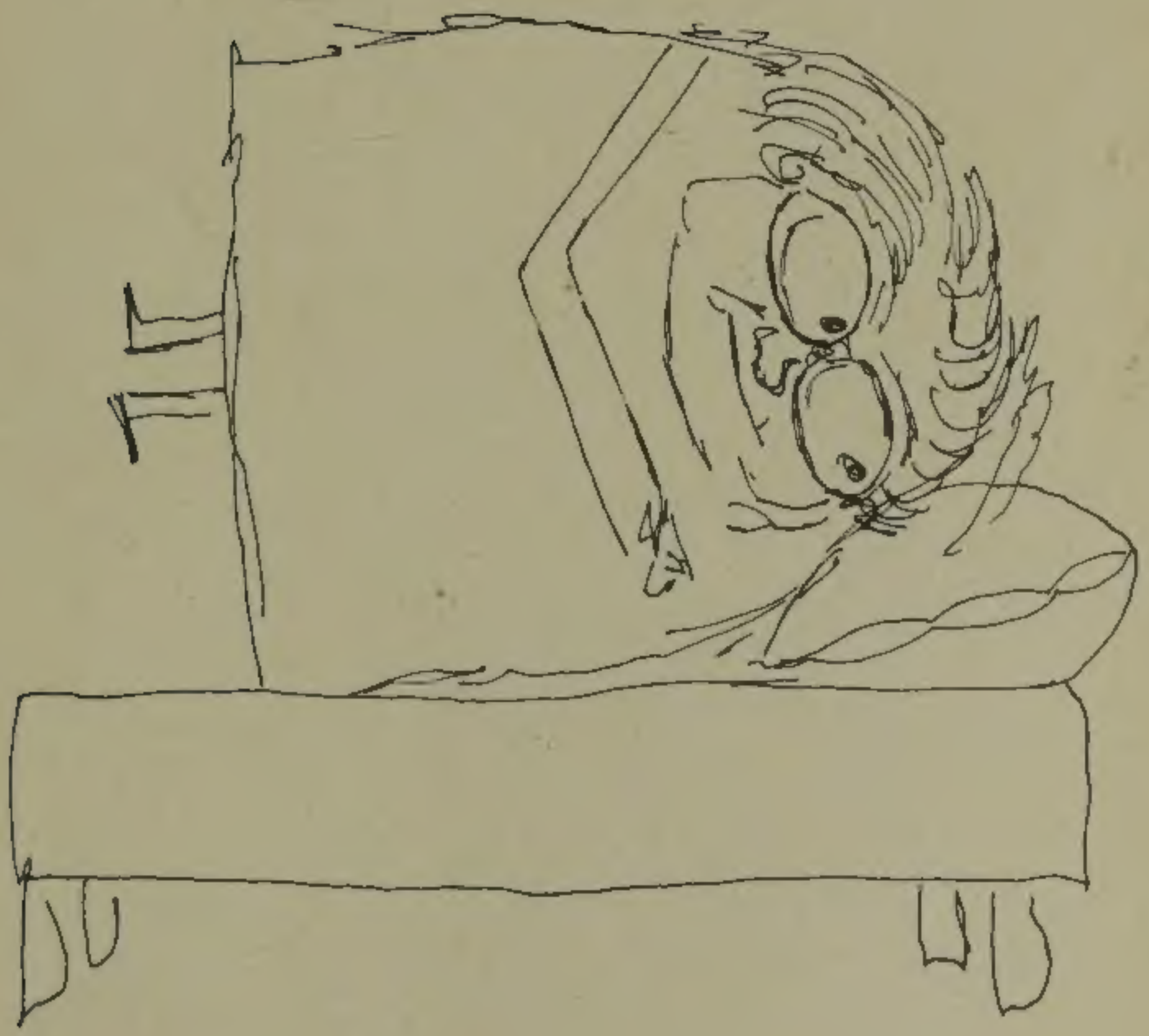
# BACKWORD
## HARRY SECOMBE

And this is where the story *really* starts. . . .
I wonder how many people realise how near we have become in real life to the characters we played. Scratch Peter and you find Bluebottle. Discard the trappings of the jet set and there he is querulous in his Mum's old drawers, thinking lecherous thoughts about Gladys Twit and wearing boxing gloves to bed. Eccles lurks behind Spike's every move, liable to pop out at the most unlikely moments. A serious discussion about conservation can degenerate in seconds to absurdity by a sudden raising and lowering of the eyebrows and the sublime idiocy of the famous Eccles remark 'Having a good time?'. Spike thinks of me as Neddie. No matter what I do or to whatever theatrical or social aspirations I may pretend he can see that beneath the finger-nail-deep veneer of sophistication there lie the shattered underpants and the tattered vest emblazoned with the Union Jack of Neddie Seagoon, playboy of the Western Mail.

Regardless of how we saw ourselves, the gentlemen of the Press were never quite sure how to describe us. They called us 'the angry young men of comedy'; they saw in the show overtones of Kafka, Ionesco, even Dylan Thomas; they compared us to the Marx Brothers; we were praised overfulsomely by some, and condemned out of hand as incoherent idiots by others.

But for we three the Goon Show was a chance to get together on a Sunday and indulge in our private fantasies. It was a time for hysteria and brandy, for soaring upward on the thermal currents of Milligan's imagination, a time for wishing every day of the week to be a Sunday.

Harry Sleeping
by Spike



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SUNDAY TIMES

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